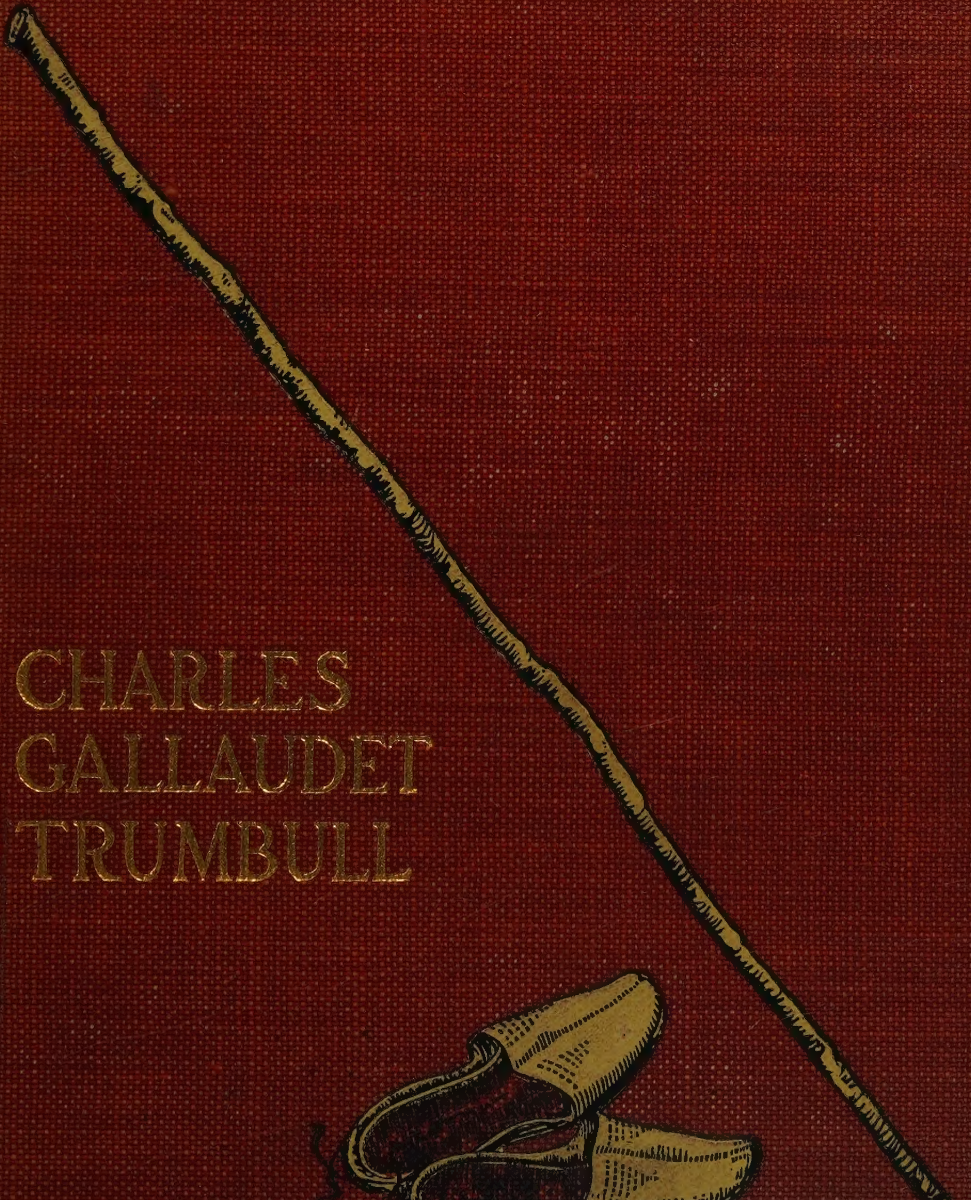
A PILGRIMAGE TO JERUSALEM



CHARLES
GALLAUDET
TRUMBULL

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A pilgrimage to Jerusalem : the story of the cruise to the World's fourth

A Pilgrimage to Jerusalem

A PILGRIMAGE TO JERUSALEM

The Story of the Cruise to the World's Fourth Sunday-School Convention, held in the City of Jerusalem, and of a Ride through Palestine.

By Charles Gallaudet Trumbull

Illustrated from photographs
by the author

PHILADELPHIA
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES COMPANY
1905

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TO ONE WHO CALLED ME
FROM A HILLTOP IN THE NORTH
TO MY FIRST VIEW OF THE
SEA OF GALILEE,
AS SHE HAS HELPED ME,
FROM THE HILLTOPS OF LIFE,
TO CLEARER VISIONS
OF
JESUS OF NAZARETH,
THIS STORY OF OUR PILGRIMAGE
TO JERUSALEM IS
DEDICATED

JUST before the Grosser Kurfurst left her moorings, the sun won its fight with the clouds. But the eyes of the pilgrims, and the eyes of their dear ones, shouldering each other in a great loving crowd on the dock, took the place of the rain clouds, and sun and tears made rainbows in the hearts of all. No other scene is like it; nothing else in all life's events is such a picture of life itself. And this time it is a voyage to Jerusalem, to the land where Jesus was born, and lived, and laid down his life, and took it again. God's sunlight is upon the pilgrims and upon the homeland that is dearer this moment to the wanderers than ever it was before. He is blessing all alike,—in the home school, on the sea, and in the land of Canaan. Journeying toward him means more than journeying toward Jerusalem. Yet the hearts of the pilgrims are full of gratitude this day for the privilege that has come to them. The unselfish workers at home have made the impossible possible for many a one on the Kurfurst who could not have gone but for their dear ones' sacrifice. Those that tarry by the stuff are the background of this Jerusalem pilgrimage. God bless them all!

PREFACE

An illiterate, earnest Christian worker in the mountains of one of our Southern states said longingly, when he heard that a lady in the neighborhood had recently returned from a visit to Jerusalem :

"I would surely love to see somebody who has seen that fur-off country. Some folks say there is such a place, and some folks say there ain't no such place, and I ain't rightly ever known whether there is or not."

This record of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem is an attempt to make the Holy Land real to those who, while perhaps not being in doubt as to the existence of that land, yet think of it more as a land of the Bible than as a present-day fact in the Kingdom.

The author was standing one Sunday morning under the Dome of St. Peter's, jotting down in his note-book certain points of interest. A fellow traveler spoke reassuringly in his ear : "You don't need to take any notes here ; it's all in Baedeker." The note-book was not put away, though the author had no wish to compete with Baedeker. For this volume is in no sense a guide-book ; it is a book merely of first impressions.

One of the greatest charms of childhood is that it is a time of first impressions. We are all of us children in our first visit to a foreign land. If indeed one is not, he is to be pitied. Dr. Talcott Williams, of Philadelphia, who some years ago made two different visits to Morocco, once expressed to the writer his regret that he had not noted more carefully his impressions at the time of his first visit there ; "for," said he, "I can never have them again." The writer has ever felt personally grateful for that truth.

One who has visited Syria is sometimes asked whether he would advise others to make the trip. It would seem that a person who raises that question had better stay at home. Some travelers have returned from Syria complaining of disappointment. More than one has assured the writer that this or that part of the Holy Land is not worth seeing, as it is exactly like this or that part of North America. Dr. Monro Gibson of London said at the Jerusalem Convention that he would like to ask such persons a single question : "What went ye out for to see?"

There is finer scenery in other parts of the world. There are as desolate wildernesses. But Christ lived in Syria.

PHILADELPHIA,
November 18, 1904.

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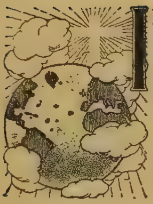
W. N. Hartshorn

A. B. McCrillis. E. K. Warren

HISTORICAL FOREWORD



IN A ROOM in the Auditorium Hotel of Chicago, on January 9 of the year 1902, a group of men were talking of the next World's Sunday-School Convention. They were in the midst of a conference on the program for the coming International Sunday-School Convention, to be held in Denver in June of that year. W. N. Hartshorn of Boston was there, and E. K. Warren of Three Oaks, Michigan; B. F. Jacobs and W. C. Pearce of Chicago, Marion Lawrance and Joseph Clark of Ohio, W. J. Semelroth of Missouri, C. D. Meigs of Indiana, Alfred Day of Michigan, George R. Merrill of Minnesota, Hamilton S. Conant of Massachusetts, and E. O. Excell of Illinois. One after another suggested a place for the World's Convention. Finally Mr. Hartshorn said quietly, "Easter morning, 1904, at the Saviour's tomb, Jerusalem."

Then he turned to Mr. Warren, who had just come home from a trip through the Holy Land, and questioned him. Mr. Warren told of his experiences in Palestine; of his impressions at the tomb and on the site of Calvary. His hearers were profoundly impressed. Clark started a hymn; it was sung through.

A silence fell on the little company. Finally Mr. Warren was asked to secure all possible information on the feasibility of the plan, and report at Denver. The group broke up; the vision never died out. Some who were there believed it could come true.

The World's Third Sunday-School Convention had been held in London in 1898, and had left with its Executive Committee, of which B. F. Jacobs was chairman, the matter of arranging for the next World's Convention. Upon Mr. Jacobs' death in June, 1902, and immediately after the close of the International Convention at Denver, the American members of the World's Executive Committee, with Mr. F. F. Belsey of London representing the British members, elected Mr. Hartshorn to fill the vacancy in the committee caused by Mr. Jacobs' death, and elected E. K. Warren, who had already been a member of the committee, its chairman.

The proposition to hold the World's Fourth Convention in Jerusalem in 1904 had been submitted to the International Convention at Denver in June, 1902. Mr. Warren had presented so forcefully the objections and difficulties that stood in the way that, although he showed that none of them were insurmountable, one of the papers reported him as having made a convincing address against the Jerusalem plan! Having fairly faced the difficulties in advance, and weighed them, the International Convention at Denver, without any formal vote, had evidenced its general approval of the plan, and had referred to its Executive Committee a resolution endorsing it. On September 19, 1902, the Central Committee of the International Executive Committee, meeting in Philadelphia, put its seal of approval upon the proposal in the following resolution :

> Resolved : That the Central Committee heartily reiterates the recommendation of the Tenth International Convention that the next World's Convention be held in the city of Jerusalem ; hereby urges the World's Executive Committee to go forward with all the necessary preparations ; and tenders the facilities of our International organization for practical assistance to the World's Executive Committee in securing a large delegation and in promoting all the interests of the Convention to be held in the Holy City. This action is taken with the understanding that the International Executive Committee assumes no financial responsibility in connection therewith.

The members of the World's Executive Committee present at this time elected a sub-committee of three members of the World's Executive Committee, to be known as the Central Committee of the World's Executive Committee, and to consist of E. K. Warren, W. N. Hartshorn, and A. B. McCrillis of Providence, Rhode Island, to make arrangements for the World's Fourth Convention. W. J. Semelroth, Chief Secretary of the World's Third Convention at London, was made secretary of this Central Committee.

Great Britain expressed co-operation with North America in the following letter from F. F. Belsey, one of the Vice-Presidents of the World's Third Convention, writing for the English members of the World's Executive Committee :

> LONDON, ENGLAND.
>
> I am authorized by Mr. Towers to convey on our joint behalf our approval of the proposed arrangement for the next World's Convention to be held in Jerusalem in 1904. It is a bold idea, and one for which we should scarcely have cared

to incur the responsibility. At the same time you know best the views and temper of your American workers, and we are inclined to think that more, probably, of our own friends, than we at first reckoned on, will avail themselves of the opportunity of joining you. Much, of course, of the success, so far as our people are concerned, will depend upon the arrangements it will be possible to make, and I would suggest that at the earliest possible moment we should confer on these points, and that your traveling arrangements should include provision for British pilgrims. But you must accept our consent as given without any pledge of large numerical support. At the same time, rest assured we shall do our best to make the very original idea a great success.

With thanks for your communication, and kindest regards, believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

(Signed) F. F. BELSEY.

And then thoughtful people began to call a halt. Grave questions were raised as to the practical side of such a scheme. It sounded well, of course, but was it not visionary? What sort of program could be devised, for a Jerusalem convention, that would be worth while? Was it reasonable to suppose that a convention in that part of the world could be made really representative? Even if North America responded well, would England and other countries do so? If any appreciable number attended, could such crowds be accommodated in Jerusalem? And what was the use of it all? Was it not mere sentiment?

In the meantime the working Central Committee already mentioned was taking up the details of the great undertaking. Negotiations were opened with Frank C. Clark's Tourist Agency, of New York, looking toward placing in Mr. Clark's hands the directing of the 13,500-mile cruise. On October 25, 1902, a contract was signed by the Central Committee and Clark providing for the tourist arrangements of the cruise, and calling for the chartering of one of the ocean steamers of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, the "Grosser Kurfürst," for a seventy-one days' cruise from New York to Syria and return. Besides a stay of seventeen days in Syria, visits were to be made to ten other countries on the Mediterranean and in the South Atlantic. Eight hundred delegates were to be secured if possible; seven hundred and fifty from North America and fifty from Great Britain. The pilgrimage was arranged to begin March 8 and end May 18, 1904. On the day the contract was signed, eight hundred and thirty beds in Jerusalem were engaged by cable for the time of the convention seventeen months hence.

The number of delegates which the states, territories, and provinces were entitled to send on the cruise was made about one half the representation to which they were entitled at the previous International convention, that in turn being, in the United States, equal to four times the representation in Congress (both Houses) or four delegates for each 150,000 of the population, with a corresponding number from the provinces and territories of the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland. Individuals desiring to go on the cruise submitted their names to their respective state, territorial, or provincial Sunday-school executive committees. If these various committees were satisfied that the applicants were Sunday-school workers in good standing, or of the immediate family of one such who was going, credentials were issued and the applicants were formally appointed as delegates. That a high standard was maintained in the personnel of the cruise is shown by the following extract from Chairman Warren's report made to the World's Executive Committee at a meeting in Boston in November, 1903:

> A high ideal for delegates was suggested, which resulted in many states utterly refusing to appoint as delegate a person who was not connected with their state or county organization. Notwithstanding this high ideal, many states and territories had applications of two and even three times the number of delegates allotted to them. In order to preserve the original assignment for all, hundreds of these applications were discouraged as to receiving appointment; newspaper publicity was discouraged, and persons representing private parties numbering twelve or more were given no encouragement as to their being able to join us. This was done in order that we might keep faith with all the state, territorial, and provincial organizations, and that they should have their proper representation. This condition prevailed up to the Winona [International] Conference, August 6-10, 1903, when our Committee was advised that the bars should be let down, and delegates were received without reference to geographical lines.

The report from which that statement is quoted was an illustration of the remarkable executive ability of the man who, as chairman of the committee, was bearing the burden and working out the weighty problems of the undertaking. In thirty pages of close typewriting was given, without a superfluous word, the record of fourteen months' uninterrupted planning and working. The chairman's clerical force was in daily touch with five thousand five hundred individuals throughout the world, recorded and indexed in a card catalog. Printed matter was mailed at different times to all of these ; two thousand seven hundred of them received personal letters.

The newspapers throughout the country, religious and secular, realized that the coming pilgrimage to Jerusalem was an event of peculiar significance and world-wide interest, and published news of the movement freely. Three of the largest syndicates which prepare material and plate-matter for publication published a special article on the cruise, circulating it by numbers running into the millions. The following abbreviated official call to the convention[1] was sent out not only by the Associated Press for America, but throughout the world wherever such service is given :

> The World's Sunday-School Executive Committee officially announces that the World's Fourth Sunday-School Convention will be held in the City of Jerusalem, Palestine, April 18th to 20th, 1904. It invites all organizations of which it is constituted to be represented by their usual number of delegates.
>
> The Committee further directs that this Call be published in all quarters of the globe.
>
> EDWARD K. WARREN, Chairman.
> JOHN WANAMAKER, America.
> F. F. BELSEY, England.
> ARCHIBALD JACKSON, Australia.
> T. C. IKEHARA, Japan.

But there were staggering difficulties constantly in the way of the successful outcome of the undertaking. The rigid adherence to state allotments and to the Sunday-school qualifications of delegates, by state executive committees during the first year of bookings, had resulted in checking or rejecting applications until it began to look as though the ship could not be filled. Rumors of Turkish or Bulgarian disturbances, reported epidemics of cholera or other diseases in Mediterranean countries, financial flurries in North America,—any or all of these factors might turn the scale the wrong way. It took brave hearts and clear heads, and vigorous, tireless action by the faithful committee, to keep the project moving ever steadily forward. Men of less ability and weaker faith would have abandoned the enterprise more than once during those days and nights of watching and working. But the Father did not abandon it; therefore they could not.

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[1] For the complete Official Call see the Appendix.

Great Britain at first considered planning for about fifty delegates, who were to join the Grosser Kurfürst in the Mediterranean and sail with the American delegates to Syria. But the interest, kindled from America, spread rapidly throughout the United Kingdom, and the British members of the World's Executive Committee found it necessary to charter a ship of their own. The Auguste Victoria, of the Hamburg American Line, was secured, and Thomas Cook and Son were engaged to conduct four hundred and eighty British passengers, many of them officially appointed as Sunday-school delegates, others going simply as Christian people glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of visiting the Holy Land on a pilgrimage of thirty-two days from Great Britain to Syria and back.

The co-operation of the various foreign missionary boards was heartily given from the start, and the presence at the convention of missionaries from the world's fields was planned for. Correspondence was early opened with the Christian missionaries stationed at the points where the pilgrimage was to touch. The missionary influence of the cruise was given prominence throughout, and results showed how far-reaching for good was this planning of the committee. Thus not only North America and Great Britain and Europe shared in preparing for the world-gathering at Jerusalem, but representatives of such countries as India, Egypt, South Africa, Trinidad, Australia, Japan, and still others, took an active part in the work.

Two prominent excavators in Bible lands extended invitations to the delegates to see at first hand all they could of such work or its "finds," and offered their services in describing it. Professor Dr. Herman V. Hilprecht, Research Editor of The Sunday School Times and Scientific Director of the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, accepted the committee's invitation to address the delegates at Constantinople, and expressed his hearty willingness to explain the rich collections of His Imperial Majesty Abdul Hamid II, as contained in that sovereign's archeological treasure house, the Imperial Ottoman Museum. That Professor Hilprecht was prevented from finally doing this was due only to his absence from Constantinople while on a visit to his university in America. Mr. R. A. Stewart Macalister, M.A., F.S.A., of the Palestine Exploration Fund of Great Britain, in charge of the excavating of the site of the biblical Gezer (in the Northern Shephelah, northwest of Jerusalem, and a little more than half way from Jerusalem to Jaffa), cordially invited the delegates to visit the spot while the excavation was in progress, and promised to lecture on his work as it lay before them,—an opportunity that was embraced by hundreds on the return from Jerusalem.

So the eighteen months of preparing for the World's Fourth Sunday-School Convention passed. When, as the date for sailing drew near, it was found that the eight hundred bookings hoped for might not be secured, the cruise was, for the last few weeks, open to the general public. But of the more than eight hundred who sailed from America on March 8, 1904, the great majority were actively interested in Sunday-school and church work, and the others completing the passenger list were in such hearty sympathy with the spirit and purpose of the pilgrimage as to prove a harmonious part of the movement.

And now the cruise and convention are history. The God-given conviction of the men who believed that this matter was of the Lord was vindicated more conclusively than even they had dared to hope. The critics, too, were right: the Jerusalem convention plan was visionary and largely a matter of sentiment. But sentiment is a lever that moves the world; and Christ was in the vision.

I

THE START ACROSS THE SEA

HAVE you ever watched, from the deck of a slow-moving ocean liner, the sea of faces that struggles on the dock to overcome distance and hold a last sight of the other sea of faces on the steamer? It is only faces that you can discover; upturned, laughing, crying, crowding, and with many an arm raised well above the billowy mass, fluttering a handkerchief.

The last distinguishable face I saw on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 8, 1904, when the good ship Grosser Kurfürst moved slowly away from American soil, was a welcome one. Mrs. Trumbull and I had stayed on the forward promenade deck, away from the crowds that almost broke the starboard rails of both the upper decks. She had her arms full of the gorgeous American Beauty roses which the big-hearted friends of The Sunday School Times had sent to cheer our going. While the steamer was waiting for some train-belated pilgrims, of whom one made the boat minus his baggage, we talked over the side with a cheery courier who had helped to get us off.

"Look at Mr. McIntyre's smile," said she.

"He doesn't dare do anything else," said I, for I had seen the suspicious dew that was hard pressing those smiling eyes. Then an American Beauty went flying over the rail, and the smile grew brighter still.

It was when we had passed the side of the dock and were clear of it that I was straining my eyes to distinguish a face in that human sea. Suddenly an arm, strong and sturdy, shot high above the heads of the rest, and a handkerchief waved insistently. It could not fail of its purpose, and I saw the face of my best friend and brother. Mrs. Trumbull's sister was close by him. Then the distance was too much, and it was America that we were looking back upon.

* * * * *

As our giant vessel was cautiously backing out into midstream, I noticed one of those impertinent busybodies of the sea, a tugboat, puffing its way directly across our path. "She will have to back water pretty quickly," thought I, watching with amusement the pigmy's effrontery. Not a bit of it; the little boat kept right ahead, and later I learned, with penitence at the injustice of my thought, that this was one of those commonplace little craft whose duty it is to see the monster ocean liners safely on their way at the start. The Grosser Kurfürst with its epoch-making pilgrimage to accomplish must take its first step blindfold, as it were, led by three everyday little river tugs. The big chaps are not the only people the world needs!

After an ocean steamer leaves her dock, the passengers divide themselves at once into two classes,—those who want to send back a last message by the pilot-boat, and those who don't. The latter stroll comfortably or curiously about the decks, or settle back in steamer chairs and try to realize that the tour has begun. The former set feverishly to work upon their letters, manuscripts, and souvenir postals. The purser's office is besieged for stamps. And what kind of stamps shall Americans bound for Syria on a German vessel use? There is but a scant two hours before the last link with the homeland is to be broken. The purser grows more and more courteously excited as the pressure from the besieging passengers grows stronger. "Gentlemen! gentlemen!!" comes deprecatingly from his doorway.

A few minutes before the pilot is to leave, the door begins to close. "Where is the purser's office?" comes beseechingly down the passageway.

"Here, right ahead; hurry, it's closing."

From another direction an editor springs toward the doorway, with a message for his people at home. "It iss too late; I haf no more stamps," comes from the closing door.

"But see; this is all stamped and ready," says the journalist who knows the value of getting his envelopes ready ahead of his manuscript.

"Ah!" And the envelope is received, while this time the door is really closed, and the tardy who continue to arrive beat in vain upon the barrier that shuts out their last hope.

One might suppose that the person who swings aboard the last platform of the rear car of the moving train in ordinary American travel would be absent from the starting of a three-months' cruise to the Orient. Not at all. Eight unfortunates from New England were belated, and the boat was held an hour or more, the last of them being safely aboard before the gang-planks were hauled in. An Alabama enthusiast was unable to decide his coming until the last moment, and not until he was seen on board did Chairman Warren know whether he was to be included or not. Quite a number of bookings were made within the last forty-eight hours before sailing. That is the way Occidentals do things—when they have to.

At the dinner table that night we saw, through the saloon port-holes, a steam pilot boat speeding past us and back over the course we had taken. It was the boat that was carrying away the man who had been at our wheel until we cleared the bar beyond the Narrows. We were breaking the last link with the homeland.

On the deck of the pilot boat stood a man, Captain Wolfe, whose record for forty-nine years as a pilot in the Sandy Hook Pilot Association is that of never having injured a vessel ten dollars' worth in that half-century of service. I learned that it was his ambition to bring an ocean liner out from and into her dock without the aid of any tugs. Though this is never done, Captain Wolfe is confident that he could do it. For several years he has been an attendant at the Fulton Street noonday prayer-meetings conducted by Mr. F. H. Jacobs, the musical director of the Jerusalem Cruise, and he is an earnest Christian disciple. At his request a cheery parting salute was sounded by his steamer, in farewell to his Christian friends on board the Kurfürst. It was good to know that our last farewell from America was from such a God-fearing sailor.

"*Ich dien*" would lose its force in any other language. The German servant lives to serve. Few things impress the American on either a German ship or German soil for the first time more than this. You ask one of the uniformed stewards on deck or in a passageway where your stateroom is. Instantly he does one of two things : if he is in charge of other stewards, he beckons one to him, speaks a few rapid gutturals, and the man starts out with you to your room. If you have accosted one of the under stewards, he does not wave over his shoulder, or unintelligibly give you directions that no one could follow, but he takes you at once in charge, leads up from one deck to another, in and out, no matter how far you may be from your room, and does not abandon you until you are safely there. Of course you expect this in a first-class hotel if you apply at the proper place to the proper person,—the hotel clerk. But try it on a chance servant in a hallway in an American hotel, and note the difference.

It is so with the service of Germans throughout. Their one surpassing interest in life seems to be to devote every energy, dropping all else for the time being, to accomplishing your purposes. "Perfunctory" is not in their vocabulary. Their service is whole-souled, intelligent, complete. They never wait for thanks ; they leave promptly after having done their simple duty ; yet they always courteously acknowledge a "thank you." After one's first experience of this sort one devoutly hopes that he can have *that* steward close by him during the entire cruise. After twenty such experiences with twenty different German servants, one begins to realize that Germany has something that America has not. And the Christian pilgrim on the Kurfürst hopes that he may be as faithful and cheery a worker in the Kingdom as are these golden-haired, rosy-cheeked, ministering subjects of Emperor William.

One of the promised privileges of this journey was a glimpse of the excavations of the Palestine Exploration Fund at Gezer. But communication with Babylon was hardly reckoned upon. It gave one an unexpected sensation, a few hours after sailing, to read a bulletin making this announcement :

NOTICE

MARCH 8, 1904.

It is expected that

COMMUNICATION

with

Babylon (Long Island)

will be established about

6.15 P.M.

It was our first introduction to the Marconi International Marine Communication Company, Limited, and we were informed by the same notice that telegrams would be accepted by the operator in the Instrument Room, between 4.45 and 6 P. M.

The next day I hunted up the deck-house that had been erected aft for the Marconi instruments. A couple of hours with the courteous young Englishman in charge, Mr. Fred Furness, gave me a glimpse of the mysteries of wireless telegraphy.[1] The communication of the evening before with the Long

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[1] A detailed description of the sending of a wireless message at sea will be found in Chapter IX.

Island shore was the last we were likely to have until we were within speaking distance of Gibraltar, Madeira having no Marconi station. Had we been on the way to England, we should have been "picking up" vessels night and day the entire time. But on our southern Atlantic course there were only two or three vessels equipped for wireless telegraphy, and they were not on the Atlantic just then.

A snowstorm and a rainbow in combination made a memorable picture to those who were on deck immediately after the first breakfast of the second day out. Other rainbows appeared during the day ; the wind was strong, and the waves were fiercely majestic. Fortunately the ship was headed almost squarely before the wind all day long, and the bow cut the great rollers at a clean right angle from morning till night. While this resulted in a deep, measured pitching of our boat, it was far less trying than would have been the racking roll of the vessel had our course been only a few degrees different. Some one happened to mention this fortunate circumstance to Captain Reimkasten. The massive-shouldered, kindly-faced German's eyes twinkled as he said briefly, "Oh, well! many sick people,—I put her to the waves all day." And then it was learned that our captain had gone miles out of his course to lessen the discomfort and suffering of his passengers.

But Captain Reimkasten, genial and indulgent host that he was, would not be imposed upon. One day one of the passengers stepped up to him and asked :

"How many years, Captain, have you been in the service?"

The captain wheeled squarely around and placed both hands on the shoulders of his inquirer. With a twinkle in his eye, he said :

"You want to write me up, hey ?" and turned on his heel and walked off.

Another passenger asked the captain just before reaching Madeira, our first stop, whether we should be able to receive mail at that point.

"You think a steamer has been following us and will *catch* us at Madeira ?" was the indignant reply.

II

LIFE ON BOARD

LIFE on shipboard passes quickly, and always has its new interest. "Suwanee River" played by the ship's orchestra at dinner brings out tumultuous applause,—but there is no time for an encore, for there are as many diners again waiting to be fed at the second table, and the same musical program must be repeated for them. It is not strange that the only exception to the "no encore" rule was the "Holy City."

Some morning you will hear a tramp, tramp, on the deck, with shouts and much laughing; then a long-drawn and complicated "yell"—not as clean-cut as a college yell, but very creditable. It is Ohio's delegation, seventy-nine strong, led by sturdy, broad-shouldered "Timothy Stand-by," shouting

" Hi-o-hi, O-hi-o,
We make music where we go!
Never sulk, never sour,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Nineteen Four!
OHIO!"

Another morning a well-sung chorus echoes down the decks, and a line stretching almost the length of the deck appears, headed by Dr. John Potts, Chairman of the International Lesson Committee, carrying a huge Canadian flag. Canada's loyal sons and daughters announce their homeland with a "C–A–N–A–D–A, Canada!" sharply shouted.

Most exciting of all is the warning cry in your stateroom door, by a generous friend, that the captain is distributing silk hatbands embroidered with the name and crest of the Kurfürst, and that if you want one you'd better hurry out on deck. In striking contrast with the anxious, crowding passengers who cluster around him, the captain moves slowly along the promenade deck, handing to the right and the left the coveted ribbons. As he strips the last one off the wooden spool in his hand, keen disappointment shows on the faces of those who are left. Deliberately the captain draws from a capacious pocket another spoolful of silken bands, and the relief is immense.

"I'm playing Santa Claus," says he.

Hidden by the eager crowd is a little chap looking on. The captain catches sight of him, turns from the grown folks, bends low, and places one of the prizes in the little fellow's hands. We are beginning to find out what sort of captain we have.

There will be many meetings held during this pilgrimage, but no other will have quite the impressiveness of the first service on board. It was held at the close of the second day out. Into the long dining-saloon, an hour before filled with the strains of lively music and busy conversation, the passengers flocked until seats could not be found. The hush of the meeting accentuated the vibration of the great propeller, the creaking of the ship's timbers, and the swirl of the waves. The Bible reading, and the hymns sung from the heart, had a meaning they never had on land. And after prayer had been offered to the Father who divides the sea from the land, and who measures the waters in the hollow of his hand, there were those who slept more peacefully that night for the service of loving communion with Jehovah, though the waters were deep below and about them, and though every revolution of the engines was carrying them farther from earthly home and dear ones. His stars looked down, and all was well.

Before the first of the morning devotional services was held, on Saturday, the fourth day out, every delegate on board had received a copy of what was to become one of the most prized mementoes of the cruise,—the "Jerusalem Manual of Worship." It was prepared under the direction of the World's Central Executive Committee in consultation with a number of other workers. Its dedication is a record of one of the gaps that had already been made in the ranks of the participators and leaders of this world movement. It reads:

TO PROFESSOR WILLIAM B. CHAMBERLAIN
WHO WAS APPOINTED
DIRECTOR OF MUSIC FOR THE
WORLD'S FOURTH SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION
AT JERUSALEM; WHO COMMENCED THE PREPARATION
OF THE JERUSALEM MANUAL OF WORSHIP; BUT
WHO, ON MARCH 7, 1903, WAS CALLED
TO THE NEW JERUSALEM,
THIS MANUAL IS DEDICATED

The beautiful little seal-bound book contained a choice collection of hymns, chosen with rare appropriateness for the cruise and convention,[1] and nine special services under such headings as Morning and

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[1] The full list of the titles of these hymns is given in the Appendix.

Evening Praise, At Sea, Passion Week, Easter, Missionary Bible Reading Beginning from Jerusalem, and still others. Different forms of table blessings, chanted before meals, were included, and blank leaves were provided for the autographs of fellow-travelers.

At the first of the nine o'clock daily morning services Mr. Lawrance, in his prayer, spoke a word which was the subject of more than one prayer during the rest of the cruise. He prayed that the men of that vessel which was bearing us to the Holy Land might be brought close to the Father because of the lives and influence of the passengers. "We thank thee," he prayed, "that we are in such safe hands as our brave captain, his officers, and his crew. But the safest hands are thine, Father, and we are in thy hands." There were three hundred and sixty-five stewards, seamen, and officers on the Kurfürst. What a blessing the Jerusalem cruise ought to have brought to them! God grant that that prayer was answered!

The growth of the ship's bulletin-board was an interesting study. The Marconi bulletin was one of the first to make its appearance. It did not take long for one or two others to appear, pinned to this first. Then with a rush they came, until the wall space which faces the entrances of the main dining-saloon was turned into a snowstorm of announcements. Things lost, things found, side trips wanted, meetings to attend; this was the ship's megaphone, and it spoke loud, if not harmoniously.

"Wanted: Two side trips from Naples to Capri."

"Wanted to trade: Galilee and Samaria side trip No. 7 for Galilee side trip No. 5."

"The Kansas delegates will meet in the aft dining-room at 3 P. M."

"Men's Baraca class will meet in aft parlor."

"*Masons!* A special meeting of all on board will be held in the aft dining-room Monday at 2 P. M."

"All members of the G. A. R. meet in the dining-room at three o'clock Monday."

Those are but a hint of the storm of notices that struck us. Finally the Philistine's hand began to appear:

"The Spanish War Veterans' Association will meet in the boiler-room at midnight."

"Lost—My appetite, five times a day. E. B. Allen."

Just under that, the following: "Whoever finds it will find a good one." And then:

"There will be a meeting, held *sometime*, of all those who are in favor of holding fewer meetings. Called by the fellow who tried to attend all the meetings."

At our plates in the dining-saloon appeared, one day, a little printed slip of white paper headed

IMPORTANT
F. C. CLARK NOTICE NO. 1

Then followed five brief, clearly stated paragraphs on matters of importance to all the passengers, such as the way to secure homeward tickets, for those who were not to return on the Grosser Kurfürst; the necessity for having passports ready for inspection at any time on shore; how to get passports of the United States or British Consuls at Athens if they had not already been procured; the need of the local Turkish *tezkera* for the Damascus, Samaria, or Galilee side trips, and how to get it. The notice was signed by our conductor, Mr. Herbert E. Clark, brother of Frank C. Clark, the head of the Tourist Agency. It was the first of many more to follow. Before arrival at every port we found these little messages awaiting us at our places at the table, answering our questions in advance, telling us just the things we needed to know. They were models of clearness and brevity, and represented only one of the many ways in which our interests were cared for by those in charge.

A great many questions were asked about the ship's dimensions and supplies until the following slip of paper from the Central Committee settled the matter:

Official Statement of Facts Concerning the Steamer

GROSSER KURFÜRST

Gross tonnage of the ship, 13,182; length, 582 feet; width, 63 feet; draft, 24 feet; crew, 365; horse power, 9,700

SUPPLIES LOADED AT NEW YORK

Meat	87,296 lbs.	Fish	17,521 lbs.
Poultry . . .	22,900 "	Vegetables .	38,190 "
Flour	95,000 "	Milk	9,262 gal.
Potatoes . .	143,887 "	Butter . . .	31,215 lbs.
Eggs	57,000	Oranges . . .	40,250
Citrone . . .	35,780	Ice	135 tons
Sugar . . .	23,038 "	Tea	735 lbs.
Coffee . . .	7,340 "	Coal	3,906 tons
Dried fruit .	8,866 "	Fresh fruits .	18,050 lbs.

Mineral water, 50,228 bottles.

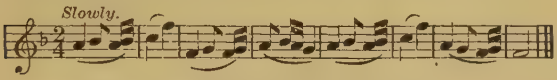
Other supplies will be taken on at other ports.

MARCH 15, 1904.

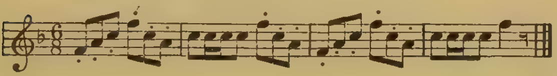
COMMITTEE.

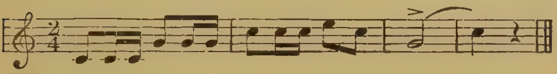
The King's Library

The ship's bugler soon came to be a familiar and welcome figure,—perhaps more welcome in his sounding of the calls to meals than in the early summons to rise. He used various refrains, and played variations on the same calls. One which he used a great deal during the early part of the voyage as a rising call, but which was discontinued later—people said because it had a lugubrious effect on some of the passengers—went like this :

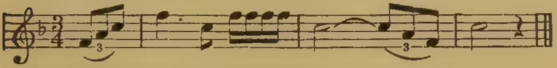


Some of the other calls were sprightlier :

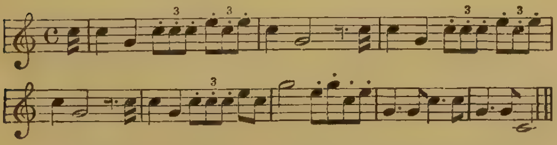




The call to dinner was this welcome summons :



A more elaborate call was the following :



One day we found a timely reminder at our plates from the ship's physician :

> As I have plenty of vaccine on board and as we are going to the Orient, where no sanitary control is made, any passen-

gers not vaccinated during the last five years will do well to call at the aft Smoking Room :—Ladies between 3 and 5 P. M., gentlemen between 8 and 10 P. M., on the seventeenth and eighteenth instant.

DR. ALBRECHT WEBER.

After being cut off from even the sight of other human beings and the rest of the world for four or five days, it sends a thrill of interest through us to hear that there is another ship on the horizon. Saturday morning, four days out, we saw our first. Word was passed quickly, and the port decks were filled with eager searchers for the sight. How good it was to see her! There *was* a world back home, after all ; there is part of it, another steamer, like our own ; on it are other human beings like ourselves. And we lovingly watched the stanch boat pass us, all too swiftly, and wished her safety on her westward way.

The conferring of the insignia of the Jerusalem Sunday-school Pilgrims upon the eight hundred was made the occasion of a pleasant bit of social life on shipboard. A slip of paper at the dinner plates one day announced the following

INVITATION FROM THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE

Every member of this cruise is invited to meet the Captain and the Central Committee with their wives in the forward dining-saloon, Friday, 2.30 to 4.00 P. M., to receive the Official Badge for the World's Fourth Sunday-school Convention. The ladies may wear their steamer or "glad clothes" as suits their convenience.

THE COMMITTEE.

The hour was afterwards changed to the evening of Monday, March 21, when the passengers had returned from sight-seeing in Algiers, and were dined and refreshed. Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Mr. Hartshorn (Mrs. Hartshorn had been holding her reception day by day on deck), Mr. and Mrs. McCrillis, and Captain Reimkasten, received their guests at the end of the dining-saloon. As each one passed on in line, the daughters of Mr. Warren and Mr. Hartshorn presented the gold and enamel pin of the Jerusalem Convention. Only when a note was brought to the captain from one of his officers, necessitating his presence above, did he excuse himself to the company and retire amid a salutation of hand-clapping.

A distinctive feature of the cruise was the providing of an illuminating address upon each of the various countries visited, delivered on shipboard usually the evening before landing at a port. There was an abundant supply of brilliant and effective speakers among such a representative passenger list. In addition to the pastors and laymen of Canada and the United States, the cruise was privileged in having as a passenger the honored and venerable missionary, Dr. Henry H. Jessup of Beyrout. His addresses on aspects and conditions of life in the East, and on the struggles and achievements of Christian missions in the Turkish Empire, were revealing and inspiring.

One morning those who entered the door of the ladies' writing room on the upper deck saw a little group on the cushioned settee at the end of the room. Half a dozen children were gathered around a white bearded missionary sitting in their midst. The children were intent on his words. Some grown folks were on the outskirts of the little group, and this is what they heard just before it broke up:

"The elephants jumped and the lions ran, and they all scrambled as fast as they could away and"—with a shout of laughter the session came to an end, and the children scampered away. Dr. Jessup had been telling a jungle story.

The fitting climax of Dr. Jessup's addresses was his own simply told but memorable life-story, covering his student-life resolve to enter the mission field, his unexpected call to Syria, and his forty-eight years of labor in that white field. Men whose names and work are known throughout a continent said to me at the close of the address that Dr. Jessup's record had broken and humiliated them. The story of that missionary life, from the time when young Jessup set sail from Boston harbor in a little clipper just one forty-fifth the size of the Grosser Kurfürst, in the teeth of a black gale that continued for nine days, leaving not a shred of canvas on the craft, finally reaching the harbor of Valetta, Malta, which we had that day left, and thence on to balmy Beyrout, and the contrast which the following half-century of effort has made with the Syria that brave young Pliny Fisk knew when his consecrated life went out in 1825, can only be told when the autobiography of this messenger of Christ, Henry Harris Jessup, has appeared.

The first Sunday on shipboard is an experience on any ocean voyage; on our cruise this was peculiarly true. Some of us were awakened Sunday morning by the sound of the rich, full harmonies of brass instruments in the open air, and in the far distance. It was "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." The ship's band was starting the day aright for us.

When church time came, it was necessary to hold two services at the same time. Dr. John Potts preached to a crowding congregation in the main dining-saloon, a memorable sermon from Psalm 107 : 30. The other service, conducted by the Rev. J. M. Henry of New Orleans, was held in the open air, in the bright sunlight of the aft promenade deck. It was a sight for reverent eyes : God's children worshiping him in the midst of sky and water. And it was as though the Master had said to the waves, "Peace, be still," for it was a Sabbath sea, a sea of rest, such as in even our own beautiful voyage we had not before seen equaled. The members of the congregation were not in conventional attitudes, but worshiped from steamer chairs and camp stools, boys were perched on rails and companion ways, and a group of white-coated stewards listened from below.

Sunday-school was, of course, the order of the afternoon. Two days before, Mr. Marion Lawrance, superintendent for the first Sunday, had handed to some thirty passengers a polite little note subpœnaing their services as teachers. Assistant superintendents also were appointed. A meeting of teachers and officers was held Saturday afternoon, and tables in the main saloon were assigned for classes. With happy forethought, Mr. Lawrance had had printed before sailing a supply of orders of service for this session, and the service was the identical one which his home school, the famous Washington Street Congregational of Toledo, Ohio, was to use on that Sunday, March 13. The pastor was also the home pastor, the Rev. Ernest Bourner Allen,—has ever ship had such a team to lead its Bible study ? Class-study time was the best part of it all, and some who had questioned the wisdom of attempting a ship's Sunday-school left at the close eager for the following Sunday's session to come. The order of service was headed :

THE GROSSER KURFÜRST SUNDAY-SCHOOL

Sunday, March 13, 1904

Held in Mid-Ocean on the Steamship Grosser Kurfürst, by
eight hundred delegates en route to attend
the World's Fourth Sunday-School
Convention

That printed program[1] was treasured and carried home by many a pilgrim, not merely as a souvenir, but as a specimen of the kind of order of service which ought to have wide use on land.

Similar experiences were true of the other Sunday-school, held at the same time in the aft cabin, and superintended by Dr. Joseph Clark of Ohio. Dr. George W. Bailey, International Treasurer, had expressed a hope that the offerings of the day, to be devoted to the International work, would amount to a hundred dollars. When the treasurer read his report to the school, the total offering announced was exactly one hundred dollars ! Envelopes for offerings and for recording attendance were filled out in each class. The total number present was something over five hundred.

The home Sunday-schools were much in our thoughts and prayers during those weeks when we were being carried daily farther away from them. And many of us had loving evidence that we, too, were in their thoughts and prayers. About eight o'clock in the evening of the second Sunday at sea—some five hours later than Philadelphia time—I heard a knock at my stateroom door. My visitor was a fellow-townsman, and he handed me a letter which he said had been sent to me for reading at that particular hour. In wonder I opened it, and read :

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[1] Printed in full in the Appendix.

DEAR MR. TRUMBULL:

Miss Cora has told us about your going away and we have asked Mrs. Cole to please write you this letter *for us.* It is to be a "steamer letter," a greeting to you in the middle of the ocean *just at the time* we are gathered together in our bright Sunday-school room, talking of you and praying for you. We know that you go on a big ship across the wide, wide ocean, and we know you are going to visit the land our Bible tells about, and see some of the places where Jesus used to be. We held our hands up *very high,* when asked if we would like to send you our love ; and *each* of us said we wished you a *good time.*

You will be one Sunday on the ocean. It must seem strange to go to church on a ship, or to have a Sunday-school ; but we know it *can be done.* Why, sometimes, some of us, when we cannot get to our Walnut Street school, have mother for a teacher. And one lesson told us how Jesus sat in a boat and taught the people.

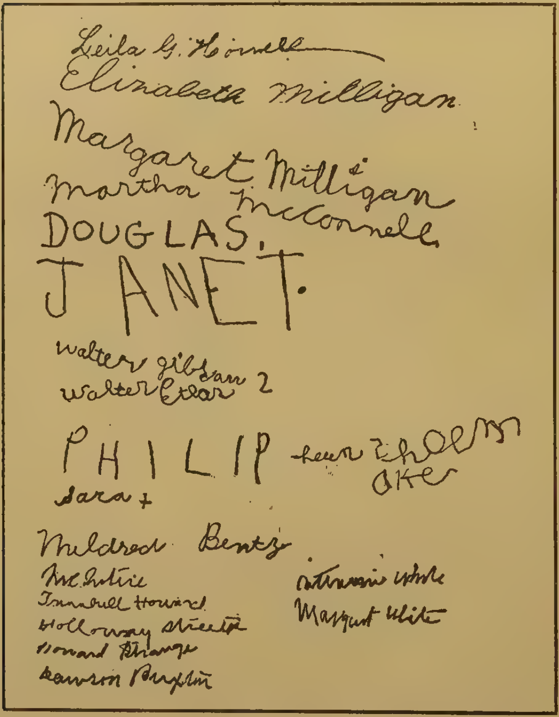
Our lesson on last Sunday told of a great storm on the sea, Jesus was there, and he said, "Peace, be still." Then the wind stopped blowing and the waves grew quiet. Dear Mr. Trumbull, we will ask him to again say, "Peace, be still," if your ship gets into a heavy storm.

We will be glad to welcome you on your return, and have you tell us something about your visit. *Perhaps* you would have time to write us a little letter while you are away.

It is a pleasure for us to write our names after this letter that says to you we are your little friends of the Walnut Street school. Miss Cora, Mrs. Cole, Miss May, and Miss Coates unite with us in sending sincere wishes for a pleasant and safe return.

Your little friends and co-workers.

Then followed two pages of signatures of the little folks in the primary department of the home Sunday-school who had held up their hands "very high" that Sunday. Here is the way one page looked:



Leila G. Howell
Elizabeth Milligan
Margaret Milligan
Martha McConnell
DOUGLAS.
JANET.
walter gibson
walter [illegible] 2
PHILIP
helen [illegible]
Sara +
Mildred Bentz
McIntire
Trumbull Howard
Holloway Streeter
Howard Strange
Lawson [illegible]
Catherine White
Margaret White

III

FAIRYLAND MADEIRA

ONLY those who have lived "on a desert of brine" for a week or more, the only land near them three miles away and that straight down, can understand the excitement of the cry, "There's land in sight!" as it passes from mouth to mouth on deck and in staterooms. The eighth morning out was the first genuinely cloudy morning we had had. Straining one's eyes a little to the north of east, a thin ribbon of smoke appeared on the misty horizon. "Is it smoke from the land?" was the question that was framing itself, when—"No, that *is* land!" was the sudden discovery. The long, low strip of smoke-like outline, rising at a gentle angle out of the water, marks the northern end of the island about which for a week we have talked and wondered. Its southern end disappears into nothing exactly as a column of smoke would. But there is another hint of something over to the south, if you look, not too closely at it, but away a trifle, as you would at a star. So you have your first view of Madeira.

Slowly and dimly the gray mass grows, gray and cloudy still,—a fog-bank in the far distance. But one can see the entire outline of the fog-bank now. A turn around the deck and a hunt for a friend, and there is a change. Irregularities are beginning to appear in the surface of our cloud, and even the right hand or southern end is sharply defined. The sun struggles slowly out. Bigger and bigger grows the mass ahead of us ; now it is mountainous land. Patches of brown show on the gray ; heavy shadows are cast by the banks of real clouds that hover overhead. Tiny white specks appear in irregular lines, or bunched together, up and down the sides of the mountainous land,—are they houses ? A large salmon-pink spot stands out prominently ; some one suggests that it is a brick house.

The lower parts of the island are pretty clear now ; the mountain tops are lost in the clouds, and stay so more or less throughout the day. What look like rock-strata show in the cliff-sides ; great valleys and canyons appear. The southern outline of the island slopes like a giant toboggan slide into the sea, with a dangerously sudden perpendicular drop at the end, and one or two monster "thank-you-marms" on the way. And this is the little island of Madeira !

Forty minutes more have brought a tiny sailboat into sight, bobbing about on the waves like a toy. What looks like a thin silver stream of waterfall threads its way down a cliff into the sea. Other toy boats make their appearance. The island is evidently real land, but it doesn't look like a habitable country yet. It seems to be great chaotic masses of rock and mountainous, volcanic matter. A thicker, larger cluster of white and yellow specks is guessed to be Funchal.

You have seen the painfully prim little toy villages made up in high-class toy shops for the children whose parents can afford to buy them such things. That is what Funchal looked like as we steamed slowly into her harbor,—cautiously, lest we bump her and upset the toy houses. The sun had come out strong enough to let us see her at a good distance.

Fourteen months before, the people of America who were beginning to get interested in the Jerusalem cruise idea, in reading Clark's description of the route and the places to be visited noticed that an exact itinerary was given, even to the hours of arrival and departure at the different ports. Funchal, Madeira, was to be reached, according to that itinerary, about noon of Wednesday, March 16. Ten minutes past twelve o'clock noon of that Wednesday when we first sighted land, March 16, 1904, the anchor chains of the Grosser Kurfürst rattled down over the bows, and we were anchored in Funchal harbor.

In a few minutes we were having our first experience with the natives who scurry out in boats to greet an ocean liner. There were a few good-sized craft in the placid harbor, and innumerable small fry. Out came the rowboats, the huge sweeps bending like willow rods under the strain, threading their way in and out among darting launches. Bare brown backs, some already glistening wet, gave a hint of what was coming. There goes one overboard in a head-first dive! Then began fierce ejaculating and beseeching calls to the passengers who were crowding the Kurfürst rails. Over went a silver coin from the steamer deck. It struck the water, and in the sunlight we watched it flutter, so slowly did it sink, down, down,—a flash of a brown back, a splash, a soaking brown head quickly bobbing up again, and the coin is tossed into the bottom of a waiting boat. Thus is the meaning of our welcome explained, and for an hour or more the coins and the diving entertain pilgrims and natives alike.

There comes a rowboat laden down with gleaming wicker ware, fresh from the island, a tempting bait for American money. While the diving has been in progress, a bevy of small boats laden with salable merchandise has been collecting under our port bow, and long poles shod with boat-hooks have been caught to our side. Up these poles swarm the natives like monkeys. Once on deck they throw down ropes of their own to their fellows, and merchandise is quickly made ready for hoisting on board. Up comes a bird cage with a family of bright green paroquets. Wicker chairs, of course, come too, and fruit, and in another moment Jerusalem pilgrims and Madeira natives are making profitable bargains.

A ripple of excitement along the deck announced the presence of one of the brown-skinned, bare-backed swimmers whose physique had already aroused his spectators' admiration. He had clambered to the upper promenade deck, and indicated by signs and broken English that for a shilling he would dive from the rail,—a good thirty-foot drop. The first two persons he invited to defray the expenses of the entertainment promptly offered him a shilling if he would *not* thus risk life and limb, but their English was lost upon him. Soon he had more than his shilling, and feeling his way along the two-inch ledge outside the rail, the young Portuguese chattered to his companions below while he found a position clear of the launch just under him. On one bronze forearm was tattooed a crucifix ; on the other, a ballet dancer. He backed up against the rail, and the women held their breath.

Out he shot, kodaks snapped, squarely he struck the water, and in a flash he was safely paddling around again, none the worse for his flight.

But the divers and the pedlers were not our only hosts. A well groomed young Englishman in white flannels met me on the promenade deck and handed me a printed ticket :

> VISIT OF DELEGATES
> to the
> WORLD'S FOURTH SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION
> to be held in
> JERUSALEM, APRIL, 1904
>
> MEETING OF WELCOME
> IN THE MUNICIPAL THEATER, MADEIRA
> WEDNESDAY, SIXTEENTH MARCH, AT 4 P.M.
>
> ADMIT BEARER
> (*Not transferable.*)

On the back of the bit of cardboard was printed a rough plan of Funchal, showing the harbor front, the Scotch church, theater, post-office, cathedral, and other important spots. On chatting with my host, I found that he was connected with an English business house, living for the time being in this South Atlantic garden island, and helping the missionaries to welcome us to their home. The missionaries themselves boarded our steamer to greet us, the Rev. Mr. Patterson of the Scotch church ; the Rev. W. G. Smart and the Rev. G. B. Nind of the Methodist Episcopal Mission. Another printed slip that was soon in the hands of the delegates was the following :

> METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSION
> Funchal, Madeira
>
> **Opposite the West Gate of the Public Garden**
> **Under the supervision of Bishop J. C. Hartzell**
>
> A devotional meeting will be held D. V. to-day, March 16, 1904, from 2.45 to 3.30 P. M. in the Mission Hall. Some Portuguese Protestants will take part in the meeting.
>
> *Ministers :* WM. GEO. SMART,
> GEORGE B. NIND.

After a cautious walk down the swinging steps from the towering deck of the Kurfürst, the jump into the little tender, helped by the steady hands of native boatmen, the brisk run from ship to dock, and the climb up the long flight of stone steps from the water's edge, we stepped into fairyland. How the natives must have enjoyed watching our delight !

If there is an inartistic or unpicturesque house in Funchal, it was not found. White stucco, yellow, pale green, salmon pink, and everywhere terra-cotta tiles as roofs, save for an occasional thatch,—little or big, they are all picturesque. Luxuriant green foliage, tropical as Florida, rainbows of flowers, and indolent, musical-voiced, liquid-eyed people ! Bullocks drawing their palanquin-like carts on runners move slowly in and out of your range of vision. The native men and boys who drive them are barefooted, and stoop every little while to pass what looks like an old stocking of tallow underneath the runners of their carts, keeping them well greased. "*Bully carros,*" I think the native drivers called these bullock *carros*, and "*bully carros*" they were to us after that.

Under foot is the paving which makes possible the use of runners where snow never falls. Apparently everything is paved with cobblestones. But you notice that the stones are small, and black, and set with their edges up, and very close together. Then as you walk you find the pavements are so velvety and smooth that you want to try a good old-fashioned slide. In some cases square and diamond-shaped designs are made with the stones, which come from the shore of the island. Some are quite small, others almost as large as ordinary cobblestones. But wherever used, they are kept of a uniform size just there,—there are no irregularities to the eye or the foot.

The streets are just what we expect to find in Palestine, in their narrowness and sinuousness. Shops are plenty, and the same Oriental driving of bargains is necessary to one who has regard to his purse. Quaint old doorways, picture-book vistas, children whose beauty and dirtiness are surpassing, beggars whose eyes will haunt one for many a day, incessant appeals for "drink money" (the bakhsheesh of the East), mountain views and ocean views that tantalize the twenty-four hours' visitor,—all tumble past each other so fast that one wonders what seventy-one days of this cruise will bring forth if this is the result of the first eight.

Diminutive tram cars drawn by horses jog along lazily on tracks about two feet wide. The drivers make a hissing sound to start their horses.

You ask the price of some tempting looking fruit. "Two cents apiece, six pence a dozen." That does not seem particularly reasonable, and you turn away. "Three pence a dozen," appeals the vender, and the fruit is yours at half the asking price.

The ride up the mountain-side on an inclined railroad is an interesting experience. The entire landscape seems strangely askew ; the little pink and blue and buff houses are all tipped ! But one passes many an enchanting cottage and villa on that climb through fairyland, and it is the car that is tipped, after all. Brown-eyed children race madly alongside the cars calling for pennies ; in flies a bouquet of flowers ; out goes a penny in return. Then the engineer turns on a cloud of hissing steam from the side of the train, and the children scurry away. We catch glimpses of the famous mountain slide, and see men trudging up, carrying the sleds upside down on their heads.

In coming down, some of us used that famous mountain slide instead of the railroad. The sleds were square boxes on runners, with a seat holding two people. Each sled is guided by two ropes, one either side, held by men who run behind or jump on to the runners from time to time. The "slide" is a steep road down the mountain-side, built of the same slippery black stones turned on edge that make such good "sleighing" in the streets of Funchal. Slowly we started, and moved along at such a tame rate that we thought the mountain slide had been greatly overrated. Then the ground began to slip away faster, and before we knew it we were moving at a speed quite fast enough to be exciting. We swung around sharp corners with certainty of upset, but righted just in time. As we entered the town, dark-eyed señoritas looked down at us from casements above as we passed their homes; one, of sure eye and steady hand, tossed a rosebud fairly into my lap as our sled flew past under her window.

One of our party was chatting with a native shopkeeper, asking the price of various articles. Finally he put his hand on the head of the little daughter of the tradesman.

"How much?" he inquired.

"No money," was the grave reply; and the American father smiled hearty approval.

"I am the happy man alive" was the beaming declaration of another sunshiny islander that day.

They were not all sharp bargain-drivers, either. I asked a fruit dealer how many *loquats* a penny would buy, suggesting a certain measure as I did so. "No, no," he shook his head, and doubled my measure for me!

Before leaving America some of us had received an appeal for funds to aid in the building of a road through the island of Madeira, as furthering the work of Christian missions, to run from the little town of Santa Cruz on the east coast through seven parishes to Funchal the capital. It was suggested that the road be dedicated to the memory of Christopher Columbus, who studied navigation at Porto Santo on the island, and married the daughter of the Governor, Perestrello. In connection with the building of this way, as a help to bringing the islanders into the Way of Life, it was related that Columbus himself had first received in Madeira the intimation of the way across the seas to the West. The story is that a Portuguese sailor lay dying in a hospital at Madeira, and a secret was dying with him. He wanted to reveal it, but could not save to the right person. At last came a man whom he knew to be the man for the trust ; to him he whispered that far beyond the western shores of Madeira there was land to be found. The sailor died ; the man to whom he told his secret was Christopher Columbus.

It was hard to contemplate going to meeting the first thing after arriving in such a land. But the duty-doers decided to attend the meetings arranged for that afternoon, and trust in an equally fine day following to see the sights, as a reward of such faithfulness. We stepped from the *bully carros* into the Portuguese converts' meeting. The authorities had granted the use of the municipal theater for the large public meeting that afternoon only on condition that no Portuguese be admitted. The meeting of these native Christians, therefore, was to be held, as announced, at quarter before three o'clock at the chapel of the Methodist Episcopal mission.

The white plaster walls of the little room were almost hidden by ferns, and the space back of the platform and speaker's desk was a bower of tropical green. "*Deus è Amor*" stood out in lettering on one side wall, and facing the audience the words "*Jesus E' o Nosso Salvador*," while in English were the words "The Lord is My Helper." As we entered, the first thing that caught the eye was the spot of bright coloring made by the silken bandanas covering the heads of four young women on the front row of straight-backed wooden benches. The points of the rose pink, deep orange, light green, or dark blue kerchiefs dropped well down the back, the entire head being covered, and the oval brunette faces looked out at us, full of interest in these American Christian pilgrims. Boys and men were there too, swarthy and bright-eyed. An old graybeard yielded nothing to the rest in sparkling keenness of those black eyes. A girl mother, baby in arms, came in and sat near him. On each side of the Portuguese flag, draped over the platform, were the Stars and Stripes ; back of these, and mightier than either, "*Jesus Salvador.*"

The Rev. George B. Nind, one of the missionaries in charge of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, which is under the direction of Bishop J. C. Hartzell, conducted the meeting. Well-known faces looked at us from the platform,—Dr. John Potts, Dr. Joseph Clark, Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, and others. An earnest prayer was offered for the Father's blessing upon the work of the Madeira missionaries, that the island might indeed be a gem in the ocean as a testimony to Jesus Christ. Mr. Nind recalled the fact that he as a boy had been in Mrs. Crafts' Sunday-school class, and introduced her to his audience, translating her words into Portuguese, as he did those of all the speakers.

Never in any land have I seen such eager attentness as lighted up the faces of those listening Portuguese Christians. They knew who their guests were, and where they were bound. Probably never before in their lives had they seen any such multitude of people who sympathized with them because serving their Christ. The face of the gray-bearded old man was a study in fascination,—fascinated himself by the wonder of it all, and fascinating some of us who watched him. From outside, through the open doorway, came the jingle of bells on a passing *bully carro* ; the shouts of the drivers to their animals mingled with the words of the speaker. The cry of a native baby sounded very American. A group of curious, barefooted, chewing boys peered in at the doorway. Another boy, blue smocked, passed with a huge white bundle towering on his head.

The old Portuguese fellow's eyes sparkled when an American pastor of New Bedford, Massachusetts, brought greetings and told how glad he was to know the Portuguese of Madeira, because he knew so many of their race in his Massachusetts home, and had even united many of them in marriage.

Mr. Warren thanked the islanders for the hearty welcome they had given us, and for the sleigh-ride down the mountain, in the tropics, while he had just left ninety-four days of snow at home. Then he told his audience that the ship Grosser Kurfürst contained the greatest Sunday-school they ever saw,—eight hundred Christians, and only last Sunday a Sunday-school on board with five hundred present! (Rapid conversation just here between the old man in the audience and the boy next to him.) And the plaster walls thrilled as the disciples there assembled from many parts of the earth sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

Particularly beautiful was the thought put by one American woman that, as we had suddenly been transported from snow and ice and a desert of brine into a paradise of flowers, so we were trying to live in such a way that should we be suddenly called from this body we would find ourselves in the paradise above. The paradise-dwellers smiled their appreciation of this message.

And then the minister asked his Portuguese hearers if they would not like to give their testimony to Christ in the presence of this band of witnesses. They had not known before that they were going to be asked to do this, but there was no such pause as often discomfits an American prayer-meeting. Without hesitation a dark-skinned young fellow rose and said in his own tongue, while Mr. Nind translated : "I was a lost sheep, but Jesus sent his word to me. Now I belong to Jesus Christ. My desire is to serve him only. I am very glad to see my brethren who have come here. May God bless you all." And "Blest be the tie that binds" was sung by those whose souls were knit in Christian love to these island children of the faith.

There was a ring of thankfulness in the words of one who followed, for the vision God had let him see : "I am so glad that many more than these who are present are believers in the word of God." And then in graceful tribute to his guests : "I am certain that these are God's elect, those of whom God said, 'Ye are the salt of the earth.'" When he closed with the confident words, "I know that we may never meet again on this earth, but I am trusting God that we shall meet in heaven," there was only one hymn to sing, and we all rejoiced in the "Land that is fairer than day."

Could any words have been more felicitous than these, from still another : "It seems that you all love Jesus thoroughly." Or these : "I am very glad to see so many happy faces ; it shows that we are all loving the same Saviour." Dr. Clark voiced the thoughts of all when he said: "We speak the same language, the language of heaven. We speak to him in English, you in Portuguese, and Jesus understands us both." And Dr. Potts spoke the closing word for "the happiest great family that ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean."

After Mr. Nind had announced the meeting in the theater at four o'clock for foreigners only,—with an apologetic word to us, "Perhaps you don't realize that you are foreigners now,"—Mr. Warren interposed with the plea, "Don't let us miss this opportunity for making an offering for missions," and we did not. An offering of one hundred and twelve dollars had been made on board the evening before, for Madeira missions, and a third was made at a subsequent meeting in Funchal, showing the delegates' substantial interest in the work.

The great meeting in the theater was carefully guarded. Admission was by tickets, with which the young men had supplied us on board the Kurfürst that morning. Police officers kept their eyes on things, one at least being present inside the auditorium.

Very few knew that the white-haired gentleman who stepped to the front of the stage and nominated the chairman of the meeting was Mr. George Smith, Companion of the Star of India, Secretary of the Foreign Work of the United Free Church of Scotland Missions, at Edinburgh, and the father of George Adam Smith, whose monumental work on the "Historical Geography of the Holy Land" is the guidebook, not only of this pilgrimage, but of the Bible-studying world. Mr. Smith said modestly to me, after the meeting was over and before I knew his name, that he believed a number of us on the Kurfürst had been reading a book written by a son of his.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Smith, "I have the honor to move that the chair be taken by the Right Honorable Thomas A. Dickson, of His British Majesty's Privy Council, Ireland, one of the members of the Gladstone government in 1884, and for many years a distinguished member of the House of Commons."

Dr. Whittier of Trinidad invoked God's blessing on the assemblage. The chairman expressed his conviction that a meeting like this had never been held before in the history of the island. The Rev. Mr. Patterson, of the Funchal Scotch Church, hoped that the island would serve as a stepping-stone to the pilgrims on their way to the conquest of the old world in the East. He told picturesquely of the Bible scenes and customs we might see in Madeira, had we time to stay,—oxen treading the corn on the threshing-floor, and women grinding corn with the little stone mill; and he told of the temperament of the people, which likened them strongly to those of the Bible.

Fifteen miles back from Funchal, off in the mountains, is one of the few Sunday-schools in Madeira. Mr. Smart, who has labored for twenty-five years in Madeira, told how his wife and his colleague, Mr. Nind, the only two Sunday-school teachers on the island, gather forty or fifty people every Sunday, hear them recite Bible verses of their own choosing, and teach them the International Lessons. Some of the island pupils do not yet know how to read; half a dozen years ago but one or two could do so. The training of others to become teachers, a work not unfamiliar to larger places than Madeira, is the effort of the two present teachers.

As the meeting was drawing to a close, after half a dozen of the Kurfürst's leading Sunday-school people had addressed their Madeira hosts, the Rev. William Frizzell of Ontario rose in his place, saying that he wished to call attention to the appropriateness of the fact that Mr. Dickson should have been in the chair, in view of the fact that that gentleman had been for years an active Sunday-school man.

"And," he added, "I presume Mr. Dickson does not know that I myself, as a boy in the little town of Dungannon, Ireland, was his Sunday-school scholar, and he was my teacher."

Mr. Dickson was moved. The afternoon had been a succession of surprises to him, he said. Dr. Potts had announced that he was a fellow countryman of his, and then Mr. Frizzell had told him he was his Sunday-school scholar in Dungannon. "If he is a brother of Henry Frizzell, then he is indeed a son of an old and dear friend of mine," said the chairman, and so it was.

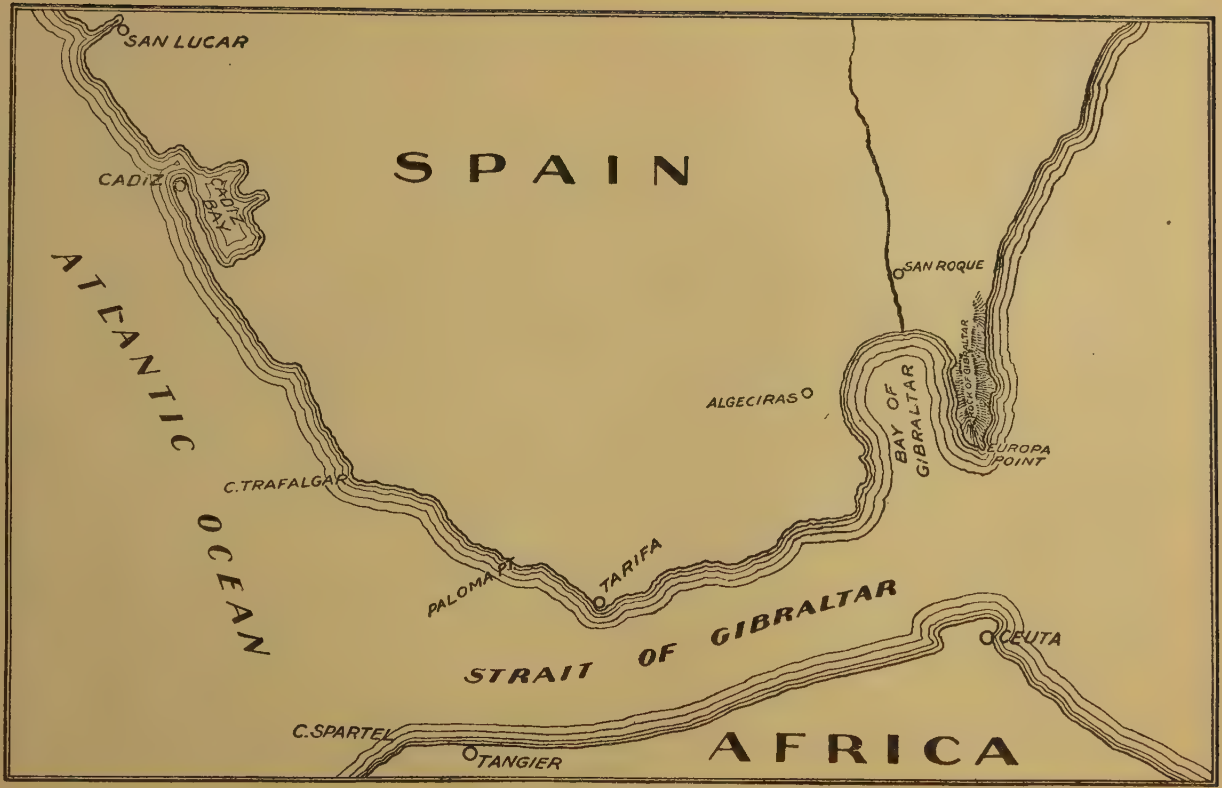
We walked out from the meeting into the sunshine and fragrance of that ocean garden, and were glad that we were there. May there not have been truth in the assertion of one of the speakers that the two great events in the history of Madeira were the visit of Columbus on his way to the discovery of America, and the visit of the Sunday-school pilgrims on their way to the World's Convention in Jerusalem ?

IV

THE REAL GIBRALTAR

OUR ideas of Gibraltar were largely from our school geographies and life-insurance advertising. But the experiences of the first ten days had prepared us to be surprised, and we were glad to find that the real Gibraltar was different. It is not a single great rock, a stone's throw to the coast of Africa, the Atlantic Ocean clear to the west, the Mediterranean clear to the east.

Saturday morning, March 19, found us entering a bay about five miles across. A narrow tongue of land extending directly south forms the eastern shore of the bay. From this strip of land rises the giant gray fortress of the Mediterranean, grim and forbidding. The rock is a mountain, or rather a range, extending for miles, with the town of Gibraltar nestling at its base and running well up its sides. Dim in the distance to the south, fifteen miles away, Africa can be seen. Across the bay, to the west and south, runs a strip of Spain, a dozen miles of land between Gibraltar and the Atlantic Ocean. The Grosser Kurfürst anchored in the Bay of Gibraltar at a point west, or a little southwest, of a profile of the rock which towered above us out of the waters of the bay. The view of the rock which we had was not the familiar one, which is taken from a point northwest of one of the profiles jutting on the


SAN LUCAR
CADIZ
CADIZ BAY
SPAIN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
C. TRAFALGAR
PALOMA PT.
TARIFA
ALGECIRAS
SAN ROQUE
BAY OF GIBRALTAR
ROCK OF GIBRALTAR
EUROPA POINT
STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR
CEUTA
C. SPARTEL
TANGIER
AFRICA

THE BAY AND STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR

bay. But neither the familiar view nor the view that faced us is taken, as is commonly supposed, from the eastern side, looking due west from the Mediterranean. A glance at the accompanying map will help to make this clear.

Very different is it all from the harbor of Funchal. No native boats scramble out in unseemly haste to take us in. The German Emperor's steamer lies off a few hundred yards in dignified retirement. The breakwaters of solid gray stone masonry are backed by a file of British warships ; a week before they had been bombarding the mighty fortress in mock battle between England's navy and army. The peaceful landlubber does not need to be told that the sullen, unreflecting gray of these fighting machines of the navy is their war paint. The somber contrast with the gleaming white of warships on parade is unmistakable. If you would get an impression of England's place among the fighting "powers" of the world, look out from your porthole some morning on a bit of her navy backed by the rock of Gibraltar.

Trim Tommy Atkins, in scarlet coat or khaki, is the alert foil to the indolent Spaniards who fill the streets. We drive past barracks and barracks, batteries and arsenals. England's hand shows everywhere, though we are in the midst of a narrow-streeted town as quaint and as picturesque in some of its scenes as was Funchal. Hindoos look out at you from their shop doors, and offer you tempting specimens of drawn work and brass. Spaniards and señoritas walk the streets or gaze down from balconies. Costumes of the East blend with English and French dress. Small donkeys carry heavy loads here, as everywhere on the Mediterranean. Glancing up a picturesque street, the side and summit of the rock loom as a background. The English governor's house stands alone in solid elegance, a carriage waiting for him at the *porte cochère*, two or three red-coated soldiers on duty close at hand.

As I crossed the square surrounded by barracks late that afternoon, on my way back to the ship, a straight-backed, handsome fellow stepped out from a little group of privates and non-commissioned officers, walked toward the center of the square, and, raising a bugle to his lips, sounded a call which floated away over the rock and the sea, more musical and clear in its brazen sweetness than I ever heard from any bugle before. I photographed the group, and chatted with them, asking if I might not send them the picture from America. "Oh," said one, "we'll be in South Africa long before then ; we leave for there in two weeks."

Let me give, from the graceful pen of Dr. Joseph Clark of Ohio in a letter to his home-folks, some vivid pen pictures of other scenes that met our eyes :

"In a small marketplace or square near the quay I watched for several minutes a sort of 'Donnybrook Fair.' Hucksters were crying their wares as though bent on out-yelling each other. Carriages hurried through the crowds with a recklessness that would have done credit to a Buffalo Bill cowboy ; donkeys like the Rocky Mountain burros, heavily laden with baskets of coal, vegetables, kindling-wood, water-barrels, and sometimes the driver as well ; cavalrymen racing through the square with a startling clatter of hoofs ; beggars, many of them maimed and halt ; while at one side, near a colporteur's stand upon which were spread for sale Bibles and tracts, a Presbyterian preacher with uncovered head, in the presence of a handful of listeners, was offering a prayer in Spanish as a prelude to an evangelistic address by a priest who, only three weeks before, had been converted from Catholicism to Protestant Christianity.

"A child's funeral passed down the main street while I waited, preceded by the priests in full vestments. They walked before the pall-bearers, who carried the casket upon their shoulders. Behind the pall-bearers followed the mourning carriage, filled with nothing but flowers, and decorated with purple and evergreen wreaths. Then came a long train of mourners, some in carriages, and others walking. As a mark of respect, pedestrians on the streets uncovered their heads, shopkeepers put up their shutters and closed their stores while the procession passed by, and opened them for business as soon as the cortège had passed. One looking down the street could see storekeepers ahead of the procession putting up wooden shutters over store windows, while at the same time others, already passed by the procession, were taking the shutters down."

We start on the visit to the rock itself, to be shown the few galleries and interior views that are permitted to strangers. The secrets of Gibraltar are well guarded. Even though we are to be shown nothing that is not public, our cameras must be left outside the gates at the entrance,—England wants no Americans snapping interior views of her citadel.

A bit of pasteboard that I picked up at Gibraltar gives a hint of the military rule that is so noticeable there. It read :

WATERPORT

Permit until first evening gunfire.

John Bennet,
Chief of Police.

And it was at Gibraltar, too, that we were reminded of American advertising methods. An envelope came to me on board ship addressed in neat typewriting "Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Trumbull, care S. S. Grosser Kurfürst, Gibraltar." Inside I found a booklet filled with well printed half-tones of classic views in Athens, interspersed with the announcements of an American rug concern doing business there !

The names that appear on some of the gray stone walls as we drive by the fortifications are striking ; "South Jumpers Bastion," "Cumberland Flank Battery," "Napier of Magdala Battery," "Fifth Rosia Battery." "Serfatris Passage," and "Turnbull's Lane," we also noticed in the town. After registering our names at the entrance of the fortifications, we have a tedious wait while fifteen or twenty are admitted at a time. The sentry finally passes us, and we are led along flowering pathways, past barracks again, by an officer's house fronted by a dainty bit of English garden, and then, just before a tunnel entrance, we are halted again by a smiling, very courteous, but very firm sentry. Another wait, longer than the first, and we are released, to pick our way through the damp-bottomed, dripping, rock passage, on and up through one of the famous galleries which network Gibraltar. A bright light to the left shows us an opening to the outer world. A cannon, probably of obsolete type, stands none the less suggestively at the opening. It is by such holes in the rock, farther on, where guns *not* obsolete are stationed, and also by the pieces of artillery that stand outside at the very summit of the mountain of the sea, that Great Britain holds the keys of the Mediterranean in her hands.

We step through the opening, and are on the precipitous side of Gibraltar, but there is foliage and irregularity enough to permit moving about with safety. A memorable panorama stretched before us. At our feet nestled the town. Beyond, to the north, lay Spain. Between the two ran a strip of barren ground, two or three hundred yards wide, the neutral zone that separates the territory of the two nations. To the west stretched the blue waters of the bay, and in the far south showed the dim outline of Africa's coast.

* * * * *

The first note of sorrow in the cruise was the serious illness of one of the young men from Ohio, who was stricken down, six days after sailing, with the dread disease appendicitis. He came on the trip under the care of Dr. Joseph Clark, and few of the passengers knew what tender care and unceasing vigilance were exercised by Dr. Clark and many others before it was finally decided to leave the patient in the hospital at

Gibraltar, under the care of an old friend of his family, the Rev. Albert J. Nathan, a Presbyterian missionary stationed at Tangier, Morocco. A few extracts from a long and careful letter which Dr. Clark wrote to the boy's parents from Algiers, tell part of the story. Whether Warren Burns was to end his pilgrimage at Gibraltar, or was to be permitted to continue his loyal service for the Master on the earth, no earthly friend could know at that time.[1] They lovingly and tirelessly did all that human hands could do. Warren himself, as well as his friends, committed the future trustfully to the loving Father. Dr. Clark's letter was, in part, as follows :

> Long ere this you received the telegram sent you yesterday from Gibraltar conveying the sad news of the serious sickness of Warren with appendicitis. You already know that he is in a hospital at Gibraltar in the care of your and Warren's friend, Rev. Mr. Nathan. The decision to land the dear boy was reached too late for me to write the particulars of the case before leaving Gibraltar.
>
> By evening [of Tuesday, March 15] I saw that it would be necessary for Warren to have skilled nursing. A Miss Williams, a trained nurse of twenty-five years' experience, volunteered her services to nurse Warren in the day time, and two other trained nurses among the passengers volunteered to nurse at night. The ship's officers at once agreed to clear the room of the other occupants, take down the other berths, and give Warren the whole room, that he might have every favorable condition for recovery. In order that there might be no risk taken, I called in consultation with the ship's doctor Dr. La Huyse of Kalamazoo, Michigan, a specialist in diseases of the abdomen, Dr. Greenmeyer (Mr. E. K. Warren's family physician, whom he has with him as a traveling companion), and Dr. Bass, of Wichita, Kansas. The consultation resulted

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[1] The later events in the case of Warren Burns are mentioned in the chapters that follow as they occurred throughout the course of the cruise

in an agreement of the physicians upon the diagnosis appendicitis, and also upon the course of treatment. From that time to the moment the boy left the ship he was really treated by four physicians twice a day, and by the ship's doctor many times a day.

The nurses were constant in their attention, and everything that could be thought of by eight hundred passengers was done for his comfort. Passengers brought him armfuls of flowers and showed as much interest in his case as though he was a member of each family represented on the boat.

The physicians were united in the proposition to leave the boy at a hospital at Gibraltar. I had a talk with Warren about the matter, and he said he would prefer to go ashore, but would yield to the judgment of his friends.

At the evening worship the prayers of the passengers were asked for Warren, and hundreds of hearts were lifted to God for direction in future handling of the case. Warren never murmured nor complained. He won the hearts of his nurses until they fairly loved him. Their services, which were first services of duty, soon became services of devotion and love for the boy.

I should have said that Warren had told me of Mr. Nathan and his relation to your family. This made us all the more willing to place the boy ashore. I stated that if Mr. Nathan did not impress me satisfactorily I would gladly give up my trip and stay with the boy at Gibraltar.

We found Warren [at the hospital in Gibraltar] comfortable, although somewhat disturbed by the removal. Dr. Turner, the chief physician, is eminent in Great Britain's medical world. He is an authority of note, and has taken charge of Warren's case. We found the hospital to be a thoroughly first-class one. Mr. Nathan had spent six weeks there with typhoid fever some months ago, and his wife is a patient there now. They are enthusiastic in their praise of the institution.

Mr. Nathan helped frame the cablegram to you. He promised to stay with the boy until his recovery, to take him to his home for permanent convalescence, and, if necessary, to return with him to America.

Warren said, when I bade him good-by, and told him I intended writing you to-day, "Tell father and mother that *I am still on the way.*"

Arrangements have been made to wire me at Algiers, and also at Athens, Warren's condition.

The prayers of the whole Cruise party are for Warren in his sickness and for you in your anxiety.

I have done what I would have done had Warren been my boy, and I pray that God may spare him to you and comfort your hearts.

"Perhaps the dreaded future
  Holds less bitterness than I think,
For God may sweeten the water
  Before I stoop to drink.
But if Marah must be Marah
  He will stand beside the brink."

The cablegram which was sent to the boy's parents from Gibraltar, reaching them before they received the letter, was as follows :

Warren has appendicitis. In splendid hospital here under personal care of Nathan, who will wire daily.

CLARK.

V

ALGIERS AND ANACHRONISMS

SIX-STORY buildings, straight and well built, with mansard roofs, are the first surprise for the eye of the pilgrim who scans the Dark Continent as the Kurfürst approaches Algiers. We had been told that Algiers was one of the most interesting places we should see. It was ; and perhaps most of all for its mixing up of things and people that ought to have been twenty centuries apart.

Set off by the background of the five- and six-story buildings lolled such a crowd of indolent, curious Arabs as must have watched the arrival and departure of boats in Joppa or Alexandria two thousand years ago. Swarming along a smooth cement pavement that would have done credit to New York City is a steady stream of swarthy, turbaned or "gunny-sacked," barelegged individuals who might have stepped out of a page of Arabian Nights. A trolley car clangs into view ; in its seats are ghost-like figures of women shrouded in white from head to foot. In a hole in the unfinished brick and mortar wall of a high building under construction, twenty-five feet above the ground, stands a turbaned son of the East. Welsbach street lights illumine the night for these children of the past. Soda water fountains and "Parfumerie Parisienne" allure them, but they hold their primitive repose even when the squawk of an automobile sounds its warning. French civilization has not been able to rout the life that was there first.

The harbor view of Algiers shows a packed mass of straight, tall buildings, pale buff, almost white in color, many with terra-cotta tiled roofs, rising from, and on both sides of, the great quay. The city is built on the steep sides of the mountains that rise sharply from the shore, and from the solidly packed city the houses are dotted here and there away into the distance. From the quay one ascends to the streets of the city by the series of inclined planes running back and forth like the old-fashioned game of marbles that roll down a zigzag of strips of wood nailed to the front of a board. Great stone breakwaters, larger than were necessary at Gibraltar, protect the craft at anchor. The men on two dingy barges are busy pumping air down to a couple of divers who are after coal, said to be at the bottom in the hull of a sunken barge. Rowboats manned by fez-headed natives move about, and some help the large lighters in landing the Kurfürst's passengers. The prettiest sight in the harbor was the picture of two of these rowboats coming to meet us, each with "Old Glory" fluttering from the stern. A fortress-looking building, with a straight round tower rising from it, is prominent off to the right of the city. The first mosk we have seen stands near the shore. Here and there are the typical square towers of the East with minarets rising from their summits.

The natives are lined up to see us land, almost as expectantly as crowds on Broadway wait for the passing of a parade. There is one old chap, his grizzled face crowned by a white turban, a dirty white jacket over his shoulders, an apron-like skirt of stout jute, and a pair of brown half hose appearing above the tops of a pair of American shoes. When the turban is not worn, a coarse gunny-sack covers head and shoulders. Sometimes the single visible garment seems to be a tattered canvas bag, reaching from the top of the head to the knees. Shuffling sandals or kid shoes alternate with calloused, muscular bare feet. And there are hordes of these Arabs, no two dressed exactly alike, but all looking like pictures out of the primitive past, strolling, peering, idling, or hurrying on their way, wherever you may turn in this strange city by the sea.

The following printed slip had been at our dining-saloon plates the day before :

F. C. Clark Notice No. 4

ALGIERS

Arrive Monday, March 21, 6. A. M.
Breakfast, 7 and 8 A. M.
Lunch, 11 and 12 A. M.
Leave Monday, March 21, 5 P. M.

Land on fine large lighters supplied with chairs, and towed by tenders. No delay, and only a short distance from steamer to custom-house. Do not forget your carriage drive tickets. Carriage drives half a day. Half of the passengers, namely, those having first sitting, thus landing first, will drive in the forenoon from the custom-house, where passengers land, and the drive will end at noon at the Grand Square, opposite the landing-place. The other half of the passengers, those at second sitting, will stroll through the city during the forenoon, and start at 1 P. M. from the Grand Square opposite landing-place for their carriage drive. The drive includes Mustapha Superieur, a beautiful drive about three miles up the bay and return, visiting the Kasbah, or castle, on the hill at the back of the city.

Tenders and boats run to and fro all day, and passengers can return to the ship for lunch, or buy their own lunches on shore at the numerous fine restaurants and hotels.

Dinner at regular hours on board, and ship sails at 5 P. M. sharp. Last tender leaves the shore at 4.30 P. M.

HERBERT E. CLARK.

The three-hour drive gave us a kaleidoscopic glimpse of Algiers. The word "Oasis" stands out invitingly on a great sign at the top of a good-sized building, and below, "Grand Hotel de L'Oasis," where later we lunched most comfortably. Every little while a small drove of tiny donkeys passes us. The little beast is the smallest of his kind I have ever seen,—not as large as a Rocky Mountain burro, not much larger than a good-sized goat. One or two natives sitting comfortably on the extreme rear of these little fellows drive the rest.

Draught horses pass, pulling heavy loads, their collars surmounted by a great leather peak like the horn of a rhinoceros. A low wooden building bears the label "Club Gymnastique d'Alger." A stone building is the "Gendarmerie Nationale." Our driver waves his whip towards a gloomy looking pile going up and says impressively, in English (?) "Preeson Arab." A yellow-wheeled English cart spins by ; we see the immovable back of a turbaned native in the seat as it disappears from view. Animal pets are everywhere ; at a doorway are two dogs, two cats, and a shaggy-legged rooster. A little farther on we pass a group of smiling fellows, one of whom is dandling a furry monkey like a baby. On a bench in a public square sit two motionless figures like shrouded desolation. Little knots of French soldiers, in baggy red trousers and faded blue blouses, remind us, by sharp contrast, of the trim, well-kept Tommy Atkins across the sea at Gibraltar. Now we are upon the French barracks, and on a great cleared drill ground a dozen cavalrymen are maneuvering, against a background of hills dotted with villas that gleam white when the sun breaks through.

On the left of the entrance to a luxuriant palm garden or park is an inviting open air café or resting-place,—"a la Cloiserie des Palmiers"; the tables are set under an avenue of giant palms; the ocean shows far below and beyond.

Potatoes and palm trees grow together on our way up the mountain. The driver elatedly calls attention to an ostrich feeding contentedly. At a stopping-place a little later half a dozen intense and cautious American young women are seen leveling kodaks at a very conscious peacock. Children's voices through a doorway are heard singing, shrill and childlike, but in Oriental intervals and cadences unknown to a child of the West.

It is on this drive that we pass the first veiled woman of our trip, only her eyes showing above the closely drawn cloth covering her face and falling below over her shoulders. Her companion's face is bare, while her baggy trousers are each seemingly made of about as much material as would go into a good-sized bed sheet, not hanging loosely, but apparently filled out by the abundance of the material that is used.

Our drivers briskly turn the little coffee mill cranks that set the brakes on their wheels, and the city and harbor lie beneath us in a picture not to be forgotten. Well off from the shore, towering above the other vessels, lies the Kurfürst, the word "JERUSALEM," in great capitals on a huge banner stretched along her side, telling of our destination to those who can see, for miles around. The breakwater cuts the waters of the harbor like an imperfect letter H. I call Mrs. Trumbull's attention to a "merry-go-round" of horses far below,—then find it is the French cavalry still at drill, moving in a circle so perfectly that the deception is complete. The terra-cotta tiled roofs are so close together that the city looks packed beyond livableness,—and it would be to Americans. Only when later we thread our way through the Arab quarters do we realize what "close living" is.

Passing a stone cutter's yard I catch the words on a slab

Ici Repose
Felice Chautard.

Just a glimpse of the sorrow that has come into a French home, and a sight of the name of one who has ended her pilgrimage ahead of us.

Some of the names of villas and other places that we pass are interesting. Here is the "Club Alpin Francais." Here, in plain English we learn that "The Mustapha Dairy" can supply "Milk at all hours, fresh eggs and cream." "Villa Tong Hing" reminds one of Chinatown. "Villa Gentil" has a complacent ring to it. "Rue Sydney Smith" makes one wonder at the story that lies back of the naming of that street. The villas grow more and more beautiful and costly as we ascend the mountain. A conspicuous touch is the glazed tiles, in bright colors, that are set on the outside of the buildings as borders or in other decorative touches. By the gate of one of these rich men's houses, in a huddled heap, sat our first blind beggar, mumbling constantly, hand ever outstretched for alms.

The French drivers and guides who abound are not slow in their methods of money making. One of our party and his family had an experience with one who could fairly compete with the gold brick industry in America. The American gentleman particularly desired a driver who could speak English. He found one, and agreed to pay him double the ordinary price for his services and special attention during the afternoon. The carriage started. At a shop the driver dismounted, and after a wordy row with the woman in charge, disappeared inside. In a few minutes he came out, as the party supposed, and drove on. They asked him questions about one thing and another; he jabbered something unintelligibly. Before long it was clear that he was not the English-speaking driver they had engaged at a double price; that one had changed places in the shop with another, who was now on the box, and had gone back to be engaged over again and repeat the trick,—at double pay.

Leaving our carriages at a point well up the side of the mountain, and back of the city on its outskirts, we were led by our guides into the Arab Quarter. We thought we had already seen a good many natives, and a good many strange sights. We had not had a hint of the Arab population of Algiers.

Now we were ten thousand miles from civilization. No trolley cars, automobiles, or Welsbach lights here! Just a labyrinth of twisting, steep, stone-paved alleys, perhaps twenty or twenty-five feet wide, canyon-like for the houses that rose perpendicularly on both sides, doorways resting on the pavement, and blackness or gloom inside, while a never-ending multitude of strange figures of the past, men, women, youths, and children, walked or darted up and down, in and out.

In the doorways you could see the whole gamut of life. Here is a roomful of men, smoking and talking, while on the step two or more are intent on a game of dominoes. There is a fine-looking, white-bearded old fellow cobbling shoes. Just inside another doorway sits a mother with baby in arms. Here are two men making bright colored leather purses.

"How much?" I ask.

"Two francs."

"One franc," I offer.

A nod of the head. "I'll take one too," says "Timothy Standby," and the purses and two francs change hands.

Said a Moslem that day to one of the American pilgrims: "Your God has made a bright day for you, —the first we have had for three weeks."

Most of us are armed with cameras, and these streets offer tempting, if difficult, bits to catch. One and another gets his camera ready, but in vain. For the pulling out of the bellows, or looking into the finder, is as a signal to the population. Hither they flock, to peer into the lens, to examine you and your camera from every angle, to trip over your tripod if you have set one up. A quick snap shot is out of the question, for no afternoon sun can find its way down into these narrow gorges. You wave your hand to those who are investigating the front of your lens, and they obediently fall back. You look into your finder and prepare to make your exposure, and they are upon you again.

It took Dr. Clark to evolve the decoy plan. He and Mr. Eudaly and I had made a second tour of the Arab quarter especially to take pictures. Each had a camera. One would take his camera to a point where he did *not* wish a picture, open it conspicuously, and make elaborate preparations. The signal was enough; he at once became the magnet. The other two of us quickly and quietly seized the opportunity to make our picture unmolested, and the game was bagged. Over and over again we worked this simple plan.

The "bakhsheesh" decoy was also effective. I wanted a picture of a pretty little Arab child, and suggested that Dr. Clark hold her attention with a penny. It held her, and an immediate rush of a dozen other children. But the picture of big "Timothy Standby" in the midst of that imploring hand-outstretched crowd of Arab youngsters was a scene worth more than the one I had intended to get.

At one point a couple of blond young Germans passed me as I was photographing. They smiled pleasantly, and one exclaimed knowingly: "Ah, taking snap shoots?"

One of the delegates from Texas noticed two or three beggar women crouched at the gate of a mosk. He asked me if I would take his camera and make a picture of him standing by them. I agreed to do so.

In ten seconds the women and a crowd of others had noted his presence. The pose of Dr. Clark and the children was repeated, but with a crowd of grown folks, and after the shot was made, you may believe it was a pretty serious matter for my Texas friend to get away from his new acquaintances without the loss of considerable bakhsheesh.

The marketplace into which we finally emerged from the narrow streets was still another scene in the day's sights. There was plenty of room now, but there were more to fill it. Everywhere were the flowing and in most cases ragged garments, potato-sack effect, of dingy whites, dark blues, and occasionally black and white stripes. Fez, turban, or cloth thrown over the head made up the headwear. Bread was oftenest the object of sale, in great round loaves. But there was plenty of fruit, and still other market produce. Little fried fish that looked like aquarium gold-fish were heaped in tempting piles. Very greasy looking fritters or crullers were being carried about in large tins.

When one learns that there are thirty thousand Arabs in this quarter of Algiers, sleeping in some instances thirty in a room, one does not wonder at the result as seen in a walk through the city. The impression of filth and squalor and disease is overwhelming. Bathtubs on the Grosser Kurfürst were kept busy the evening we sailed from Algiers.

VI

MALTA AND ST. PAUL'S BAY

THE twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters of Acts were much read on the Grosser Kurfürst the day before we were to drop anchor in the harbor of Valetta, Malta. Had it not been for an exceptionally able paper read Tuesday evening by the Rev. George B. Hatch of Three Oaks, Michigan, there would have been more surprise than there was at the sight of the towering stone battlements that faced the Kurfürst from both shores of the land-locked harbor. The spirit of the Knights of St. John was being perpetuated in the fortifications of Great Britain.

Out from the sides of the bow of some of the rowboats that landed us on Maltese soil there looked a singularly human eye, in bas relief, or painted. In and out these eyes that saw not threaded their way, until our feet were on the land of the Maltese cross. Goats, and shrines to Virgin or saint, were everywhere. The goats went about in small droves, fed by the street curb, or stood accommodatingly at a door while being milked of the pint or quart desired by the housewife. The shrines were in niches of house walls, mostly at street corners. Narrow, hilly streets prevailed, as in Algiers and Funchal. But the houses were in many cases of a strongly Oriental resemblance, especially as one got out into the country districts. Green and buff bay windows are noticeable, in some cases overhanging the waters of the bay. On one building we drove past on our way to take the train to Citta Vecchia was the inscription "Napoleon Bonaparte lived here for seven years."

The women wear a peculiar black head-dress, like a huge Quaker bonnet, but instead of the hoop or bowed front of whalebone being symmetrical and of uniform length each side of the face, one side comes around in a great sweep and is held by the hand. The wearer can thus draw a side of her bonnet well over her face if she desires, almost concealing it in Oriental fashion.

Passing through slatted gates at the railroad station, we found ourselves in a long, sloping, cemented tunnel, clean and white and well lighted, polished brass hand-rails running along the sides, which led us to the tracks below the street. A telephone booth on the platform gave things a familiar air. We are realizing, as we stop at places that have been nothing but names on the map to us all our lives, how many other parts of the world than the homeland have been moving forward with the centuries,—yes, with the decades. It is harder to get away from civilization than we had supposed.

From the street above the rock tunnel into which our tracks disappear, half a dozen English soldiers in khaki look down upon us curiously, resting their elbows on the stone parapet to watch these energetic Sunday-school folks. The Maltese crowd passing and repassing on the great stone bridge over a gorge near by shares the English soldiers' curiosity. We board the train, the doors of the little coaches are closed as a protection against the smoke of the coming tunnel, the single candle in each end of our car burns dimly, and we start toward the "Ancient City," half a dozen miles away, the former capital of the island.

Between fields of deep red clover we pass, by small square houses of almost white limestone, some with stone stairways going up on the outside, like the houses of Palestine, and everywhere through the landscape, under the dazzling sun, run walls, walls, walls. Some are squarely and firmly built of cut blocks of stone, others might be in the hills of New England, "stone fences," piled with irregular boulders and smaller pieces. As far as the eye can see the country is marked off by miles and miles of these gleaming stone walls. The land was all stones at first, which had to be gotten up and out to make room for vegetation. Soil was brought by shiploads from Sicily, and that walls were built to prevent it from blowing away is a credible statement after one has battled the wind of Malta with a camera and light tripod all day.

A few of us are willing to let the relics and cathedrals and armory of Citta Vecchia and Valetta go, if need be, in order to get our eyes upon "a certain bay with a beach." With two kindred souls, Gill of Louisville and Millard of Baltimore, I start on the seven-mile drive across the island from Citta Vecchia to St. Paul's Bay.

As we leave the city behind, the Palestinian country again stretches its fields around us, dotted with houses that seem to have stepped across the sea from the Holy Land. In two adjoining fields are an ox and an ass plowing, the one guided by two women, the other by a man. Other women working in the fields bring Millet's canvas to mind. We pass a shrine with a figure of the Virgin standing prominently by the roadside,—our driver crosses and recrosses himself. One steep hillside is lined with at least twenty gleaming stone terraces, one above the other. Sheep, goats, and hogs move along the roads in congenial company. A striking outfit is a porker in a wooden coop that looks like a great bird cage on a cart drawn by a diminutive Maltese pony. Every few rods a stone on the roadside bears the letters G R, in carved monogram, surmounted by a crown. An occasional bicycle cutting through this landscape brings one back to the present. Fortifications and earthworks, connected by a long wall of considerable height, remind one of the power that guards the Mediterranean from Gibraltar's citadel.

A gleam of blue in the distance framed below by the ivory whiteness of low buildings, and met above by the blue of the sky, and our eyes were gladdened by the sight of that "certain bay with a beach." I stopped to take a picture of the distant view, just as it appeared to us coming from Citta Vecchia. As we drove nearer, we found a little settlement of shops, residences, and taverns. "Strada S. Paolo A Mare," reads a street sign. A man and four boys carrying flat baskets of fish on their heads give a hint of the present occupation of some of the descendants of Paul's "barbarians." And almost everything has somewhere in its name—whether street, baker's shop, or wine shop—the words "St. Paolo." Another picture I could not resist taking, before we reached the beach, was a little tavern which bore the sign, in huge letters,

FIRST AND LAST
GROG SHOP
ST PAUL'S BAY

"First and Last Grog Shop, St. Paul's Bay." The proprietor and friends and family, and a passing donkey boy, willingly posed for me. It *was* the first, but not the last grog shop we saw that day, by a good deal.

So I came to the shore of those historic waters. It was my first sight of a Bible land. Can you not stand there with me, and see that little bark "driven to and fro" in the sea upon which I am looking? It is midnight, and the sailors surmise that they are drawing near to some country; they sound, and find twenty fathoms; and after a little they sound again, and find fifteen fathoms; and fearing lest they be cast ashore on rocky ground, they let go four anchors from the stern, and long for daybreak.

Their prisoner is in command now, and he speaks with fearless authority. He bids them cease to fear, and to eat; and to prove his own confidence, he takes bread, and gives thanks to God in the presence of all, and breaks it, and begins to eat. The men are inspired to do as he does, and they are all of good cheer, though for fourteen days hope has been well-nigh dead.

"And when it was day, they knew not the land: but they perceived a certain bay with a beach, and they took counsel whether they could drive the ship upon it. And casting off the anchors, they left them in the sea, at the same time loosing the bands of the rudders; and hoisting up the foresail to the wind, they made for the beach. But lighting upon a place where two seas met, they ran the vessel aground; and the foreship struck and remained unmoveable, but the stern began to break up by the violence of the waves.

And the soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners, lest any of them should swim out, and escape. But the centurion, desiring to save Paul, stayed them from their purpose; and commanded that they who could swim should cast themselves overboard, and get first to the land; and the rest, some on planks, and some on other things from the ship. And so it came to pass, that they all escaped safe to the land. And when we were escaped, then we knew that the island was called Melita" (Acts 27 : 39 to 28 : 1).

I stand on the rocky shore and look out in the glorious sunshine on the place where the two seas must have met, one being caused by the current around a bit of rocky island a little way from the shore of the larger island. Local tradition says it was on this bit of rock that Paul first landed; a monument to Paul has been erected there. But the Bible narrative does not seem to make this probable.

I can see the boat going to pieces on the bar, and the men drifting, floating, swimming in. And I am sure I can see the stout-hearted Tarsian standing on this beach in the sunshine, after the danger is past, looking out over the waters through which he has been brought, and thanking God with a full heart that He has wrought this miracle for a sign of his power before Romans and barbarians. I thank God and take courage, for Paul's God is our God still.

* * * * *

In the four days that had passed since the Grosser Kurfürst steamed out of the Bay of Gibraltar, while we had been exploring the sights of Algiers and crossing the waters of the Mediterranean in our northeasterly course to Malta, Warren Burns, the Ohio boy, had been making his fight in the hospital at Gibraltar against the dread appendicitis that had struck him down. It was a lonely fight, in spite of his good friend Nathan from Tangier, for the father and mother were three thousand miles to the west, and his fellow pilgrims were daily leaving him farther behind as they journeyed east. But our thoughts and prayers were with the boy, and big-hearted Dr. Joseph Clark rejoiced when this cablegram was handed to him at Valetta :

THE EASTERN TELEGRAPH
COMPANY, LIMITED

MALTA STATION

From *Gibraltar*

To *Kurfuerst, Valetta*

Burns slowly improving, operation improbable.

Nathan.

We did not have to miss the sights of Citta Vecchia and Valetta after all. A rapid drive back from the Bay gave us comfortable time to visit the cathedral and the catacombs of the quaint old city which King Alphonse of Spain, seventy years before Columbus had discovered America, named Notabile, and which later, after Valetta was completed, received the name Citta Vecchia. The cathedral occupies the traditional site of the house of Publius, that "chief man of the island" whose kindness to Paul, told of in the twenty-eighth chapter of Acts, was rewarded by the healing of his father. A Sicilian artist has represented, by paintings in the ceiling, the life and shipwreck of the saint.

The decrepit old fellow who admitted us to the catacombs and, after solemnly lighting and handing to each of us a wax candle, guided us through that hopeless maze of rock tunnels, took unbounded interest in describing the wonders of the place. His English was only better than our Maltese, and his voice was raised as though to penetrate deaf ears. Strange and weird they were, those hewn cavities and niches and shelves where human bodies once rested, and where, according to our guide, whole families lived along with the dead. Coming to a recess with five depressions in its floor, he mumbled "Large familee" ; then pointing to one depression at a time, "Fader, mudder, one, two, tree childern." Pointing to an overturned and broken stone altar, he solemnly declared, "Moslems build it, Maltese use it, Paul break it." The darkness kindly concealed our expressions of countenance at this wonderful bit of history.

Asked if there were any bones in these catacombs, our guide joyfully nodded and set off rapidly down, down into the bowels of the earth, calling to us to follow. But we had had quite enough of this monster rock-hewn grave, barely high enough to stand in, and so narrow that we were touching its sides most of the time. We cried a halt, and insistently ejaculated "out, out," to the old fellow.

"I show you bones!" he said appealingly.

"No; we don't want any bones; we want to get out."

Sorrowfully he led the way. Even then we were helplessly in his hands, not knowing whether we were headed for the light or for deeper blackness. How beautiful a little gray glimmer of daylight looked, when we caught sight of it in the far distance, and knew that our guide had not betrayed us!

The floors of the Cathedral of St. John in Valetta are covered with inlaid memorial tablets of such beauty that it seems sacrilege to walk on them. A native woman, kneeling at a chair-back in the middle of the floor, gazed at the American pilgrims so interestedly that her devotions that day must have been sadly disturbed. A contribution box in the vestibule bore the word "Elemosina" above it. Many of our party lingered lovingly in this massive temple of worship, built at the expense of one of the Grand Masters of the Knights of St. John. A volume could well be devoted to a description of its treasures.

The ancient residence of the Grand Masters, now the Governor's Palace, contains an armory filled with relics of the knights who made their last stand on this island child of the Mediterranean. The very vastness of the accumulation of suits of mail and implements of crusading warfare was the impressive feature of this hall.

The Knights of St. John were stalwart fighters and brave, ranged on the side of the right. I was glad to have seen their citadel and their dented coats of mail. But as I look back upon my visit to the island of Malta, my thoughts are held, not by those crusading knights of the medieval centuries, but by a Tarsian soldier who dared, single handed, oppose a Roman centurion and his men ; whose armor was not steel mail, but who had put upon himself the whole armor of God, having girded his loins with truth, and having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and having shod his feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace. His helmet of salvation and his sword of the Spirit are not left as relics at Valetta, but the whole world may still claim them as its own.

VII

AT ATHENS AND MARS' HILL

THIRTY-SEVEN hours after the Maltese towers and battlements of the Crusaders had faded into the distance, and the curving sweep of St. Paul's Bay was a memory, our anchors were dropped in the waters of the Bay of Piræus, and the glory of Greece was at hand. A run of half a dozen miles on a continental railway train would bring us to Athens.

But we did not need to reach the capital to know that we were in Greece. The alphabet in which we read Xenophon and Homer and Sophocles greeted us even before we had put foot on shore. The ΜΑΡΘΑ (Martha) lay near by in the bay. Little boats carrying three-cornered sails, boom uppermost, scudded here and there in the harbor, and further off a ship was seen under full square sail. ΕΛΠΙΣ—ΠΙΡΑΕΥΣ ("Hope—Piræus")—was the cheery label of a steam tender that scurried about in the bay. We had occasion to notice her again, the day we steamed out of the harbor. We were passing three Austrian battleships, and our ship's band made us thrill with the rich harmonies of Haydn's splendid Austrian national hymn as we moved slowly by the fighting machines. Suddenly the little tender ΕΛΠΙΣ exuberantly let her steam siren fly, and a rousing laugh went along our decks.

When we had landed, the inhabitants of Piræus showed that same exuberant joy at our coming that marked the diving boys of Funchal and the pedlers of Algiers. Strings of shells from Salamis were urged upon us, small collections of canceled Greek postage stamps, albums of colored views of the temples of antiquity, clever imitations of ancient pottery, while tufted-toed, white-legged, ballet-skirted, begartered, grotesque Greek soldiers strolled by, exhibiting not half so much interest in us as we showed in them.

Even after we were seated in a "Beta" or "Gamma" (second or third class) compartment of the train,—there was no time to choose compartments while eight hundred waited,—the wares of the Greeks were thrust through the car windows, and sales were rapidly consummated. Finally the guard's strident brass horn sounded, the venders stepped back, and we were taken lazily on our way to the one-time center of the world's culture.

The word ΖΕΥΣ (Zeus) stands out boldly on a wooden building that we pass. ΟΔΟΣ (Hodos) is just where it ought to be,—on the street corners, followed by such names as Hermes and Victory. One of my first surprises in Greece was to find so many words of classical Greek in every-day use, and to find that, so far as capital letters are concerned, the characters are precisely what we learned in school and college. This heightened tremendously, of course, the impression of being in the midst of our old friends, the gods and goddesses, philosophers and orators. Even the familiar *ὁ γάρ* of school and college text-books appeared in a sentence scrawled on a wall. But I was rudely shaken from this dream when there glared at me in unmistakably familiar form, even in its Greek characters, the announcement of ΝΕΣΤΛΕ (Nestlé's) Food! Another advertiser's enterprise was evident in the Greek words which appeared in open metal work under every step of a stairway in a way station we passed,—ΜΗΧΑΝΟΥΡΓΕΙΟΝ ΟΗΦΑΙΣΤΟΣ 1886.

Yet even the twentieth-century advertiser cannot undo Greece. Everything breathes of the classical. The most rickety, tumble-down little houses we pass are built on classical lines. The hills in the distance form an ideal background for the smoky, hazy harbor of Piræus, so that one turns from the battleships lying at anchor to thoughts of Olympus and Ares and Pallas Athene.

It is hard to describe one's feelings when seeing for the first time places that have existed hitherto only in books. Every one in these days is perfectly familiar with the present appearance of the Parthenon. But your first sight of *the* Parthenon, not a photograph of it, is an experience that you cannot anticipate,—nor will any picture or written description take its place.

A very genuine thrill shot through us when, from the car window, the ruins of a temple stood out clearly on a distant hill-top against the sky. Later we learned that it was the Theseum, and we had an opportunity to make closer acquaintance. But I can speak unhesitatingly for myself when I say that the lonely grandeur of the temple of the Olympian Zeus, in the massive beauty of its group of time-stained columns, guarded by the two sentinel columns that stand solitary and apart from the rest, was more impressive than all else that I saw of the art of Athens.

From one point the Parthenon-crowned Acropolis forms a glorious and distant background for the Temple of Zeus. Passing the Arch of Hadrian, we came to the base of the Acropolis, and had the satisfaction of occupying reserved seats in the Theater of Dionysus. The lowest tier of marble-hewn seats in this semicircular theater was evidently reserved for the families or individuals whose chiseled names they bore. Though of solid marble, they were so deftly curved and shaped that they were more comfortable than many a modern chair. For the seat into which I dropped I was indebted to one ΙΕΡΟΚΗΡΥΚΟΣ (Hierokerukos).

Just beyond the Theater of Dionysus we had a glimpse of the Theater Odeion,—not worthy of our notice, our guide told us, because of as recent origin as the second century, A. D., and then began our climb up the steep sides of the Acropolis, where the bird's-eye view of the city below forms a striking contrast with the immense relic of mythology and paganism that crowns the height.

Some of the prizes stored in the National Museum will stand out in our memories. The beaten gold masks recovered from the tombs of Mycenæ, and used to hide the face while engaged in what was then considered the disgraceful profession of acting; the marvelous rhythm of continuous curve in the figure of the Hermes of Praxiteles; the figure of a woman, carved from wood, kneading bread or grinding wheat in a trough,—a few such are all that one can hope to carry away in memory when "doing" a museum in half an hour!

I do remember, too, that notices in both Greek and French posted on the walls of the museum forbade giving "tips" to the attendants,— such an unusual stipulation in Mediterranean countries as to linger gratefully in our minds.

The Stadium, now being restored in marble of glistening whiteness, would appeal powerfully to the manager of a twentieth-century college football team. Instead of plank boards for seats, every bench of this colossal grand stand is of solid marble, and an audience of fifty thousand can be accommodated. The long track, as in former days, is a stade in length,— 600 Greek feet, equal to about 606 English feet. A patriotic Greek gentleman of wealth is restoring at his own expense this famous scene of athletic contests.

Breakfast at the Grand Hotel d'Angleterre is thoroughly Athenian. The butter is like a sponge of rich whipped cream. The honey of Hymettus is so temptingly delicious that we use it freely and buy tins of it (on sale at the table d'hote) to carry back to our friends at home. After leaving such a breakfast, in the midst of such surroundings, imagine being stopped by an American on a side street with the earnest inquiry :

"Say, do you know where there's a hardware store? I want to get a metal basin,—same kind, you know, as you can get in Kansas City or St. Louis. Can't seem to find it anywhere,—I don't see why."

A few of us were invited to drink a cup of tea with Mrs. Kalopothakes, wife of the head of the Greek Evangelical Church. The Saturday afternoon walk to her home, directly opposite the Arch of Hadrian, and almost under the shadow of the Acropolis, was full of continued interest. Even the tram-cars, drawn by three or four undersized horses, bore Greek signs aloft,—ΟΜΟΝΟΙΑ ΟΡΦΑΝΙΔΟΝ, or ΟΔΟΣ ΣΤΑΔΙΟΥ. A couple of well-groomed English saddle horses trotting briskly by the Arch remind one of the West again. The columns of Zeus tower against the hill two hundred yards away. A bell goat leads a little company of her companions, some of them muzzled, gravely down the street. The open door of a stonecutter's shop gives a glimpse of the workman who may be a lineal descendant of Praxiteles.

A knock with the brass knocker on the home of Kalopothakes, and a smiling and deferential "Buttons" bows us into a pretty stone-floored courtyard, brightened by growing vines and flowers. The doorway into the house itself admits us into an Athens home,—and refreshingly inviting it is after our long living on shipboard. Mrs. Kalopothakes is herself an American, and her daughters, with her, were charmingly hospitable to the wanderers.

Our walk to the hotel brought us by a passing funeral procession. Strange it was to American eyes. At the head of the line slowly walked a man carrying upright the lid of the coffin, inscribed with the Greek letters Δ Κ (Delta Kappa) in white. Purple flowers were draped around it, and there followed two men, a white Greek cross on each of their backs, carrying aloft a golden cross. A carriage of mourners or friends preceded the hearse. In the casket lay the dead, the bearded face fully exposed to the gaze of passers by, while purple and white flowers were strewn about. A few more carriages, and a little company on foot, made up this witness to the passing of a life.

The bells of the English church were making the air reverberate as we passed it at five o'clock that afternoon, and some Athenian children looked very much like American children as they pressed their hands intermittently against their ears to get the soft and loud effect of the brazen music.

Everywhere one sees the drinking of small cups of black coffee, always accompanied by a large glass of crystal clear cold water. You will see little groups of men sitting at pavement café tables drinking this, or standing by doorways or street curb, water in one hand, coffee in the other. It is like the absinthe of Paris, but with coffee substituted. It would seem that Athens ought to be good missionary field for a prominent foe of the coffee bean who is revolutionizing American breakfast tables.

Saturday afternoon the Kurfürst passengers learned about the persevering, uphill work of the Greek Evangelical Church, from the lips of its head and founder, Dr. M. Demetrius Kalopothakes. When the whole story is written it will read like a chapter from the Acts. Dr. Jessup, who was in Union Theological Seminary fifty years ago with Dr. Kalopothakes, and who had not seen him in that half-century until the day before, introduced the speaker, saying how glad he was to find him, after that long interval, hale and hearty and, like the oak, bearing fruit in his old age,—seventy-eight. There is inspiration in the fact that 300,000 copies of the Scriptures have passed out of this consecrated and tireless worker's hands into the possession of the two million dwellers in his land during the years that he has represented the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Fifteen colporteurs help him in the work. The work of the Evangelical church was begun in Athens by preaching services in his own house. From there it extended to four other places in Greece, of which two are now self-supporting as churches, while the home church in Athens supports itself and contributes to the others.

Dr. Kalopothakes told of his despair of ever learning the English language, until, after two years of hard study, the mastery unexpectedly came. He told of his early association with the famous missionary Dr. Jonas King, and of his starting a newspaper to defend and expound the views of those who, with himself, did not find themselves in agreement with the positions of the Greek Church. From that little Evangelical church in Athens nine ministers of the gospel have been sent out to their brothers.

On Sunday morning a few of us took an early start to visit the Sunday-school conducted by the church of which Dr. Kalopothakes had told us. The Doctor has turned over the active pastorate of the church at Athens to one of his young associates, the Rev. Christo G. Tokas. Newsboys at the railroad station offered us the Sunday edition of the daily paper ΧΡΟΝΟΣ (Time). A guide sent by Mrs. Kalopothakes met us at the Athens station, and we were led across the city, under the sky which is one of the glories of Greece. Passing through the door just opposite Hadrian's Arch, the strains of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" met us as we entered, and we lost no time in joining in the concluding verses, sung in Greek.

The Sunday-school was meeting in a plain little chapel, furnished with ordinary straight-backed wooden pews, just such accommodations as thousands of schools and churches have throughout North America. On the wall back of the pulpit were a Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Beatitudes, all in Greek, of course. But for the language, we might have thought ourselves in a quiet little Pennsylvania or Massachusetts or Ohio Sunday-school. There were, I think, something less than a hundred persons present, and they ranged from the youngest boys to white-haired men, with plenty of girls and women. One snowy-haired, ruddy-faced, sparkling-eyed old Greek gentleman teaching a class of restless boys held my attention,—perhaps better than he did the boys'. He was intensely in earnest, and positive in his every word and expressive gesture.

Responsive readings from the thirteenth of Matthew followed the missionary hymn, then Mr. Marion Lawrance was asked to speak to the school, while his words were interpreted in Greek. He spoke of loyalty each to his own national flag, and loyalty to the flag of Him whose standard is higher than either ; of the stirring of our hearts when standing on the spot where Paul preached to Athens ; of the stirring of our hearts at the sight of the splendid work for Christ in this Sunday-school.

After Mr. Lawrance's pastor, the Rev. Ernest Bourner Allen, had led in prayer, the writer was asked to bring a greeting to the Sunday-school. In a brief interpreted message he called attention to the fulfilling, in Athens as in North America, of the petition in the Lord's Prayer which was before them, in Greek, on the wall of the room,—"Thy will be done," and reminded those present that if Paul could be with them that day in Athens he would not now find "the city wholly given to idolatry," but would rejoice at the faithfulness of this band of workers. As an illustration of the contrast between the Athens of the apostle's time and of our own day, the speaker held in his hand a pocket New Testament, printed in his own tongue, English, which he had purchased at the railway station in Athens the day before while waiting for his train. Surely when the people of Athens not only have the Scriptures for themselves in their own language, but furnish it to other nationalities as well, the prayers of Paul are being answered.

Cheered by this sight of the coming of the kingdom, we started for Mars' Hill, which was to witness the making of history on that day as it had nineteen centuries before. But how differently!

Then, Epicurean and Stoic listened curiously to Paul of Tarsus, asking "What would this babbler say? . . . And they took hold of him, and brought him unto the hill of Mars, saying, May we know what this new teaching is, which is spoken by thee?" And "some mocked; but others said, We will hear thee concerning this yet again."

To-day, eight hundred disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, from the uttermost parts of the earth, gather themselves together upon the hill of Mars, that they may honor the memory of that fearless disciple of old, and in his footsteps worship the Master whom he served, while praying for the turning to Christ of the city with which he pleaded.

We passed under the shadow of the Acropolis and drew near to the Hill. It was not yet the hour for beginning the service, but already hundreds of the pilgrims had assembled on the summit, and familiar hymns greeted the new comers. A clear Athenian sky looked down upon the scene. The crumbling temple to the maiden goddess held the crown of the Acropolis near by. Mount Lycabettus, bearing aloft the chapel of St. George, towered above the hills on the horizon. On the other side, in the far distance, shone the blue waters of the Bay of Phaleron.

Up the rock-hewn steps of the Areopagus climbed the worshipers, until the summit was black with the waiting congregation. As I made my way up with the rest, the song was "America." The Christian Conquest Flag, bearing the cross and the words "By this sign conquer," was unfurled, and fluttered out over the city with the national flags as the last verse of "America" was sung again. Even the steps to the summit were filled now, and below, the carriages of some who did not attempt the climb were added to the congregation, while Athenian fruit-venders, soldiers, and idlers made up a crowd such as listened curiously on the outskirts of Paul's audience almost two millenniums ago. A little group of the members of the Greek Evangelical Church stood modestly apart by itself at the base of the rock.

The service began with joyful recognition of our Leader,—"All hail the power of Jesus' name." Then, "Not to an unknown God, but to our Lord Jesus Christ, revealed to us in all fulness," prayer was offered by the Rev. J. M. Lowden, who voiced in reverent eloquence the hopes and the gratitude of those for whom he spoke. He prayed for a blessing upon the city in which we stood, and upon that nation, that it might come to know and to serve the Master; for a blessing upon the superintendents and teachers and pastors of the homeland; and for the touching of the lips and the heart, with power from on high, of the servant who was now to speak to us.

President Gates, of Robert College, Constantinople, led the concert reading of the familiar account, in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts, of Paul's address delivered from the hill upon which we stood. The singing of "How firm a foundation" bore witness to the Rock that will outlast even the Areopagus. And how that congregation sang! If the gods and goddesses of old could have listened from their temples and mounts they would have realized that here was a Power they had not reckoned with.

The successor of Paul was that great hearted friend and guide of North America's Sunday-schools, Dr. John Potts. It was a trying moment for the best and strongest of men. But the Father who planned this meeting on Mars' Hill was with the speaker of now as he was with the apostle of old. Their texts were the same: Jesus and the Resurrection. Paul found his in the sight of his Lord which had been granted to him on the way to Damascus. Our preacher found his in the inspired record of the sermon which Paul preached to the scoffing Athenians, and no less in the personal experiences of a life lived close to the Master. The eighteenth verse of the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles was the starting point of the morning's message.

The preacher drew a picture of the man whom, next to the only Perfect Man, he named greatest, not only of the first century A. D., but of all the centuries. He told of his scholarship, his masterful eloquence, his moral heroism, his Christlike humility. And then he pictured the lonely grandeur of this Paul of Tarsus, as, in the midst of philosophers and Stoics, he proclaimed Jesus and the Resurrection. He exulted in the fact that when Paul's audience would have delighted to ensnare him in hair-splitting philosophies, Paul rose above them, and preached unto them Jesus and the Resurrection. To the audience so different from that of old Athens, Paul's theme was still the greatest of themes ; and as it was unfolded under that sky of Athens, seven days before the anniversary of the time when the first Resurrection in the world's history took place, it took on beauties and new meanings that it had not had before.

"Suppose the tomb had not been vacant on the third day?" challenged the preacher. But "to preach Jesus and the Resurrection is to preach a triumphantly vindicated Christ," and the words rang out over the hill to the city below.

Near me that morning sat a brave fellow who less than twelve months before had laid in the tomb the dearest human possession that God can give a man,—his wife. The promise which Christ's Resurrection gave to his children meant more to this one than to many another of those who listened that day. As the words of joy and confidence rang out over the hill, they seemed to be meat and drink to the one who sat there alone, thinking of her who might have been at his side, but was not. The eyes that followed the speaker's every gesture and word were bright with tears. And when there came: "And now we are on the way to Jerusalem, thrilled with the truth of Jesus and the Resurrection!" the tears could stay back no longer. I saw the head bow in unrestrained grief as the sense of present loneliness and the supreme joy of her promised rising swept down over his soul. Jesus *has* risen. The dear one *will* rise. And the brave fellow had straightened up again, eyes brimming but to the front, and Mars' Hill had added another victory to its roll.

VIII

THE CITY OF THE TWO SEAS

BY RICHARD BURGES, INDIA[1]

AFTER these things he departed from Athens and came to Corinth." In so doing, Paul was departing from a city whose glory was in its past, and which was, in his day, no more than the abode of gossipers and flatterers; philosophy was only represented by the pleasure-loving Epicurean and the haughty-minded Stoic. In so doing, Paul came to a city which had never in its checkered history throbbed more with life and hope. The Grosser Kurfürst party departed from the great modern city of Athens and came to green swards on which Corinth once stood. Times have altered. God casteth down and raiseth up.

We first pulled up at Eleusis, where, about five hundred and seventy-five years before Paul traveled this way, Æschylus was born. With curious eyes we looked out upon the insignificant town which has contributed much to the world's history. As Homer founded epic poetry, and Herodotus history, so Æschylus founded Attic tragedy. Poor old Æschylus! An oracle is said to have declared that he would die by a blow from heaven. An eagle, so the story goes, wanted to break the shell of a tortoise. Mistaking the bald pate of Æschylus for a stone, the bird let the tortoise fall thereon. Whether the tortoise shell was broken, or otherwise, we are not informed, but the old Greek died.

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[1] This chapter was written by Mr. Burges at the author's request, to cover a portion of the pilgrimage which the author did not make.

I was puzzling my brain with the history of the Eleusinian mysteries, which had their origin in Eleusis, when, through our carriage window, we caught sight of Salamis Island. Imagination filled the bay quicker than Xerxes filled it with his galley ships. I heard that martial word go along the ranks:

"Sons of the Greeks, advance!
Your country free, your children free, your wives!
The altars of your native gods deliver!
And your ancestral tombs,—all's now at stake."

Heroically did the Greeks fight, and ignominiously did the Persians flee. Xerxes climbed down from his view-point on yonder hill to escape for his life.

The last stopping-place before arriving in Corinth was Megara. "Can any good come out of Megara?" was the sarcastic question asked by successive generations for seven or eight centuries. Truth to tell, much good has come out of Megara. Euclid the philosopher was born there in the fifth century B. C., and forth from her went full many a band of colonists. The ancient city, Byzantium, was founded by one such band.

As our train drew near to Corinth, we were keen on catching sight of the canal, three miles long, which enables small craft to cross from the Ægean to the Ionian sea. The recent opening of the undertaking only consummated a work conceived of by several

Roman emperors, but actually commenced by Nero. Did Paul see Nero's engineers engaged at the west end of this canal in the year A.D. 52? Our train swept over the bridge, but we had time to see, advantageously, the historic line of water two hundred feet below, and, on our return trip, saw a ship therein. In the far-away Roman days, at a section of the isthmus a little to the north, ships were hauled from gulf to gulf by means of rollers and ropes. What tugs of war and fun for the boys of those days!

We stayed in Corinth railway station only long enough to take some refreshments, purchase some ubiquitous post cards, and engage carriages. Soon we were outside modern Corinth, with its seven thousand inhabitants, and on our way through smiling pastures and plowed fields. We had covered about three miles, when, reaching a ridge, Corinth suddenly burst on our view. In another mile children came out to greet us, bounding with delight. They presented us with wild flowers, and several cameras were of course turned on them. A few copper coins made them leap with even more delight.

Another half mile brought us through the village streets to the center, where we paid a visit to a small museum. We were then shown the remains of what is said to have been the Jewish synagogue. If the authenticity of the place can be established, the house of Justus was hard by. Where did Paul live and preach? Where did he make tent cloth out of goats' hair? Were Aquila and Priscilla the proprietors of the tent cloth manufactory in which Paul worked? Where were the domiciles of Aquila, Priscilla, Caius, Stephanus, Silas, Timotheus, Luke, Apollos, and others. An old Roman house with baths we did certainly see, but the other buildings which made Corinth such an important city probably lie buried several feet below the present surface. We inspected a temple built in the Doric style, one of the most ancient in Greece. The American excavators are hopeful that they may bring to light many more interesting remains for the students of history.

At the Doric temple we mounted our donkeys, which, driven mostly by Corinthian women, were to carry us to the Acro-Corinthus of history, or the mountain capital of Corinth. The ride was exhilarating. After zigzagging for about an hour over a stony road, we reached towering fortifications, the architecture of which bore testimony to the fact that, impregnable as the position was, the fortress had changed hands several times. The foundations were Hellenic, and the superstructure had traces of Frankish, Venetian, and Turkish architecture. Dismounting, we passed through the triple walls by gates in good preservation. Within the walls we found a huge but hilly space, where, in Xenophon's days, a large city stood. A fortress with such excellent defenses, so many springs, and a space for raising crops, ought to have been able to hold out against the longest siege.

Only the most persevering climbers reached the top. The sight we beheld was superb, and alive with historic associations. From this point, two thousand feet above the sea, if classes could be assembled, teachers of Greek history would find their work easy. Almost every scene of importance in Greek history and mythology could be explained within full sight of this awe-inspiring panorama. Athens lies east across the sea that flows in from the Grecian Archipelago. To the west is the sea that flows from the Adriatic, beyond which towers the famous Parnassus, with the even more famous Delphi at its base. Beneath, spread out like a carpet, is the isthmus which keeps these seas within their proper bounds, and caused Corinth to be called the "City of the Two Seas." On the northern base of the citadel on which our feet rested Corinth once stood in all her glory.

The isthmus was the land section that held captive my eyes the longest. No wonder Xenophon called it the gate of Peloponnesus. An army invading Greece had to pass that gate and face the foe 'gainst serious odds. Scared by the death of Leonidas, the hero of Thermopylæ, a wall was built across the narrowest part. That wall was a most important factor in all the wars, from its erection down to the Peace of 1699. We were only able to see a few ruins, but they served to indicate that the present canal is constructed almost parallel with the old wall. Time was when a watchtower strengthened this military defense at every fifteen yards. It would be interesting to try to estimate the strategic military value, to Greece, of the narrow neck of land, the narrow mountain pass, and the narrow strip of sea.

The god of Corinth was Neptune, and naturally so. We first read of sea fights and three-seated and six-oared galley craft in connection with the history of Corinth. To the sea she owed much of her commerce. The military wall abutted on Neptune's temple, in whose honor the Isthmian games were held every second year. In Paul's writings we see that he was familiar with every detail of these games. He drew illustrations of imperishable value from the foot race, herald, course, judge, prize, exhilaration of the winner, and rules of training and diet. One of these great games took place in the year A.D. 53. Paul's familiarity with the game and his habit of always getting among the crowds, especially when they came from many countries, would establish the probability that Paul attended the games in that year, and, as his custom was, preached "Christ and the resurrection." To look from the Acro-Corinthus to the cavity in the earth where once stood the stadium, in which the victor of the day was crowned with flowers, supplied food for our imaginations.

South of the present canal, some eight miles from the site of ancient Corinth, stands Kikries, which is all that is left of Cenchreæ, where Phœbe lived, who carried the manuscript of Paul's Epistle to Rome, and the port from which Paul sailed at the time that his friends wept, fearing they would see his face no more.

Between the place where the temple of Neptune stood and this ancient port the grave of Diogenes has been located by a very exact historian. Many a time, in my boyhood, I had thought of Diogenes sitting in the sunshine outside his hovel in Corinth. Every Corinthian of note had paid his respects to Alexander the Great except Diogenes. Alexander therefore went to see Diogenes, and graciously asked him if he could be of any service. The old cynic, allowing his Greek spirit of independence to take the form of rudeness, replied to the king, "You can serve me best by getting out of my sunshine." Some of Alexander's retinue were angry with Diogenes, but

Alexander said, "If I were not Alexander, I would like to be Diogenes."

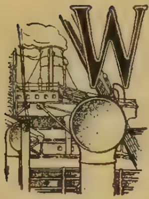
Magnificent as the view was from the Acro-Corinthus, we had to hasten away at the command of our guide. So taken up had we been with the commanding view from the spot that we had scarcely noticed the foundations of an old Aphrodite temple at our feet. We bounded down the hill, and were greatly refreshed with draughts of cold water from a beautiful well, which figures large in Greek mythology. Scientists tell us that it is remarkable how, amidst frequent earthquakes, this spring has, for so many centuries, continued unchanged.

Soon we had passed through the fortifications, and were again mounted. Desiring a little solitude, I urged my healthy donkey successfully to outstrip his fellows, and was charmed with the magnificence of the view which I had missed in the ascent. With this land and sea-scape full in my vision, I fell to thinking about Paul's epistles written to Corinth. His First Epistle to the Corinthians was written in Ephesus on the opposite easterly shore, and the second epistle probably somewhere in Macedonia. Paul wrote to the Corinthians with the full knowledge of their passion for freedom, of their delight in the joys of physical existence, of their aptitude for logic and rhetoric, and, on the other hand, he knew of their corrupted morals and self-conceit. The laws laid down by Paul for discipline in the church at Corinth have become, in a large measure, universal principles. Two facts not generally known are made clear by 2 Corinthians 12 : 14 ; 13 : 1 and 1 Corinthians 5 : 9. Just before the First Epistle to the Corinthians was written, Paul paid a second visit to Corinth. Some scholars believe that, during his release from imprisonment at Rome, he paid Corinth a third visit. The passages referred to also make clear that Paul wrote a third epistle to the Corinthians, which is now lost. Will it ever be found? May it not be slumbering, perhaps, among many other manuscripts in Constantinople? If ever some one finds this third epistle, will it be considered inspired, and be added to our Canon?

While musing with such thoughts as these, my donkey had carried me down the hill, and was enjoying himself at a water-trough. Dismounting, I walked into the village, and made friends with the village people. Because I took a Corinthian baby out of the arms of a Corinthian mother, I was invited into a house and offered wine. Instead of the wine, I asked for water, the drinking of which pleased them equally well. Soon we were all in our carriages, and Corinth was receding from our vision. The whole village seemed to come out to pay us respect. The children ran till their strength failed. My last memory of Corinth has in it these frolicsome children, clothed with clouds of dust, and some Corinthian mothers, waving white fabrics at the windows of their homes.

IX

A WIRELESS MESSAGE AT SEA



WHILE writing in my stateroom on Monday afternoon, March 28, as we were steaming up the Bosporus in our approach to Constantinople, a deck steward knocked and announced, "The Kaiserin Maria Theresia, sir!" I hurried out on deck, and there she steamed, not a mile away, bearing directly down upon our port side, cutting our course at right angles. My next move was a run for the Marconi instrument room. Finding it in full operation, I hunted up Mrs. Trumbull, and together we had the experience of seeing and hearing a message sent off through space from our own steamer to the sister boat.

The way by which the Marconi operators keep track of each other is simple. Every operator has a list showing every vessel equipped with a Marconi outfit, and charts showing the sailings of those vessels. At present there are some thirty-five transatlantic liners thus equipped. Every operator, therefore, knows about where and when he is likely to be in the neighborhood of any vessel with which he can communicate. He can "pick up" a steamer coming towards him from eighty to a hundred miles away, and he can "hold her,"—that is, continue in communication,—from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles after she has passed. This allows six or seven hours of uninterrupted communication between the two boats. The weather makes no difference.

When one ship calls, or "picks up," another, a bell rings in the station called, and the receiver begins to record the message, both by sound and by a "ticker" tape, if the receiving operator desires. Each of the two vessels first gives its present latitude and longitude to the other ; thus their exact location is at once ascertained. Knowing, as he does, the knottage of every steamer, each operator can determine the changing location of his sister ship after once placing her. Each ship has its own code, so that, if several ships are within calling distance of each other, messages intended for one are disregarded by the others.

The electric voltage required for this work is enormous, the pressure increasing as the distance for the message increases. So high is this voltage that the danger point, so far as the human frame is concerned, is far past. It is the lower voltages that kill. The white sparks that spit out from the "sparker" as a message is being sent are fiercely crackling in sound. In a small induction coil, about eight inches in diameter and twenty inches long, are fifteen miles of fine insulated copper wire. The delicate apparatus is placed on a stout table swung on heavy steel springs, in order to take up as much as possible of the vessel's never-ceasing vibration. Out from the top of the little cabin where the operator not only works, but sleeps and lives, go the outside wires, stretching from insulating cones far up toward the topmasts of the vessel. Just a few rods of that wire,—that is all ; but out from it, flashing off in every direction hundreds of miles into space, seeking for a response, travels this mysterious power that the Father has permitted man to harness.

At 3.53½ o'clock in the afternoon of March 28 the operator began transmitting the message which readers of The Sunday School Times had in their hands two days later. White sparks of lightning leaped fiercely and with ear-stinging intensity from the instrument with each dot and dash of the Morse alphabet, as my message sped on its way. After a few minutes of uninterrupted transmission, our operator stopped, threw up an arm of his instrument, opened the end covering of his receiver, and waited.

"Have you finished the message?" I asked.

"No; I've sent about half,—now I'm waiting to see if he has it all, or whether he wants any words repeated."

Presently came a faint clicking of the receiver,—so faint that we hardly noticed it after the noisy reports of the transmitting. But in a few seconds—"All right; go on with the rest," read our operator, and down came the arm, up went the cover closing the receiver, and the rapid fire of transmission began again.

"He's a German, and receiving very well," commented Mr. Furness as the sparks continued. Finally he waited again, his receiver open.

"What's the word after 'schools'? The words from 'schools' to 'Psalmist'?" So that sentence was sent again, and then the distant boat repeated the cable address of The Sunday School Times, which I had used,—"Suntime, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania," and showed that he had it perfectly.

"Shall send harbor?" came a question in faintly flickering waves. Not understanding it, Mr. Furness told him so.

"Shall I send this message from the next harbor?" came the query. Our answer to this arranged for the cabling of the message from Athens, the Maria Theresia's next port, to Philadelphia.

The other boat at this time was steaming twenty miles an hour; our own, sixteen miles. At nine minutes past four the report O K flickered from our receiver, and the Jerusalem pilgrims' greetings to North America had taken a flying start toward their goal, five thousand miles away. On the following page is a reproduction showing the way the message looked when it reached Philadelphia.

Mrs. Trumbull and I stepped out from the little cabin and scanned the horizon for the Maria Theresia. Not a sign of her was visible. Yet from the door of the Marconi room came the sharp reports that told of the conversation still going on. And some people profess to believe that the day of miracles is past!

Half an hour later I visited the Marconi room. The sparks were more fiercely intense, showing the increased pressure that was required for the increasing distance, and the answering flutter of the receiver was very faint.

The band of the passing boat had played an American hymn, by her captain's orders, as we learned from the invisible courier. And the captains of the two vessels exchanged compliments, while the captain of the Maria Theresia sent to the Hon. Herbert Clark, Form No. 1515.

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EDINBURGH: 60 Frederick Street.

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" 29 Gordon Street.
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March 29th.1904.

136P. Un.M. 232Pm. 41.

Piree.

Suntime ,

Phila

Maroonigram passing steamship Kaiserin Maria Theresia In Mid Bosporus the Jerusalem pilgrims greet Northamericans sunday schools and rejoice with the Psalmist above the Voices of many waters the mighty breakers of the sea the lord on high is mighty.

Trumbull.

our conductor, a message of greeting to the Jerusalem pilgrims.

The intervening mountainous land by which the distant boat was passing made it necessary to terminate the communication sooner than would have been the case in open sea. Shortly after five o'clock Mr. Furness "sparked" the words "good-by," and the dialogue was ended.

It is a new experience, unlike any other in the world, to stand by a Marconi instrument after the receiver has been thrown open and the operator waits for an answer to a question he has just sent off through the ether to his invisible correspondent. One waits in dead silence. The recording tape is motionless, or moves quietly, as the operator wills. No response; wheels and levers are still. Then just a faint tap, tap, and we know that some one, somewhere, is speaking. The telephone, telegraph, submarine cable, seem commonplace. They are connected all the way. But here is something that ends at the masthead, yet links ships that pass unseen and unheard save for the call of the ether. It deepens a man's faith to see it.

X

AT THE SUBLIME PORTE

FOR the first time since leaving America the Grosser Kurfürst had docked again. Three weeks before, she had drawn up her gang-plank from the shores of a country whose history is a bare four hundred years; now that gang-plank was resting on the soil of a city two thousand five hundred years old. The companion-way leading from the main dining-saloon as we came up from dinner that evening was dotted with uniforms and fezzes. Seated by the long table at the head of the companion-way were fine-looking, dark-skinned Turkish officers, resplendent in gold braid and insignia.

We turned over our passports then and there, and by the distinguished favor and compliment of the Sublime Porte, Consul-General Dickinson's untiring efforts in our behalf resulted in the government's accepting Mr. Dickinson's vouching for us upon his receipt of our passports, and the further usual formalities were dispensed with. The American pilgrims were extended the courtesies and freedom of Constantinople. This privilege was an exceptional one, and in no city we visited were we more kindly received or hospitably treated. And we, in turn, were glad that the Consul-General himself could say, as he did the evening before the Kurfürst left Constantinople, that this visit of the American Sunday-school pilgrims was one of the pleasantest memories of his official experience in that capital.

On our starboard, the city lay beneath us. Two slenderly beautiful minarets pierced the sunset; in the growing darkness on either side scores, perhaps hundreds, of minarets added their witness to Allah above and Muhammad his prophet. Across the Bosporus on the Asian shore, rose the buildings of the Florence Nightingale Hospital, rich with memories of Crimean War heroism and sacrifice. Then the lights of the city began to appear; darkness settled down, and in a few moments all we could see was the street directly beneath and alongside us, lined with lighted shop and café windows.

In the pleasant anticipation of a good night's sleep and refreshment for the morrow's sight-seeing, most of us retired early. I had been asleep for a few minutes when I thought I heard a dog bark. Another joined in, then another. And then I knew that probably the worst and loudest dog-fight in history was taking place just under my port-hole. It was over after a while, and there was quiet—until the next one started. The dogs of Constantinople were welcoming us. They were not fighting. This was their customary evening hymn. We had come to see Constantinople. We should hear it first. Without its dogs it would not be Constantinople.

Readers of The Sunday School Times will recall the name of Mary A. Mason as the writer of the verses, "Sailing Homeward," that appeared in its pages at the time of the death of Professor Albert L. Long, of Robert College, Constantinople, the former writer of "Oriental Lesson-Lights" for that paper. Her "Christmas at Jerusalem," published in the Times in 1900, was another poem of rare beauty, and her birthday tribute to Professor Hilprecht in 1903 was further evidence of her skill in thought and verse. Under Miss Mason's guidance a favored half-dozen of us were so fortunate as to explore Constantinople. The daughter of Consul-General Dickinson, and for seven years a resident and enthusiastic student of the city, she was an ideal and tireless cicerone.

Early in the morning following our arrival we had made our way along the street facing the Kurfürst, and were on the old Galata Bridge, where more nations meet than on any other spot in the world. Back and forth poured that steady stream of humanity, out of the East and out of the West, meeting, passing and repassing, eddying in the whirl of the human current that shall some day feel the supremacy of the Old or the New. Veiled women hurried by, shrouded entirely in black, or with a white covering thrown over head and shoulders; mounted officers secure in their authority rode high above the heads of the crowd; donkeys drawing produce carts, Jews of all nations, Turkish gentlemen, venerable pilgrims whose fezzes were wrapped about with white turbans, street venders, beggars in abundance; and beneath our feet, but unharmed, dogs, dogs, dogs, yellow and brown in their mongrel breeding, safe in Constantinople. On the waters of the Golden Horn floated many a *caïque,* typical of the Bosporus, —a slender rowboat, canoe-like, pointed at both ends. The mosk of Suleiman the Magnificent was in near view; not far away rose the mosks of Muhammad the Conqueror (not the Prophet) and the Sultan Selim I.

On our way to the Imperial Ottoman Museum, the treasure house of so many of Professor Herman V. Hilprecht's Babylonian finds, we passed a somber and impressive gateway or portal, high, and overshadowed by a slightly projecting portico. It was the veritable Sublime Porte itself, the gateway leading to the Foreign Office of the Imperial Ottoman Government, synonym throughout the world for the Empire which it represents.

In the museum, as at Athens a few days before, we could only snatch a glimpse of the treasures, and pass on unsatisfied. Some of us lingered over that masterwork of Greek sculpture, the so-called sarcophagus of Alexander—worthy of him though not his. The tearing of the horse's flesh by the teeth and talons of the lion in the hunting scene of that marvelous bas-relief made the marble quiver with life. Miss Mason's telling of the story of the souvenir which Hamdy Bey found in his napkin at a dinner given him by the French Consul,—the exquisitely carved head of one of the mounted warriors of that sarcophagus, knocked off by a peasant and sold to the Consul, now through his kindness restored to the marble shoulders where it belongs, will not soon be forgotten by her listeners.

From memories of Alexander the centuries were rolled back to four thousand years before Christ by a sight of the statue of Naram Sin, who started a renaissance in the then ancient and effete land of Babylonia. Sennacherib's cylinder, hoary with age, told us how "I, Sennacherib, shut up Hezekiah in Jerusalem like a bird in his cage." We saw glass from Troy that Tiffany tries in vain to imitate, and necklaces of gold,—perhaps Helen's among them! The mystic eyes of the serpents' heads which ended the three parts of the twisted bronze column supporting the Golden Tripod of the Oracle of Delphi looked wickedly at us; later we saw the precious old green column itself, in the Hippodrome, graven with the names of the cities that took part in the Battle of Platæa, names brought to light only fifteen years before by Professor Long and a colleague in the faculty of Robert College.

But more interesting than all these relics of the past,—than even the scholar-baffling Hittite inscriptions, or the stone that regulated the water supply at the Pool of Siloam,—was the slab that stood at the entrance of the Temple at Jerusalem in Christ's day, forbidding, in Greek inscription, any Gentile to enter, upon pain of death. There stood the Greek letters, grimly announcing that any foreigner found within the enclosure confined by this wall—the consequences would be upon himself! Fifty years ago, before this Jerusalem stone had been brought to light, it was commonly said by the critics that our Lord's driving the money-changers from the Temple, under Roman rule, with no riot resulting, was absurdly impossible. This stone, probably read many times by Jesus himself, has silenced the critics. Those Gentile money-changers knew that they had no rights there, and when a young Jewish peasant dared to assert the law that was cut before their eyes in stone, they dared not protest. They were glad to escape with a scourge of cords.

"Come to prayer, come to prayer; prayer is better than sleep," sounds the early morning muezzin call from the minaret. We turned our steps toward that center of Muhammadanism, the Mosk of St. Sophia. At the very threshold we were stopped by the watchful guardians of its sanctity, and our profane shoes were covered with well-worn sandals. Stepping over the raised threshold, we shuffled to the great hanging portières, of curious weave, that seem to shut off so absolutely the outside world. A brass tablet over the doorway declares that "They shall go in and out and find pasture." We lifted the heavy hangings before us, pushed through,—and caught our breath. That is the sensation that goes with your first glimpse into St. Sophia. How that massive dome towers away from you! How it would crush you if it should fall! It is colossal, overpowering. And those great cabalistic characters that loom on its walls, and seem to move and hold you with their mysterious spell! There is nothing here you can understand, except the silence and the awe and the reverence. You cannot take your eyes away from those words, that "writing on the wall," suffocating in its immensity.

When you look elsewhere, you see two figures in white, sitting motionless, just inside the shadow of the door. A green-turbaned man, wrapped in a coarse brown robe, lies sleeping on the floor, his head resting on a great pillow. Huge rugs line the floor, stretching away in countless wealth. They are made of hundreds of prayer mats, woven into strips, all bearing the familiar shrine figure toward which to pray, and all facing at an oddly oblique angle from the lines of the mosk. Why was not the mosk built so as to let the worshipers face toward Meccah without doing so diagonally across the building? Then you realize that it was not a mosk, but a Christian church before the Moslem took it along with the rest of Constantinople.

The massive dome, from the center of which radiate great spokes of gold surrounded by a mass of gold Turkish characters, originally rested on four quarter-domes, to represent infinity, but eventually it became necessary to support it on massive columns. The Arabic characters that now ornament that marvelous dome read "God is the Light of Heaven and Earth." Those great *verd-antique* columns came from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; still others, from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek. Columns and pillars from temples in every part of the then known world, with the rarest of marbles, went to the making of unsurpassed Santa Sophia, "Church of the Divine Wisdom." No wonder that Justinian, when, on its completion, he entered it and looked upon its splendors, exclaimed: "Solomon, I have surpassed thee!" In chandeliers over your head, suspended from the dizzy heights of the dome, are hundreds of little glass cups of oil with bits of floating wick. That cabalistic writing in great circles on the walls is not so mysterious, after all; it gives the names of the successors of Muhammad. In another rectangular frame on the wall is the warning, "Hasten to prayer before death."

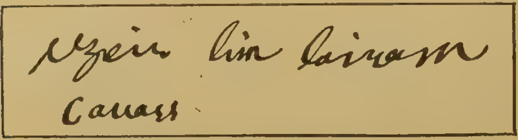
There are hundreds of worshipers on the floor of the mosk, yet in its vast area it looks almost deserted. Here are some devout Muhammadans, their faces to the wall, backs toward us, swaying back and forth as they repeat their prayers. The fez of one is wrapped around its base with a white turban, showing that he is a theological student or teacher, while the man himself is clothed in a dark flowing robe reaching to the feet. Over on the left is a Koran class of half a dozen young men squatted Turk-fashion on the floor in front of their teacher, a boy listening at a respectful distance. One wears the green turban with his red fez,—indicating either his claim to be a descendant of the prophet, or his having made the pilgrimage to Meccah. In the very center of the great floor of the mosk is the picturesque figure of a woman, all in black.

We stroll through the great treasure house of history and legend. Here is a high reading pulpit topped by a spire, a long flight of stairs leading straight up into it. On a stone column is the indented outline of a human hand, the mark made by Muhammad's hand, we are told, as he struck the column with his palm and proclaimed the church his own. Here is a Turkish painter, working industriously at his easel, while three or four stand near watching. Up in one of the galleries we see the doorway through which a bishop disappeared as he was interrupted in the midst of saying mass by the Turks who took possession; and through that same door the bishop will return and finish his mass when the church becomes Christ's again! And here is a slab of old Henricus Dandolo, the valiant Venetian Doge who at ninety years of age came with the Crusaders and took Constantinople. From the floor of the gallery I pick up some dainty gray feathers dropped by the pigeons that live in the mosk, and slip them into my note book.

A solemn *hodja*, or teacher of the mosk, passed us in the gallery, dangling his string of ninety-nine black beads, with which one repeats the ninety-nine attributes of Allah. I told Miss Mason, in a low tone, that I should mightily like to possess that string of beads. Indifferently she talked with the *hodja* about them, and in a few minutes they were mine,—for ten *piasters*, or forty cents.

Away up above the altar, or in the vault of the apse, where the pigeons flutter, you can see, faintly worked out in mosaic, a figure of a Man with outstretched arms. The Christian builders of the church put it there, and the Moslems, when they came, covered it with gold leaf. Again and again through the centuries the followers of Muhammad have washed over that part of their mosk with gold paint, trying to blot out the figure that is built into the wall. But they cannot. It still remains, and the world calls it the Waiting Christ.

"If the dogs' prayer were heard, there would be a shower of bones from heaven." "The dog barks, but the caravan passes on." These aristocratic yellow-haired descendants of Byzantine ancestors did not hinder our progress during those three days of exploration in Stamboul, Bebek, and Scutari. Miss Mason was not the only guide to our wanderings in Constantinople. With her was a *cavass* of her father's, a petty officer of the Turkish army detailed to special duty with the household of the Consul General. His handsome bronzed face, courteous manners, and broken English, were not his only attraction to us. It was when we learned that Uzeih was the man who with his own hands had laid down the bags of gold for the ransom of Ellen M. Stone, that we realized what manner of escort was with us. As I stood on the Galata Bridge taking photographs right and left, I was not sorry to be under the immediate protection of a part of the Turkish army. Uzeih stood by : that was enough.



Uzein bin Cirasm
Cavass

Autograph of our Cavass, the Man who Laid Down the Gold Ransom for Ellen M. Stone.

The street of the scribes looked like a picture out of the Arabian Nights. Along a narrow way hardly wide enough to be called a street is a row of little booths about the size of bathing houses, or good-sized dog kennels, topped with pointed roofs. Around the three sides of each runs a shelf, or bench, about a foot and a half from the ground. On this sits a reverend scribe, by a brazier of coals, awaiting the public's pleasure. He will write a letter for you on any subject,—love, business, or religion. Across the way are the booths of some seal cutters. We determined to place orders on both sides of the street.

Stepping up to one of the seal cutters, Miss Mason indicated that I wished my name engraved. From a variety of brass and white metal blanks I selected one, and then pronounced my name, very slowly and distinctly. Two or three times I did this, the engraver repeating it after me. Finally he nodded his head with a smile of satisfaction, and rapidly wrote down on a slip of paper some Turkish characters.

From this "copy" he tooled out quickly, on the brass blank which I had chosen, the desired seal. When it was finished, he inked it and made an impression on another slip of paper. We handed the slip to the man in the next booth, and asked him to read it. With some difficulty he slowly pronounced "Charles G. Trumbool," and smiled broadly at our shouts of approval.

While Mrs. Trumbull and a friend were having their seals cut, Miss Mason and I stepped across the street to the most benevolent looking scribe, and I prepared to dictate a letter to my brother in America. In the meantime a very courteous Turkish gentleman passing, seeing that we did not speak the language, had asked if he could be of service. So I dictated my letter in English to Miss Mason, she passed it on in French to our volunteer interpreter, and he gave it in Turkish to the scribe. At the end of a sharpened reed it was soon down in thick black ink, and the scribe had sprinkled over its moist surface some bright blue sand from what looked like a little china pepper-box. The loose sand was carefully poured back for future use, the letter thus being well blotted, and my polyglot epistle was ready for sending.

We left our carriages and went on foot through some back streets until we came to a gateway with a brass knocker. An old woman admitted us, and took us across a courtyard. A moment more, and we were led down a mysterious flight of stone steps apparently leading into the bowels of the earth. They were damp and musty, and their end would have been lost in the darkness but for the weird shrouded figure of the old woman leading on below us, holding with one arm upraised high above her white-enwrapped head a flaring torch that threw grotesque shadows into the darkness beyond. Then we saw that if we had kept on we should have stepped off into a great black pool of water. We were in one of the famous subterranean cisterns that honeycomb the foundations of Constantinople. The Law Courts of Justinian had stood directly over where we now were, and the cistern had been built by Constantine the Great. As our eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, we could make out the carved Corinthian columns of classic beauty which upheld the roof of the cistern. Just then a bucket came splashing down into the water,—a housewife near by was drawing from this great well.

Noon time found us comfortably seated in an upper room of one of the typical Turkish restaurants, lunching on the delicacies of the empire. *Dolmas* were a tempting appetizer,—little balls of seasoned rice wrapped in tender grape leaves moistened with olive oil. *Pilaff* and *kabobs* followed; more rice accompanying little cubes of mutton toasted on a spit over glowing charcoal, with just enough of a burned taste to make it delicious. The dessert was a fitting climax. On pie-shaped pieces of bread soaked in sugar and made almost into candy rested snowy white bits of essence of cream from the milk of the buffalo, so firm and rich as to be almost like cheese, yet more delicate than any cheese. *Ekmek cadaif* will linger long in the memory of that little party,—as will some of the sweetmeats that we purchased later at the shop of Hadji Bekir, candymaker to the Sultan.

Miss Mason was a watchful guardian of her American friends' purses. More than once, as when the *caïque* oarsmen tried to insist upon more than a piaster apiece for a ride across the Golden Horn, she quietly silenced the natives' importunity with a word or two in Turkish. After a similar revealing experience with a rascally fruit dealer whom Miss Mason promptly brought to terms, the fellow turned and asked in amazement, "Who are you?"

In the inner courtyard of the Pigeon Mosk the birds came fluttering down by the hundreds to greet us and feed on the grain that we purchased from a ready attendant. And finally we had our introduction to the Eastern bazaars. There is nothing in the West to liken them to. Hundreds upon hundreds of little booth-like, "cubby-hole" shops, four thousand of them, I believe, are packed close together, running for miles and miles in corridors or tunnels entirely shut in from the sky by the arched roof overhead. What do they sell? Everything that you would expect to find in an Oriental John Wanamaker's, and a good many things that you never saw west of Macedonia. The brass and copper shops gleam with their ruddy or golden wares,—trays and plates and jars and pots suspended or stacked in a bewildering mass around the doorway and in every available spot within. Food shops abound, and confectionery of tempting if unfamiliar appearance. There sits a scribe, warming himself by the fire of live coals in his little brazier, and writing a letter for the customer who has just explained his wishes.

There is much coffee drinking on all sides, and at all hours. We clamber up the rickety stairs of what looks like a bathing-house on stilts, but treat it with more respect when we learn that it is a *kiosk*. Seated around a little marble-topped table, and looking out through tiny windows upon the restless mob of bazaar shoppers beneath, we order our thick black coffee. One of us insists on trying some *mahalibe* which we had seen in tempting white squares below. It is like cold cornstarch, and very palatable with a bit of buffalo cream. It must be eaten only with long handled, triangular *mahalibe* spoons, which we bargained for and carried back to America as trophies. Below us, stretching away in semi-gloom on all sides, are the corridors of the bazaar; pigeons flutter under the stone arches overhead; a dervish passes; the dogs jump from under foot; the tradesmen urge their goods, but if they fail to sell to the man who buys the same thing next door, there is no hard feeling: it is *kismet*, the will of Allah.

The contrast between the ordinary shops in the bazaars and such an establishment as that known as "The Oriental Museum," of which the manager is Robert S. Pardo, one of the finest stores in the East, is striking. Miss Mason was a welcome caller, though she told Mr. Pardo's clerk, who took us in charge, that her friends were not going to buy, and we were entertained royally. As we entered the doorway, the air was heavy with the rich fragrance of attar of roses. Through room after room we were shown, veritable treasure houses of Oriental luxuries in jewelry, rugs, furniture, and antiquities. Here was a precious jade-handled sword, the inlaying a lost art, that was already sold, and was to be exhibited at the St. Louis Fair. Diamonds and rubies were there in profusion, and glistening ropes of pearls; one topaz was the size of a hen's egg.

But our greatest interest was in the Oriental rugs in which this house deals. We saw them of almost priceless value, and we saw them in the making. One beauty was comparatively low-priced, only a thousand dollars,—a Persian house rug, and it took six persons seven years to make it. Another of rich green, in imitation of jade, contained six hundred and fifty knots to the inch. On one particularly beautiful rug was a card that read, "Specially ordered by the United States Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Spencer Eddy, for Mrs. Whitney of New York."

In an upper room in the building we watched the Armenian girls busy at the ceaseless knot-tying and clipping that is the secret of Oriental rug-making. Their hands moved like lightning; with automatic certainty of touch the knot is tied, and a quick snip of a sharp little knife severs the ends of the silk. Without patterns they work, except the patterns that they carry in their heads, each girl having learned one or two "by heart." Three girls were at work on a small prayer rug which would take from twelve to fifteen months to finish. A girl will tie from eighteen to twenty thousand knots a day on a silk rug. Pardo's house employs three thousand girls, and for the knot work of these three thousand, fifteen cutters suffice. It is this cutting of the silk ends with sharp shears, just so close, and with unvarying evenness, that is the all-important and skilled part of the labor. A cutter works all day long with her scissors, and at nothing else, developing powerful, steel-like muscles in the fingers of her cutting hand.

Coming back from the work rooms into one of the spacious exhibition rooms of the establishment, our host said pleasantly, "Now, ladies, here is a cup of tea for you," and asked the entire party to be seated for tea while he had some of their really choice rugs shown to us. The refreshing drink was a Persian tea of delicate richness, served in dainty glass cups.

The "Tree of Life" rug was a curiosity,—on one side made of wool so rich in luster that it looked like silk, until the rug was turned over; then we were fairly dazzled by the sheen of real silk on the other side. The design was the same on both sides. The making of such a rug, we were told, is a lost art, the rug being Persian of the sixteenth century. The owners had placed the prohibitive price of seventy-five hundred dollars on this rare bit of rug-making, for they did not wish to sell it, at least until after it had been exhibited at the St. Louis Fair. Almost as perfect a specimen of work was a silk rug of their own manufacture, six hundred and fifty knots to the inch, an exact copy of a Persian wool rug of the sixteenth century now in the Moscow Museum.

The ever-changing colors of some of these wonderful silk rugs are a mystery to the ordinary observer. The Pardo house has learned to take this into account in their business transactions. A few years ago they sold a handsome silk rug to a wealthy American and his wife, who had admired it in the Pardo exhibition rooms one evening as exactly suited to the coloring of one of their own rooms at home. The rug was shipped; soon Pardo received a letter from the purchasers claiming that the rug sent was not the one they had selected. Pardo wrote asking the Americans before they returned it to look at it by gaslight, as they had the evening they had bought it in Constantinople. An early mail brought back word from America that the rug was all right ; it was the changing colors in a different light that had deceived the purchasers.

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We board a little steamboat and ride up the Bosporus, past "Harmony Row," where every nation has its warship, toward the heights of Bebek. Past the white mosk of single minaret where the Sultan worships ; past rowboats gliding steadily through the water moved by oarsmen rising and falling in their places as they wield the huge weighted and balanced sweeps, a green flag in the bow, in the stern the flag of red field with white star and crescent ; past the ruined monastery of the sleepless monks, where for a thousand years prayer never ceased, reminding us also of the dervishes on one of those heights who pray every midnight for the sleepless ; past the Khedive's palace, whither he steams from Egypt in his private yacht to spend his summers ; past Beyler Bey, where late in the sixties the Empress Eugenie was royally entertained by Sultan Aziz,—past legend and history we sail, while ceaselessly companies of swiftly flying little birds hurry past us, never alighting, never resting. They used to be honored with the mission of carrying Solomon's love letters. But one day one of the little love-letter-carriers dropped his precious missive, and lost it. As a penalty, he and his brothers may not rest until the letter has been found ; so they fly, up and down the Bosporus, by night and by day, through the centuries, and "no eye has ever seen them stop."

We are brought back from the past and the East by the sight of some modern looking stone buildings, high on a promontory overlooking the water; from the top of one flutters a flag of red, and white, and blue, in a figure that makes the heart leap the more, the farther it is seen from home. The stars and stripes mark Robert College, one of the great missionary educational centers of the world.

It is a steep climb up to the college from the water's edge. We pass blue and black and gilt Muhammadan tombstones on the way, guarded by somber cypress trees, some of the stones surmounted by carved stone fez or turban, and green bay trees, like which the wicked flourish, and veiled Turkish women who hurry by out of the range of cameras. South of us are the "sweet waters of Asia," and the narrowest part of the Bosporus, where Darius crossed on a bridge of boats. In the midst of our climb a cheery American pilgrim coming down hails us with, "I've good news for you; it's up hill only one way."

The view from the height well repays the climb. As far as the eye can see stretch the waters of the beautiful Bosporus, southwest toward the Sea of Marmora and the fortified Dardanelles, northeast toward the Black Sea. A round stone tower of Muhammad the Conqueror rises close to us in the foreground, and on the road below are picturesque touches of Turkish life,—patient donkeys with their burdens, uniformed and fezzed soldiers, veiled women, and turbaned men.

A grandson of Cyrus Hamlin led the way to the building where a special meeting of welcome to the American pilgrims was in progress. A dozen boys, as full of life and laughter as American youngsters, scampered up the stairs ahead of us. The large hall was crowded with bright-faced students, alert and eager to miss no word that was spoken, appreciative of every good point made by a speaker, courteous,—springing to their feet to offer their seats to newcomers,—showing in every look and manner what Christian education is doing for these coming citizens of the East. President Gates was in the chair. Back of him, the English and American flags were draped on each side of a fine oil portrait of Christopher Rhinelander Robert. On one side of the room hung oil portraits of Cyrus Hamlin and the late Vice-President Long. Beloved Dr. Washburn, who recently retired after a term of more than quarter of a century in the presidency of the college, greeted us in an address of welcome.

As the Americans kept coming into the already crowded hall, Dr. Gates rose and suggested that the students withdraw and give the hall to visitors. At this Mr. Warren sprang to his feet and strenuously objected ; the students of Robert College, he said, had first claim on the exercises of the day, and nothing must interfere with that. The boys' tumultuous applause showed their quick appreciation of this tribute. They did, however, insist on giving their seats to the American visitors, and they themselves remained through the meeting standing. Their attention to the speakers was remarkable ; their applause such as I have rarely heard equaled.

The unique story of the founding of Robert College, and of the issuing of the Sultan's irrevocable *irade* for its establishment, was told by the late H. Clay Trumbull in The Sunday School Times of November

15, 1902. Dr. H. H. Jessup told us that morning of the curious linking of Robert College with the great American College at Beyrout. After many failures to secure permission to build at or near Constantinople, Dr. Hamlin, in 1865, knowing that Dr. Jessup was preparing to build a female seminary at Beyrout, offered him the shipload of doors, windows, sashes, and the like, which had been made in Lowell, Massachusetts, for the hoped-for institution at Constantinople. Dr. Jessup took the shipload at cost price, and built the Beyrout seminary to fit Dr. Hamlin's doors and windows. Later Dr. Hamlin secured the long-awaited permission, and repented of the sale, but it was too late.

The Bible House in Constantinople is an interesting instance of American progressiveness as applied to religious enterprise in the East. It is a property worth a hundred thousand dollars, owned and controlled by a Board of Trustees in New York City, and managed at Constantinople by the Rev. Marcellus Bowen. It furnishes accommodations, at reasonable rents, to such organizations as the American Bible Society, certain departments of the American Board, the British and Foreign Bible Society, two large Bible printing establishments, and to still other similar institutions. The income from rents, after current expenses and improvements are cared for, goes to the support of preaching services in Greek and Turkish, and the furtherance of Bible work in the Empire. In 1903 the American Bible Society alone put into circulation 100,546 Bibles, Testaments, and parts of Bibles.

Some of the Americans paid an interesting visit that day to the American College for Girls at Scutari, across the Bosporus, which is doing a work for girls similar to that of Robert College for boys. The girls' college holds a strategic position in the education of women in the Turkish empire. The members of its faculty are largely American women who have studied in the universities of Europe ; its pupils come from the wealthy and influential classes of various nationalities, and its graduates hold leading positions in society, many of them being instructors of others.

Two or three of us with Miss Mason, after lunching at the pleasant home of President Washburn on the heights of Bebek, spent the afternoon on a steamer on the Bosporus, zigzagging between Europe and Asia, while the cormorants and Solomon's love-letter-carriers sped by us in their tireless flight.

Tchenchelkeui was one of our euphonious stopping places in Asia. A strip of silver sunlight broke through the clouds across the Bosporus as we were nearing Stamboul, and made the minarets of Seraglio Point gleam. Just before we left the boat we looked back, and far up the Bosporus the sun was touching as with a shaft of limelight the twin minarets of the beautiful ivory mosk of d'Ortakeui.

The next morning the Grosser Kurfürst herself steamed up the Bosporus clear into the open waters of the Black Sea, black in truth from the shadows of the clouds overhead, turned slowly in a great semi-circle, and carried us back again, now on our way for the last time out from those land-locked seas *en voyage* for the western coasts of Asia Minor. The roofs and windows of Robert College were filled with waving flags and fluttering handkerchiefs and cheering boys, the hope of the Empire, as we passed and waved and the Kürfurst whistled our farewell. On by old fortifications, sumptuous palaces, ruined walls, and snug craft we sailed. An Armenian guide who had gone with us to the Black Sea dashed by me on the deck in a fever heat of excitement as he almost missed the tender that was to carry him and his friends ashore. We cheered the little boat right heartily as we moved away to the westward again, its siren shrieking farewell in response. Rising above the thickly packed buildings of Stamboul on our starboard were minarets, minarets, minarets. They grew less and less, though still plentiful, as the houses were less close together, until it was difficult, on the receding horizon, to distinguish them from the straight and slender cypress trees that marked the resting-places of the dead.

We had seen something of the mysteries, the fascinations, the legend, the history, of Constantinople. And we had seen more. As I looked out from the windows of Dr. Washburn's Christian home the day before there rose below me, like an ancient sentinel of the Bosporus, the old gray tower of Muhammad the Conqueror. But above the Conqueror loomed the ramparts of Christ, wrought in the stones of Robert College.

XI

SMYRNA AND EPHESUS

MEMORIES of Paul of Tarsus were thronging this pilgrimage of ours long before we set foot on Palestine or neared Damascus. Malta and Mars' Hill we had seen ; now it was to be Ephesus. Smyrna was the gateway, —a vague spot somewhere on the coast of Asia Minor, of which we had heard since childhood that

> "Malaga raisins are very good raisins,
> But the raisins of Smyrna are better."

But it was only in keeping with the customary surprise to find that our raisin village boasted a quarter of a million inhabitants, and was popularly known as the Chicago of Turkey, being the next largest city of the Empire to Constantinople. Its history runs back some years—say three thousand. The International College is there,—a missionary institution doing a work precisely similar to that of Robert College, with a faculty of twenty-two, and an enrolment of over three hundred students,—Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and other nationalities coming under the uplifting influences of Christian educators. While no student is required to be a Christian believer, Bible study is obligatory, and nearly an hour every day is devoted to the Bible and religious teaching. Thirty thousand students in the Turkish Empire as a whole are under

Christian instruction as furnished in this and similar schools.

We had passed out through the narrow, impregnable Dardanelles, and were in the Gulf of Smyrna. Great tent-shaped sand dunes rose high along the shore. Then we left those behind, and dropped anchor in full view of the city itself. It had been stormy, but the sun broke through the clouds, and a beautiful steam yacht that lay near by, floating the stars and stripes, was lustily cheered.

Native oarsmen in baggy-seated knee trousers, blue shirt, white or pale green knitted stockings, and the ever-present fez, rowed us ashore. Half way up Mount Pagus, looming high behind the city, was the stadium where Polycarp was burned. "Eighty and six years have I served my Lord, and he never did me harm ; how can I deny him now?" answered the brave old saint, when, at ninety-six, he was asked to renounce Christ. There on the mount they buried the Christian Father, said to have been a pupil of St. John. Two straight, dark cypress trees guard his tomb, stedfast sentinels,—"the only constant mourners of the dead."

Our party had to choose between an interesting service at the International College that morning, and a visit to Ephesus. A goodly company attended the college meeting, where many of the American and native mission workers, pupils from the college and the Collegiate Institute for girls, and others to the number of two or three hundred, had assembled to meet the visitors. President Alexander MacLachlan of the College was in the chair, and the Rev. Lyman Bartlett, head of the American Mission in Smyrna, made an address of welcome, to which Dr. John Potts responded. Other addresses by the visitors were followed by a sacred quartet given by pupils of the Girls' Institute. Two speakers of exceptional interest to the Americans were the Rev. Hagop Tashjian, pastor of the native congregation of the Evangelical Armenian church, and the Rev. Xenophon Moschon, Ph. D., of the Greek Evangelical church of Smyrna. Both of these dwelt in eloquent earnestness on the importance of the visit of North America's Sunday-school workers, and of the boundless possibilities of missionary work in Smyrna. An Armenian national air was sung by more Armenian girls of the Institute, and the close was an enthusiastic antiphonal rendering of "America,"—the first verse sung by all, the second by students of the College, the third by the girls of the Institute, and the last a grand chorus by all.

A railroad ride of fifty miles from Smyrna was necessary to reach the environs of Ephesus; then we had a further donkey-ride, or walk, of a few miles. Brigand-looking drivers were in charge of the horse-cars that drove us along the water's edge to the railroad station. Forty people were in a car drawn by one horse. "Very peoply" remarked one of the drivers, on seeing our crowds.

The ride from Smyrna to Ephesus was like a biograph view of Bible lands, for we were in the real East, and out in its country, away from any city, for the first time. The seven churches of Asia were near by; Laodicea, with its lukewarm springs of a temperature of 120 degrees Fahrenheit, to the angel of whose church was written: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot : I would thou wert cold or hot,'' lay off to the east of us, and Philadelphia, to-day a flourishing city of thirty-five thousand inhabitants on the site of the ancient town, was a little to its north.

Acres and acres of luxuriant olive orchards cover the hillsides. There are orange groves, and we have a glimpse of some black tents—counterparts of the Bed'ween tents of Syria. On another hillside are flocks of sheep, tended by shepherds in light-colored, picturesque robes. In strange contrast are half a dozen carefully blanketed race-horses being exercised on a hippodrome track for some coming races that we had seen advertised in the Smyrna depot. Oriental cowboys, mounted, are "rounding up" their steers. Oxen are plowing in the fields. Storks are resting picturesquely on the housetops. A fezzed flagman, with wooden leg, stands near the tracks,—stationed there by the railroad to save others, perhaps, from the accident that crippled him. A cemetery, like Polycarp's tomb, is guarded by the beautiful, somber cypress trees. In a stream by the roadside, a native, bare-legged man is washing clothes. We pass an old stone bridge built with a double series of arches, one arch directly above the other. And there, creeping slowly along the landscape, is our first view of camels,—a caravan of over thirty, while men on diminutive horses ride at intervals of every few camels. Now we see a shepherd at the head of his flock, leading the sheep,—a sight never seen in the West, but rich in its reminder of the Bible.

Some of the costumes are startling. We pass a young fellow with heavy leather high boots, a pair of much patched baggy trousers, blue canvas jacket, a white cloth thrown over head and shoulders, and an American black derby hat, much too large, firmly planted over all. Many of the natives wear enormous sashes.

At one station, Cazamir, rows of camels are seated on their haunches, lazily feeding. "Paradise" is the name of another of our way-stations. A heavily-loaded horse driven by a woman on the track ahead of us brings the train to a full stop, while a statuesque shepherd, wrapped in his great camel's hair cloak, stands motionless and superb by his flock.

At the end of our railroad journey we found a small company of donkeys and horses awaiting those who had ordered them in advance. This was our first experience in the donkey riding at which we were to become expert in Syria and Egypt, and it was entered upon with considerable merriment and some excitement. To put an undersized donkey, for instance,—and all of them looked undersized,—beneath such a prolonged rider as my good friend of the Washington Street Congregational Church of Toledo, Ohio, the Rev. Ernest Bourner Allen, was to bring the rider's feet very close to earth ; it looked as though the donkey was going to be snipped in two by a long, sharp pair of scissors.

The excitement came when we tried to say good-by to our donkeys and their drivers. We returned from Ephesus in a drenching storm, sprang from the little beasts, and gladly made for the shelter of the waiting train. Mrs. Trumbull's donkey-driver was carrying her coat over his arm. He demanded payment of her. She referred him to me. Knowing that the drivers were all to be paid by our tourist agents, we having already contracted for them, I shook my head and reached for my wife's coat. Not a bit of it ; the man sprang back with an angry exclamation, gripped the coat tightly under his arm, and soon had a crowd of excited fellow-drivers about us. By this time a lady from Illinois had come rushing up to me, saying she was so glad there was some American on the scene at last, as she and her friends were being held up by their drivers. I was inclined at first to treat the matter as a joke ; then I pushed the men to one side, spoke to them sharply, and started once more to recover our property. This time things began to look ugly ; there were black looks and open resistance.

I was at a loss to know how far to go, for I did not want to precipitate another Ephesian riot. Just then our English director, Mr. Hillier, appeared ; he could speak a smattering of Turkish, and he used what he knew with telling effect, using his hands also quite freely. In a moment we had the coat free, and sent Mrs. Trumbull and the other ladies flying into the cars, safely out of harm's way, Mr. Hillier going with them. Then the disappointed donkey-drivers turned on me, and in a moment I was surrounded by a crowd of them, angrily laying hands on me to prevent my boarding the train. Hillier was back at my side again when he saw what was up, and he finally, with threats, imprecations, and explanations, got me loose. We were none of us the worse for our adventure, and it fitted in very well with history's record ot the mob spirit of the place.

Many preferred to walk the few miles to and from Ephesus. Past the historic old Church of St. John we jogged or walked ; past the frog pond that alone marks the site of the Temple of Diana, until we found ourselves in an extensive field of ruins,—the streets of the old city itself. It was only some forty years ago that the site of the Temple of Diana was discovered and excavated, by a Mr. J. T. Wood. He conceived the idea that the temple was outside the city of Ephesus proper, and that if it was, there must be an important roadway leading to it from a prominent gate of the city. So he began sinking shafts twenty-two feet down, and, sure enough, finally came upon inscriptions that gave him the clue he wanted.

Broken marble columns and inscribed slabs were around us in abundance, even one or two fragments of buildings of considerable height. Picking our way through the ruins, we went, like a certain crowd of old, though not in such haste, "with one accord into the theatre." "A certain man named Demetrius," you remember, "a silversmith, who made silver shrines of Diana, brought no little business unto the craftsmen ; whom he gathered together, . . . and said, Sirs, ye know that by this business we have our wealth. And ye see and hear, that . . . this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they are no gods, that are made with hands : and not only is there danger that this our trade come into disrepute ; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana be made of no account. . . , And when they heard this they were filled with wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians. And the city was filled with the confusion : and they rushed with one accord into the theatre. . . . And the more part knew not wherefore they were come together."

It was an experience to stand in that very theater, look up to the tiers upon tiers of marble seats where an audience of 50,000 used to be comfortably accommodated, picture again that scene, and hear the roar of that mob cleaving the sky for "about the space of two hours,"—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" What would have happened if the undaunted Tarsian had done as he tried to do,—"enter in unto the people," —instead of being restrained by the disciples and the officers in charge, no man may say. Would Paul's earthly mission have been ended then and there, or would he have mastered his mob by the sheer force of his personal magnetism and God-given conviction?

A terrific rain-storm that broke over our heads just then did not daunt the enthusiasm of this band of pilgrims from over the sea. "All hail the power of Jesus' name" was sung by lusty lungs in the old theater that day with as much enthusiasm as Diana's mob had showed, if with less excitement. In spite of the downpour, a plucky young Baptist minister of Louisville, Kentucky, the Rev. Everette Gill, delivered a brief address to his fellow-pilgrims, standing on what was the stage of the old theater, while his audience, huddled under umbrellas, were scattered throughout the seats extending up the hillside which formed the walls of this natural amphitheater. Our service was closed by a prayer of remarkable power offered by a colored Baptist preacher of Louisville, the Rev. C. H. Parrish, D.D. The prayer was in part as follows:

"Dear Lord, we bow before thee with grateful hearts. We thank thee for the Holy Spirit who has comforted us all along our journey over sea and land, and who doth guide us into all truth, and who hath made our hearts burn as he hath reasoned with us out of thy Word and through thy chosen servants, and made the very shipboard none other save the house of God and the gate of heaven. We thank thee for this Christian fellowship, made possible through organized Sunday-school workers. We thank thee for the missionaries thou hast stationed in this far-off land. Bless our visit in their behalf. May they wax strong, brave, and victorious as they become conscious of the good will of this organized host of thine anointed, and, though striving alone on this far-off field, yet may they know they are not alone, but serving only as outposts of thy grand army, and that they have not the strength of one only, but the strength of a multitude. And in this presence wilt thou remember Africa ; poor, bleeding, suffering Africa, cradle of civilization, home of Moses and refuge of thy Son, the infant Christ. Long has she been the battle-ground of avaricious nations. Long has she uttered the Macedonian cry. Long has she waited for a full and free supply of the bread of life. O Lord, have mercy upon my dark and benighted land ! Make this Christian cruise, along her neglected shores, prophetic of her early redemption and the tocsin of the fulfilment of thy promise that 'Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hand unto thee' !

"Here we are permitted to stand among the ruins where thy servant Paul was assaulted for preaching Christ, and where mob violence was throttled by the wisdom of the town official. Grant, O Lord, that here and now we and all the officials of the earth may learn afresh the lesson that if we 'have a matter against any man, the law is open ; let it 'be determined in a lawful assembly.' We thank thee for this rare opportunity for a most favorable study of thy Word. Thou knowest how grateful we are to stand on the site of the city where Priscilla and Aquila, Christian workers of long ago, taught the young and eloquent Apollos the way of God more perfectly ; here where Gaius and Aristarchus suffered persecution ; where the elders of Ephesus went forth to hear the parting words of thy servant Paul ; here where the iconoclastic hammer of the gospel hath broken into pieces the image and the temple of the great goddess Diana, and caused those who practised curious arts to burn their superstitious books publicly. Dear Lord, we were till now firm believers that they are no gods which are made with hands, but henceforth we are living witnesses, for we have seen with our eyes Diana's worship despised, and her magnificence destroyed forever. Grant that we may realize our rare opportunity for greater service, that henceforth we may be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. In view of these blessings may we reconsecrate ourselves, all our talents and all of every talent, to thy glory and man's good. Safely return us to our homes and loved ones, that we may tell them what great things thou hast done for us and hath had compassion upon us. And when life's stormy voyage is ended, land us safely in heaven's port, and there, in the Acropolis of the King of kings, on the bright hilltops of the new Jerusalem, where we shall see thee as thou art, let us there praise thee as we ought !"

XII

EASTER AT SEA

BY THE side of broad-shouldered Captain Reimkasten, at the head of the long table of the main saloon of the Kurfürst, sat a "messenger of good tidings." His kindly face looked out from under the black head-dress of the Greek priesthood, and his flowing robe seemed well suited to his name and mission. For his name was "Agathaggelos," and he was a Bishop of the Greek Church in Macedonia, born in Smyrna. We had sailed from Smyrna the evening before, and he, bound for Syria, was by his own choice sailing with us; for, as he explained, he could take a Greek or Russian steamer for this trip at any time, but not often did a "Grosser Kurfürst," with eight hundred Christian pilgrims on the way to a World's Sunday-school Convention in Jerusalem, sail that way.

And so, in planning for the Easter service on shipboard, Bishop Agathaggelos was courteously invited to sit with Captain Reimkasten and the leaders of the meeting, and to pronounce the benediction at the close. It was an Easter morning service to remember. No other just like it has ever been held. On the morrow our feet were to walk in the land which witnessed the first Easter. To-day we were at sea, between the country which was part of Paul's missionary field, and the region where he was first started on his missionary career.

The great saloon was filled until there was no more room even to stand along the walls or by the tables. Differences of nationality and denominational faith were lost sight of in our common worship of the risen Christ.

"The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord"

was the opening hymn of unity, and it was good to realize that that Church was greater than any of its divisions, as we sang on :

"Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued."

An Episcopal clergyman from Manitoba led the responsive reading from the Easter service in our Jerusalem Manual, and a Congregationalist layman from Michigan sang very beautifully to us the familiar strains of Paul Rodney's music "Calvary," to the verses by Henry Vaughan.

Then a Presbyterian missionary from the American College at Beyrout led in prayer. "As we swing over this sea, help us to remember that those who sleep in its depths shall some day rise again, as those who now sleep in these lands that are about us shall also rise from the dead," was one of the petitions that went up.

A Presbyterian judge from Alabama read the Scripture lesson, from 2 Timothy 2 : 1-10, and after the singing of another hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," the sermon of the morning was preached by the pastor of the Washington Street Congregational Church of Toledo, Ohio, the Rev. Ernest Bourner Allen. His text was from that Scripture reading : "Remember Jesus Christ, risen from the dead." It was an Easter message for the whole world, resting our hope, not on the words of Jesus, but on Jesus himself.

"I do not know," said the preacher, "that I remember in its entirety any single sentence my mother ever spoke to me ; but I remember *her*."

He contrasted the impressive tomb of Napoleon, surrounded by the dead witnesses to his life, with the tomb of the Christ and its living witnesses throughout the nations of the earth : "That Christ is the Christ for the motley throngs that move across the old Galata Bridge at Constantinople,—Turks, Jews, and Moslems ; the Christ for those men and women that we saw crowded into the Arab Quarter of Algiers."

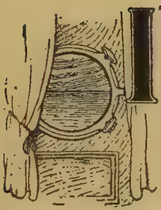
The service and the pilgrimage were living witnesses to the truth which the Easter sermon pressed home upon its hearers. And it was fitting that the blessing of the Father should be invoked, before we left our places that day, by the one far removed from most of us in his place of habitation and his forms of belief and worship, yet after all acknowledging the same Jesus as Master and Saviour, the Bishop of Macedonia, Brother Agathaggelos. He spoke to us first in broken English :

"I am Greek Bishop. I am happy here to-day with you, but unfortunately I cannot well speak English ; I speak Germany, French, ancient and modern Greek and Turkish ; therefore I will speak Germany because we are in Germany steamer." And then he continued, in German :

"I would be happier to-day if I could speak the English language better. I shall never forget my journey from Smyrna to Jerusalem, which I took with such religious, good, and learned Christians. I would again impress upon you that we, the Orthodox Jesuits, the Greek Catholics, as we are called in Europe and America, have never been, and are not now, fanatical Christians. We believe that all Christians, whether in America or in England, in France, or in Greece, all over the world, are brothers, and as good brothers should aid one another. Therefore in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I give to you with great joy my benediction ! Amen!"

XIII

THE LAND IN GRAY



IT WAS Easter Monday, and not yet daybreak. My watch said half past four when I sprang from my berth and peered out of my port-hole. Through the twilight of the early morning, ahead and to the starboard of our vessel, I saw a gray outline of shore. It was just dull gray, and dim, and characterless, as though one looked through a glass darkly. But it meant more to me than the most brilliant port we had yet made, more than any lands we had touched with flags flying and bands playing and sun shining. Those other lands had been but incidents of our pilgrimage. This dim shore was our goal. It was Syria at which I looked ; Syria, the land of Palestine, the Land of Canaan, the Land of Promise ; the Holy Land.

The ship was very still, and many were sleeping. But I knew that others with me were sharing in my vision, and were thanking God for this sight of the land that had cradled his Son, that had blessed the world, that now sorely needed that Son and might itself be blessed by this visit of His children from other lands who came in His Name.

A little later the East was glowing ; the sunrise had touched the dim gray land into life and color and brilliancy. But my memory of Syria, after traveling through it from Damascus to Bethlehem, is of the dull, lifeless gray in which I first saw it that Easter Monday before dawn, and in which it will remain until it has been transformed into life and health and color by the light-giving touch of the Sun of Righteousness.

XIV

A DAY IN BEYROUT

OUT past the breakwater of great stone and mortar cubes, piled with intentional carelessness, and looking like huge blocks of molasses nut-candy, came the Syrian rowboats of Beyrout, to greet us and land us. Out came a happy boatload of Dr. Jessup's family and friends and co-workers, among them Mrs. Gerald Dale and President Howard Bliss; and none who witnessed that laughing, crying, loving reunion on the deck of the Kurfürst, when the venerable missionary and his wife and daughter were welcomed back to their loved missionary home, can ever again think of the foreign field as the place of isolation and exile it is ordinarily considered.

The rowboats moved with a slow, measured, rhythmic sweep of the oars, some of the dark-skinned native boatmen standing and facing the bow. There was a greater variety of costume than in any place we had yet seen. There were the customary baggy trousers or bloomers of the East, worn with red and brown and white-striped and black-and-white checked shirts, and blouses, and blue Jerseys, with white and colored sashes, fezzes, and turbans. Some of the faces that accompanied the endless variety of costumes seemed centuries old.

Beyrout, as we saw it from the steamer, was a mass of trim, closely-packed houses with red-tiled roofs and white or brightly colored walls,—salmon, blue, green, and pink, some with pale blue blinds. The city stood out like a picture against its background of the snow-capped mountains of Lebanon.

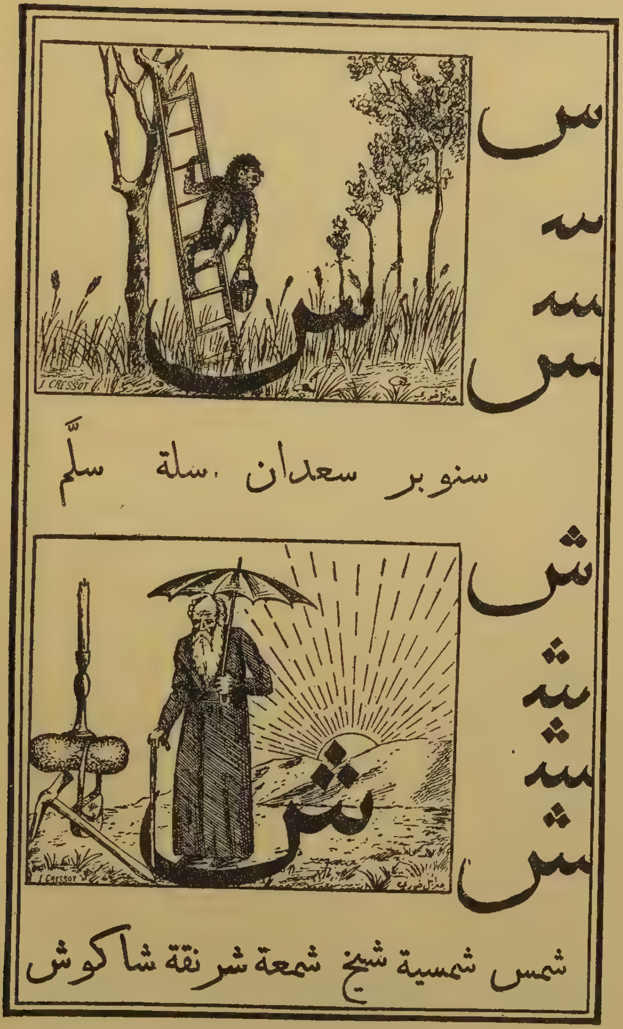
The "Damascus Overland" pilgrims were landed first. We filed through the wicket gate and doors of the custom-house on the dock, and were courteously relieved of our passports by Turkish officials, and we turned over with some misgivings our carefully labeled baggage ("Side Trip No. 3—Damascus Overland, Tent No.——") to native porters. In a few minutes we had found our carriages and were being driven furiously by reckless Jehus, lashing the horses, the carriages swaying from side to side, overturn threatening us every few yards, through the streets of Beyrout, some narrow and some wide, over jolting "thank-you-marms," around sharp corners, up to the heights of the American College. The building and grounds would grace any college town in America. Far below us lay the harbor; beyond, the Mediterranean; to the east and north the mountains towered on the horizon. It was like a benediction to meet silver-haired Dr. Daniel Bliss, the former president, walking with some of our party through the grounds of the college.

Mrs. Trumbull and I asked a bright-faced English-speaking student to tell our driver to take us to the office of the leading native newspaper of Beyrout,—"The Tongue of the People,"—to the proprietor and editor of which we had a letter of introduction from an intimate friend in Philadelphia, Mrs. Layyah Barakat, the well-known Syrian lecturer who has lived in America for some twenty-three years past. Up to this time we had had, in our journeyings, hints and glimpses of Oriental life. They had begun in the Arab Quarter of Algiers ; there were suggestions of it in Malta ; they had grown more plentiful in Constantinople and Smyrna. But now we had passed the portals of the East, and were in the land itself. It was different, in its satisfying completeness and variety, from all that we had seen before.

Our drive to the office of Mr. Khalil Sarkis took us rapidly through the streets of the city, by the shops, under latticed windows gray with age, until we stopped at the head of a street evidently not intended for driving. Constantly we passed women whose faces were not partially, but entirely, veiled, the gauzy coverings being often marked with bold, striking designs, giving a grotesque effect to the face—or the place where the face ought to have been. We made our way on foot to a doorway that was pointed out to us as our destination, climbed up a stone stairway to an upper floor, passed through another doorway, and knocked on a glass door that faced us. Smiling and apologetic, Mr. Nessib Sabra, a nephew of Mr. Sarkis, and his capable right-hand man in the business, came out and greeted us warmly. He had himself boarded the Kurfürst early that morning, he explained, to escort us through the city, but in the rush and confusion of our eight hundred had been unable to find us.

As it was the Easter Feast Day, one of the three holidays kept by that publishing house (the other two being Christmas and New Year's Day), few places of business were open in the city, and Mr. Sarkis was not in the office. But the first thing we must do, although it was not yet nine o'clock in the morning, was to partake of Oriental hospitality, the omission of which would have been an unthinkable slight from our host. We seated ourselves in the comfortable inner office and reception room of Mr. Sarkis, and on a tabouret were placed before us delicious tea, served with lemon, and fancy cakes. After this refreshment we had an interesting glimpse of the printing establishment. American Hoe presses there were, as well as German and French machines. Mr. Sarkis' type-foundry not only manufactures his own supply, but sells Arabic types throughout Syria, and to Egypt, America, Mexico, and the Philippines. We saw a handsome photograph of Mr. Sarkis that was to be presented to him a few days later, as a testimonial, upon the completion of his quarter of a century's service and proprietorship of the paper. I picked up a glistening type, hot from the matrix, and brought it along with me in my pocket. We also brought home our names set up in Arabic types tied together with a bit of string.

We noticed a small boy busy near one of the presses. Mrs. Trumbull asked if such a boy ought not to be in school. Upon Mr. Sabra's questioning him, the boy replied gravely, in Arabic, that his mother and father had taken him to school, but the master could teach him nothing, therefore he had come here. He was just seven years old! There are twenty "printer's devils" in the establishment, which employs a total of some seventy persons. One of the publications of the office is a series of Arabic readers, beginning with primers of quaint appearance, a page from one of which is here reproduced.



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شمس شمسية شيخ شمعة شرنقة شاكوش

A PAGE FROM AN ARABIC PRIMER

An Arabic character is printed across each picture, and in the right-hand margin is a list of names, all beginning with that character, of objects shown in the picture.

While we were visiting in the printing-office, a dark-skinned Kurd dropped in, who had just returned from the perilous pilgrimage to Meccah. He had had an exciting time of it, barely escaping with his life. In an attack that was made upon his party on their lonely way, his companion had been killed on his camel. With a profoundly respectful obeisance, lightly touching his breast and forehead with his finger-tips, the pilgrim presented Mrs. Trumbull with a ring carved from a single piece of carnelian, which he had brought fresh from Meccah. This guest must, of course, be offered due hospitality, and coffee and tea and cakes were again spread before us, of which we too were in courtesy bound to partake.

As we sat and chatted, a Syrian boy from a neighboring office, clad in a flowing dark blue garment reaching to the feet, came noiselessly into the apartment with a note for Mr. Sabra. He waited without a word for its reading, received a bit of bakhsheesh, and retired like a mysterious messenger from the Arabian Nights.

"Like the mother of the bride: always showing herself busy, but never willing to do anything," was Mr. Sabra's smiling comment on his gray-haired servant and general factotum who was bustling about.

Mr. Sarkis had come into his office before we left it, and had invited Mrs. Trumbull and myself to spend the evening at his home with his wife and daughters. With that in anticipation, we set out for a busy day of sight-seeing with Mr. Sabra. To spend the day and night in Beyrout meant giving up Baalbek, but we were glad to do this for a glimpse of Oriental home life of the best sort. Mr. Sabra's servant drove with me back to the railroad station, where I arranged with our conductors for our change of plans. It is quite impossible to convince a tour-conductor that anything can be worth seeing or doing that is not included in the regular beaten tracks of "personally conducted" parties. More than once I was expostulated with when I turned aside from the beaten tracks, and was confronted with the unanswerable (!) argument that "no one ever goes there." "Breathes there a man with soul so dead" as not to decide at once that *that* is the place, then, that he will see! Our printed slips had actually told us that "there are no special points of interest at Beyrout." I have only profound respect for all that I have heard of the wonders of Baalbek, and the reader will find from Chapter XVI that its reputation is all-deserved; yet I would not exchange what I gained from the opportunity of living for twenty-four hours with my Oriental friends for many a sight of ruined temples of the sun. This is a suggestion that the traveler in foreign lands will do well to bear in mind: when you have a chance to do or see something out of the ordinary, not part of the cut-and-dried itinerary, do not miss it,—but don't expect any sympathy from your conductors or even from your fellow-travelers.

A short walk from the office of "The Tongue of of the People" brought us to the shop of a furniture-maker of note. Two years ago the present head of the business was working humbly at his trade, with no property or prospect. To-day he is the owner of one of the leading establishments of the sort in Beyrout. The fact that the man is an earnest, simple-hearted Christian, scrupulously honorable in his dealings and his workmanship, is an impressive factor of his career in the effect produced upon his fellow-townsmen. We walked through his large, well-lighted salesrooms, stocked with attractive pieces, then went overhead and inspected the shops where the work was being put through, in every stage of completion. Among other interesting pieces we were shown an elaborately carved frame that was under way, by special order, for the presentation photograph of Mr. Sarkis.

The American Press was the center of an interesting crowd of American visitors all day. The exhibition and retail rooms were full of treasures of historic missionary value. Here was the original manuscript of the Arabic translation of Genesis, with the notes in Eli Smith's handwriting. Here was the first complete copy of the Arabic Bible that ever came from the Press, used by Dr. Van Dyck until his death in 1895, and containing his record of every correction and change that he made in the many later editions.

The magnitude and value of the American Press at Beyrout is little realized by those unfamiliar with the facts of this institution. It was founded in the island of Malta in 1822, and moved to Beyrout in 1834. Growing steadily in the past three-quarters of a century, its buildings and equipment are worth to-day not less than ninety thousand dollars, and its stock, bound and unbound, another ninety thousand. The Bible, in whole or in parts, is on sale in seventy different forms. The catalog of the Press shows seven hundred different publications. And last year alone the number of pages of the Scriptures printed was over eighteen millions, while the number of pages of all its publications printed in the twelve months was over twenty-eight millions. Yet the small storerooms for the finished Bibles are almost always empty! On the day the Grosser Kurfürst sailed from America the total orders received by the Press for copies of Scriptures were 10,800; the day before they had been 18,100; a total of 28,900 copies of the Scriptures ordered in forty-eight hours. This is the sort of dynamic power for Christ that does not enter into the dull consciousness of the cheap scoffer at foreign missions.

From the roof of the tall buildings we had a memorable view of the sweeping hills of Lebanon. In the street in front of the Press building was as typical an Oriental beggar as I saw anywhere in the East. He was a tottering, trembling old man, who could, however, develop surprising agility in running after any one he thought looked favorable; and the expression of that lined and wrinkled face of parchment, a century old, and the quavering tones of that voice, as he held out the pathetic bird-claw hand and sinewy arm, will not soon be forgotten. I presume he was a professional beggar who reaped a comfortable living at the gates of the American Press. A picture I caught of the Treasurer of the International Sunday-school Convention handing a coin to this old chap is an interesting souvenir of the day.

In the street near the open-air coffee gardens that we passed sat camels with ungainly ease, singing and groaning lustily as they were being loaded down for their journey. This oral protest of the camel to his burden is an interesting incident of street life. The patient beasts, winsome in their hopeless homeliness, are not, as it might appear, suffering as the heavy loads are piled and strapped about their humps. But they cry out from force of habit, and no one but an Occidental pays any attention to their song.

Did you ever look a camel full in the face? The next time you meet one, insist on getting that view, and I think you will be as fascinated with it as I was. "Aunt Purdie," each one soon became to me, for Wee Macgreegor had named them with genius.

We had an exciting encounter, that day, in purchasing a brown canvas bag or valise that we needed for our camping trip to Jerusalem. Mr. Sabra and his gray-haired servant, and a very courteous commissioner of police, a personal friend of Sabra's, went with us to a bag and trunk shop. A white-haired old Frenchman showed us the bags, and we found one that suited.

"Leave it to him," said Mr. Sabra to me, nodding toward his servant.

The price was asked, and named, and then the battle began. Inside of two minutes one would have thought that a life-long feud was about to be settled by violence. The native servant was first apparently overcome with horror at the attempted dishonesty of the salesman, then he was quivering with rage. In vain the trembling-voiced old Frenchman implored, wringing his hands, and saying that his business would be ruined and his home broken up if he did as the purchaser dared to ask. Back and forth the battle waged, each doing all but springing at the other's throat, and at times seeming dangerously near that. Finally a bargain was made, and in gloomy silence the money and bag changed owners. After we had left, Mr.

Sabra explained, with a dry smile, that the dispute had been over a possible difference of two francs (forty cents)!

Mr. Sabra piloted us to a well-kept but thoroughly Oriental hotel, where we engaged a room and ordered luncheon. Our meal was served at a table placed in the wide hallway outside our bedroom, on the third floor. A balcony at the end of the hall overlooked the busy street beneath and the waters of the harbor directly facing us. The railroad station of the trains to Damascus was a stone's throw to the right. A street vender of lemonade passed, clinking musically, like castanets, his brass cups; or stopping, he tilted the big glass bottle he carries like a bagpipe under his arm to fill a cup for a customer, then drawing water from a spigot attached to another part of his odd outfit, rinsed out the glass, and went on his way again to make fresh sales. Mr. Sabra pointed out to us a handsome uniformed Turkish chief of police on the street below, and hailed him. In a few minutes the police officer had joined us, climbing the stone steps to our floor, and sat at luncheon with us. He could not speak a word of English, but through Mr. Sabra's interpretation we got on very well.

In our afternoon walk we were accompanied by a police commissioner who had been with us in the trunk shop, Ahmad Effendi Achi. He carried with him a silver-mounted whip made of an elephant's tail. We dropped in at Police Headquarters, where we were warmly received, and entertained with marked courtesy. On either side of the room into which we were ushered was seated a Turkish official of prominence, back of a good-sized desk, looking not unlike the

American police magistrate ready for business. Thick black Turkish coffee was served to us here, and the officials chatted and joked with Mr. Sabra and his American friends. As we sat there, a Turkish gentleman in ordinary American dress passed down the hall outside, stopping just a moment at our doorway. Instantly those in the room arose and saluted him with great respect. When he had gone I learned that he was the Police General of the entire Beyrout district, which includes much of Palestine, extending down the coast as far as Tyre and Sidon, and north to Tripoli.

Then a fat, round-faced policeman came in, and was unmercifully guyed by every one in sight. It was evident that he was the butt of the police department, and the unfailing good humor or mock rage in which he accepted the practical jokes of the rest kept us all on the laugh. Immensely pleased was he when he had persuaded me to take his picture. A little later, a Turkish sentinel in his wooden box was a picturesque part of the military barracks that my camera could not well resist.

Mr. Sabra's home gave us our first glimpse of the interior of a modern Oriental city house of the better sort. Entering a gateway from the street we found ourselves in a paved courtyard, where flowers and some small trees were growing. This courtyard we found later was the almost invariable manner of approach to a house, the entrance to the house itself never being on the street. Around a single courtyard are built several houses. When we had entered the doorway of the house itself, we passed directly into a spacious marble-floored hall, of high ceiling, furnished with chairs and seats, the walls lined with family portraits and other pictures. A reception room or parlor opened off from the hall on the right. A piano, a melodeon, and a phonograph were evidences of the way in which such a family as this keeps in touch with the western world. And among the photographs one that caught my eye was that of an old schoolmate, who had joined with me in purchasing from Mr. Sabra, in Philadelphia in 1894, a beautiful black Arabian saddle-horse,—one that Mr. Sarkis and his nephew had brought to America at the time of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. Later that afternoon Mr. Sabra's mother and sisters—two young girls of sixteen or eighteen—entertained us charmingly with music and conversation, and served more cups of tempting tea and bits of cake.

It made a delightful close to the afternoon to drive at sunset out from the city into the fields and orchards of the country, along the road which is the popular driveway of all Beyrout. Tempting bridle-paths led off from the carriage road into leafy groves, and we passed and were met by many a carriageful of leisure-loving Orientals, enjoying as we were the delights of the scene. At a little road house some miles out we left our carriage and climbed to a sort of a roof garden or café, where we drank a liquid of rich rose-pink, made of crushed rose-leaves, and tasting as a bunch of American Beauties smells.

We had just time upon our return, before dining, to drop in on Mr. Sabra's most intimate friend, Dr. Basiet, a young Syrian physician who received his professional training in New York City, and who has a very warm spot in his heart for America and Americans,—especially American women. The Doctor and his parents and sister entertained us with the charming courtesy which we had now learned was characteristic of all Oriental families ; we feasted our eyes on the richly-colored panorama to be seen from their balconies, and regaled ourselves once more on coffee and lemonade and cakes and bonbons—have you counted the number of these repasts since morning of that day ? We were glad of the opportunity of meeting at Dr. Basiet's home a native preacher of one of the Presbyterian churches near by. As we sipped our coffee and chatted, a little nephew of our host seated himself on the threshold of the room and, with the wooden trough and pestle that are used by the Arabs of the desert for grinding their coffee, beat out a marvelously rhythmic tattoo, beginning slowly and simply, and warming up to his work as he went along with an irresistible swing, while Mr. Sabra hummed a weird little Oriental refrain. It was fascinating to one who has a weakness for anything of the "buck and wing" nature. It took little imagination to replace the elegant surroundings of our modern Oriental house with the gleaming red fire of an Arab camp, shrouded figures moving like shadows in the darkness, or seated on the ground, black Bed'ween tents in the background, this song and rhythmic tattoo alone breaking the silence of the night air.

Dr. Basiet and Mr. Sabra dined with us at our hotel that evening, and together we drove by starlight to the house of Mr. Sarkis. Passing along a beautiful garden we ascended a broad flight of stone steps, and were ushered in to a great marble-floored hall. From here we passed into a large drawing-room, and in a few minutes Mr. Sarkis presented us to his wife and daughters. They spoke admirable English, as indeed French and several other languages, and were dressed in exquisite gowns that showed the Parisian maker. Our hostesses set us entirely at our ease with their perfect manners and unaffected welcome, and soon were showing us family portraits and making us feel that we had known them for years. In a few minutes they suggested that we retire from the drawing-room to the comfortable lounging apartment where they were accustomed to smoke in the evenings. And "they" includes the women as well as the men. "Nargîleh," the large bubble pipes that stand on the floor and are smoked through a long tube, were offered to every one, though several declined with us; and a Syrian maid placed a live coal in each pipe. The men were on one side of the room, the women on the other. Mr. Sabra's parents and other friends dropped in, including Mr. Mishellany, a prominent correspondent of one of the leading London newspapers, and the evening passed rapidly. Before saying good-night, we were taken into a bedroom opening out from the central square hall for a peep at three tiny morsels of Syrian humanity who lay snuggled and sleeping in a mass of silk and lace, grandchildren of proud and young-looking Mrs. Sarkis.

As Mrs. Trumbull and I lighted the little wick floating in a glass of oil in our hotel bedroom late that night, after a drive through the deserted and dimly-lighted streets of Beyrout, it was hard to realize where we were. We had had a crowded day, and we were yet but on the threshold of the Holy

Land. Early the next morning we were to start on the nine-hour journey over the Lebanons to the oldest city in the world. We were to see many a heartbreaking sight of misery and sorrow and degradation before we should reach the convention city, Jerusalem. There were to be flashes of brightness in the clouds, too, scenes of love and light that we could remember gladly. But nothing could exceed in brightness what we had seen that day in the homes that had received and welcomed and entertained us so unselfishly. And nothing could be so dark or discouraging in that land but that it could be redeemed to the same joy and brightness that we had seen that day. For it was the spirit of Christ that was in those homes where we had been, and what he has done for them he is waiting to do for all his land.

XV

RAILROADING TO DAMASCUS

A BRIGHT-EYED, handsome little Syrian boy, not over eight years old, straight as a ramrod, clad from neck to ankles in a long, graceful, striped gown, a little fez tilted well back on his black-haired head, walked up and down the platform of the Beyrout railroad station, his keen black eyes evidently looking for some one, as we sat in our compartment early the next morning waiting for our train to carry us up the heights of the Lebanon range and beyond to Damascus. There was the life and bustle one finds at an American railroad station, but clothes and faces and talk were of the East. Before the train started, Mr. Sabra and Dr. Basiet, who were so generous as to give up the best part of three days to their American friends, and were accompanying us to Damascus, bought some of the appetizing seed-covered, circular bread as a bit of refreshment on our way. The bread is not only circular, with an opening in the center, but it is hollow, like a large bubble. When you buy it, the vender breaks a small hole in this bread bubble, and pours inside a spoonful of relish something like celery salt. Tearing off a bit of the bread, you dip it in the salt, and are ready for a spicy and tempting mouthful.

The train, of English or continental appearance, glided out from the station, and we saw a strip of deep blue Mediterranean sea, dark red soil setting off the green fields, and the buff and white of the houses. Into a little stone Maronite church a priest in black gown, relieved by a touch of yellow, was carrying a lighted lamp. We left the city behind us, and now thousands of acres of olive trees in valley and plain swept from below us down to the sea. Steep hillsides were terraced with wall after wall of rough rock,—forty-two such terraces I counted in a single slope.

A dozen miles or so east of Beyrout, on the slope of the great range known as Mount Lebanon, nestles the little village of Shweir, home of Dr. and Mrs. Ghosn-el-Howie, whose light from the Orient on the Sunday-school lessons has made their name familiar to North America's Sunday-school workers. The line of the railroad does not touch Shweir, and I was only able to see, from the train window, the general region where it lay. Not until ten days later, in Jerusalem, did I meet good Dr. Howie and his little daughter.

The distance from Beyrout to Damascus is not more than seventy miles ; the time by train is nine and a half hours. We left about seven o'clock in the morning, and reached Damascus at half past four that afternoon. The long time consumed is not entirely due to Oriental railroad methods and locomotives. The journey is across the backbone of the Lebanons, and is a feat of mountain climbing and engineering that reminds one of the railroads in Colorado. And the grandeur of the mountain scenery we had in that all-day ride from the seacoast city of the new East to Genesis-old Damascus was, for some of us, as unexpected as it was impressive.

Our various stopping-places gave us interesting glimpses of native life along the railroad. At Jemhûr, as elsewhere, the food-venders plied their trade. Here we tried a different sort of bread, buying it in thin, flexible sheets like chamois skin, and with it a sort of sour goats' milk, like American "cottage cheese" or curds,—rather sharp in taste and not unpleasant. A train guard's fezzed head appears at the window of our compartment, and our tickets and our friends' newspaper passes are examined. The guard's handsome, swarthy face and square shoulders—all we can see of him through our window—make a picturesque bit against the landscape. Then a Turkish police officer's head appears, and he says jokingly that were it not for Mr. Sabra he should wish to see our passport, but he does not want to hurt his feelings by asking for it. He courteously asks for my name, nods toward Mrs. Trumbull,—"your wife?"—writes down the names of all four of us, and passes on. As these men—guard and officer—stand on the narrow foot-rail outside the passenger coaches, leaning through the window and holding to the door of the coach while the train is running at full speed, one cannot help hoping that the door to which they cling is securely fastened. A sudden loosening of the latch would be disastrous.

Mr. Sabra held in his hand what one sees so many of the gentlemen of Oriental cities carrying, a short string of amber beads. Men toy with a string of these beads as an American would unconsciously play with a walking stick. Some even divert themselves with them when trying to give up smoking.

We had been riding in the cars for some time, when, in the far distance to the northwest, we had a last glimpse of Beyrout. Its whites and colors were touched out bright and gleaming in the sunlight, the blue sea shone beyond, and a strip of clear sky, topped by black clouds, hung overhead.

Acre after acre of vineyards, bare and unleaved at that season,—early April,—the vines lying flat on the ground after the manner of the East, had been passed, when a snow-crowned mountain to the south stood out in white splendor. It was range-like, rather than a single peak, and it towered above its fellows. Eight days later, as I reined in my horse on the hills of Samaria, near to the city of Samaria, far to the south,—south of Esdraelon, and Nazareth, and the Sea of Galilee,—I faced to the north, and there, pure white against the horizon, a good eighty miles away, I saw that same majestic range,—Mount Hermon. If we call the Holy Land the land where Christ's feet trod, that car-window view on our way to Damascus on Tuesday of Easter Week was our first sight of the Holy Land. For more and more does it seem probable that it was to Mount Hermon, isolated and undisturbed in its lonely grandeur, that Jesus, burdened with the disciples' failure to comprehend his mission and the spirit of self-crucifying service which must be his and theirs, took Peter, and James, and John, six days after they had come into the parts of Cæsarea Philippi (a few miles south of Hermon), in order to receive there, before their eyes, the witness of the Law and the Prophets to his Messiahship, and the word of God himself in renewed testimony to his Sonship. He "bringeth them up into a high mountain apart: and he was transfigured before them."

At one point our train passed through a collection of low, flat, mud houses, much broader than they were high, the roofs of sod, and the walls of mud or clay, or in some cases of stone plastered with mud. A little further on, buffalo and oxen were feeding by farmhouses, and a donkey jogged by, laden with water jars, a boy sitting well back over the little beast's hind legs. A drove of swine that we saw were peacefully free from the intrusion of any evil spirits.

As our train neared the station at Ma'allaka we heard an interesting and animated conversation in Arabic in the next compartment. "There are some Syrians in that coach who are just returning to their old home in the mountains of Damascus after a visit to America," said Mr. Sabra, after overhearing their conversation. Sure enough ; and when the station was reached, what a home-coming it was ! Our travelers alighted from the train, and the home folks were ready and waiting ! Such a pandemonium of joyful salutation and laughing, exultant greetings ! Two men and one woman had returned. One gray and grizzled old fellow was seized and kissed first on one cheek, then on the other, with ejaculations of delight over his safe return from the long and perilous journey. A little Syrian tot, crying with bewilderment over all the noise and excitement, was picked up and put on the shoulder of one of the stalwart men, his arms tight around him. It was as good as a Thanksgiving Day home-coming on a New England farm. Damascus and Yankee human nature and heart-love are the same.

At another station, Reyâk, a group of young Bed'ween men and boys gathered smilingly about us, and one of them made signs for me to take his picture, which I did. Their picturesque camel's-hair robes, silken *keffie*, and heavy black cords surmounting their heads, set off the natural beauty of their skin and hair and eyes. One young boy in particular had a smile of laughing eyes and gleamingly faultless teeth that would have made the reputation of any professional beauty of Paris or New York. Another held out his black camel's-hair *keffie* cord for sale. Mr. Sabra took it, and held on to it as the train began to pull slowly out of the station. The boy saw that he was trapped, and made a good-natured gesture as though to say "All right!" He seemed really surprised when, a moment later, Mr. Sabra tossed the cord back to him.

And so the nine hours and a half passed all too quickly. This railroad has been built little more than a decade, and many a roadside watcher eyed our train curiously. Children in characteristic dress would wave and shout to us. Boys tending goats, and women washing clothes in the bed of a stream, stopped their work or turned to follow the steam and steel intruder with their eyes. Another police officer examined our passport critically, as the facts were explained to him by Mr. Sabra. We had crossed the snow-crested Anti-Lebanon range, and we came to a final stop in the largest and busiest station we had seen since seven o'clock that morning,—the terminal of our line, Damascus.

Through the streets of the oldest city in the world we were whirled in our carriages until we came alongside a stream, the river Barada, or the Abanah of the Old Testament (2 Kings 5 : 12). In an open field to the right, fifteen white tents, circular and cone-topped, were ranged in tidy order. A long narrow tent completed the circle formed by the others. It was our first view of camp,—our movable home for the next ten days.

To lift your tent flap and look in gives you a pleasurable start. Great rainbow-colored characters in Moorish or Arabic figures, fantastic and weird, make a lurid wall-paper design different from anything ever seen at home. But it is a cozy effect, and it is not wall-paper, but substantial, heavy cotton, backed by the stout canvas of the outer tent. Two or three cot-beds of metal frame, a table holding tin wash-basins and pitchers, and the grassy floor covered by Oriental rugs, complete the furnishing of this luxurious tent home. We have time for but a look, leave our bags, carefully tagged with our own names, the name of our party, and our tent number in Arabic and English, and start back into the city for a glimpse of its wonders.

It could be but a glimpse, in the hour or two left before sunset and the three or four hours that we should have the following morning before we set out for Jerusalem. But in that brief time we could have a sight of the world-famed bazaars of Damascus, whose like we had seen in Constantinople ; and of the "street which is called Straight," running east and west almost through the entire city ; and of the great mosk which is still beautiful and impressive in spite of the destructive fire that attacked it some years ago. On the streets were negroes of such blackness as is never seen in America ; to call them coal-black is not an exaggeration. One donkey's tail was a study in applied art, the hair being neatly trimmed into a series of three tassels, one above the other. Frequently you will see an elaborate checkerboard pattern worked out on the donkeys' flanks by the clipping of the hair. Some of the men's and boys' heads were shaved close to the skull. The streets were occasionally shaded from the sun by awnings which stretched completely across the street.

We were beginning to realize what "bread" means to an Oriental, and the prominent place it has in his life. Breads of all sizes, shapes, and varieties were on sale in the bazaars; plain and fancy, hollow bread, seeded bread, salted bread, thin, rope-like strings of bread, small cubes, round pancakes of it, and the chamois'-skin style that we had pulled apart and eaten with cheese on the train. A bit of bread and garlic thrust into his flowing shirt will keep a Syrian boy for a walking journey of miles. "I am the bread of life" had a significance to that people beyond its meaning to an Occidental.

It was particularly interesting to step into the houses of some of the wealthiest Damascenes. Here was Oriental splendor and luxury, though not conformed to our ideas of comfort in living. In the center of the marble-floored central court is a fountain and palms and flowers abound. One side of the rectangle opens into a lounging recess, where low couches are set by the walls, and the *nargîleh* is smoked, and life is taken easy. The rooms of these dwellings almost invariably have marble or mosaic floors and walls, which, while ornate and rich, seem peculiarly cold and uninviting for living purposes.

This was our last chance to buy whatever we yet needed for our long horseback journey, and one purchase that was particularly useful, while remaining to-day a prized memento of the East, was a pair of antique saddle-bags, of hand-woven fabric almost handsome enough for a rug. Those saddle-bags did yeoman service in the next ten days. They carried everything from oranges to the Bible and "George Adam Smith" ; stones from sacred sites, a water jar from Cana of Galilee, a rain-coat, sweaters, camera, tripod, cap, Baedeker, and medicine. Straw hats were purchased, too, and light *keffies*, of silk or cotton, to protect the head and neck from the withering heat of Syria's midday sun.

Tent number 8, with its hospitable glow of color and snug cot-beds, seemed very much like home as Mrs. Trumbull and I returned to it that evening, tired out and chilly and longing for a taste of American-cooked food. It was certainly more homelike than the cheerless hotels, each with its gloomy, damp center court open to the sky, stone floors, dining-rooms dimly lighted by flickering kerosene lamps, and "lounging room" adjoining the court, equally damp and cheerless, through which my friends and I had wandered that evening in search of a place to dine. Genuine roughing it one does not mind ; but the pseudo-comfort of a Damascus hotel is a thing to dread.

Brightly-burning candles on the wash-stand converted into writing desk lighted my evening labors as I worked over a manuscript on my tent camp-stool late into the night. Dogs barked outside ; the sentries and dragomans were singing strange songs of the Orient, such as no American can imitate. The brilliancy of the Syrian stars was not imagined. But dogs and sentries and stars were soon forgotten when once under the compelling spell of those comfortable cot-beds and the sleepy chill of the night air.

At five-thirty next morning the "donkey band" exploded. It is more effectual than a Waterbury alarm clock. It is made of heavy bronze cow-bells, or donkey-bells, a steady thunderous beating of tin pans, and an occasional bray of the donkeys themselves. The "band" passes around the entire circle of the camp, missing no tent. You do not sleep through it. You dare not sleep after it, for you know that the Damascus Overland Party waits for no one.

Bags must be packed and left in the tents before going to breakfast. As we left the breakfast-tent we saw why. Many of our sleeping-tents were down, baggage was being dumped into great canvas pack bags and bundled on to the backs of donkeys, and the general atmosphere of dismantling a country circus prevailed. Some of the muleteers were having a hard time getting the sturdy little donkeys to cross a plank bridge over a stream a couple of feet wide. One of the animals resisted until he had broken his halter. Every few minutes the excitement in camp would centralize over the fight of two stallions who had been allowed to get too near each other,—forewarning of many a similar fray we were to have before we reached Jerusalem, which sometimes unseated riders from the unexpectedness of the attack.

At eleven that morning we were to begin our nine-days' ride through the heart of Palestine. The best part of the pilgrimage was at hand.

XVI

A GLIMPSE OF BAALBEK

BY THE REV. HENRY CLAY RISNER[1]

IT WAS as lovely a morning as ever made glad the pilgrim's heart, that morning when we had our first glimpse of the historic Lebanons. Something like one hundred and fifty of us boarded the train for Baalbek, which lies at the foot of the Anti-Lebanon mountains. A happier, jollier crowd never got together. As the train winds its way up the mountains, the laughing waves of the Mediterranean are behind us, and scenes of diversified beauty are before us. On the one hand we behold pictures of majesty and glory ; on the other we are charmed with ravishing glimpses of terraced vineyards, whose vines twine themselves gracefully around huge stones ; hovels with queerly constructed roofs are nestling upon the mountain-side ; we are saluted by Syrian peasants of rustic health and quaint beauty ; while to the left are the snow-capped peaks of Lebanon, like royal thrones above our heads.

Every mile of soil is new, and every native face is strange, so we get out at every possible chance. We often procured strange things to eat, and had still stranger feelings after eating them. Soon we reached the top, and there burst upon our view a most wonderful and magnificent scene—the Anti-Lebanon mountains, with their gray sides of barren rocks. As we descend, the red earth is fading away into pink; the mountain streamlets laugh as they join their rippling hands, making music as though they were rushing to a wedding of the nymphs; far below we behold a glimmering landscape, fertile fields whose waving wheat wears a golden crown. Yonder Mount Hermon, far away in the background, with his memory of poetic dews on his brow, sits enthroned. It seemed as if we were approaching a temple of glory.

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[1] This chapter was written by Mr. Risner at the author's request to cover a portion of the pilgrimage which the author did not make.

We would sing a while; then we would talk. In our compartment we first took up philosophy, and discussed everything, from the mysteries of the Cassiquiare River in South America to "why God did not kill the Devil." Then we entered the realm of history, proving ourselves to be possessed of much ripe learning, having exhausted most of the choice guide-books from the days of Zoroaster to Horace Greeley, even paying our respects to the higher critics. Then all except one would get snugly in a corner, while that one would take our picture. We shall never meet again just as we were then; but we hope to give extra praise in glory for that day.

Soon we are sweeping through that fertile valley that extends up to Baalbek. We behold the simple-hearted farmer plowing up the black soil; he is thoroughly "apostolic" in his farming implements, for he uses the same kind of plow as did Abraham. The people do not correspond to the beauties of the country. That magnificent valley, gorgeously appareled, reminds one of a bride sumptuously dressed, faithfully awaiting the return of her lover. This whole country seems to be waiting with dignity and loveliness for the return of God's promises to bring up a people whose beauty of heart and mind shall vie with the beauties of nature.

About six o'clock that evening,

> " The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
> The plowman homeward plods his weary way,"

while we are ecstatic over the first glimpses of a Syrian sunset. As the sun begins to hide behind the western horizon he puts forth his poetic hand profuse with color, and paints pictures of surpassing beauty on the sky, and piles the snowy clouds like ocean billows on the horizon.

And just then our visions fall on temple walls,

> " With summits old in story."

For we are in sight of one of the most magnificent and mysterious temples in the world. The eye first falls on those six remaining and magnificent columns of the Temple of the Sun ; and one's soul is filled with admiration as he beholds the lonely shafts standing like a nation's hero in the days of adversity.

The population of Baalbek is something like two or three thousand, though I cannot speak accurately, for the population of an Oriental town or city is as surprising as the contents of an Oriental's tunic, from which he can produce on demand—and generally without any demand—almost any necessity, from a corkscrew to a mummy. A large representation of the natives met us at the depot, and at once they gathered round us like ants around old cheese ; they seemed much alarmed lest there should be an annoyance they might fail to create, or a penny they might not get. There are three or more pretty good hotels, yet whichever you chance to go to you will probably wish you had gone to another. However, we spent the night pleasantly. It was the first night away from the ship since leaving New York.

Much of the history of this wonderful place is enveloped in darkness. The word Baalbek is an alteration of the Syriac Baal-Bah. Baal means Lord, and as the sun was one of the chief divinities in Syriac and Asiatic worship Baal referred to Sun-God. The Syrian termination Bah means town ; Phœnician inscriptions show that Beka means town ; in Egyptian Baki also means town. So we see that Baalbek means town of Baal.

Baalbek is the product of many generations of different people. Some think it older than the Flood ; it has felt the conquering hand of the Arab, the Jew, the Egyptian, the Phœnician, the Syrian, the Roman, the Muhammadan, and others of like faith and order. All of these different people had a different religious purpose to teach, and each succeeding folk were influenced by the work and ideas of their predecessors. No wonder we find an amalgamated mystery of ideas in colossals of stone. Many legends are told of the early settlers, such as that Adam was one of the chief promoters of its early life.

Whatever the legends may be, we are sure of one thing, that the ruins of Baalbek, in some respects, are the most wonderful now known. Such grandeur of design and grace of execution have not been approached since the days of Solomon. Here are to be seen real masterpieces of Grecian architecture. The most interesting ruins are in the acropolis ; the lower story or subterranean passage, the propylæa, the outer or hexagonal court ; the Great Court or Pantheon ; the great temple of the Sun ; the little temple of Jupiter, the Arabic buildings, and lastly the exterior of the enclosure. The temples are built upon substructures seemingly sufficient to support the earth ; the materials used are blocks of stone as large as an ordinary freight-car ; the substructures are traversed by tunnels of masonry through which a train of American cars might pass. The temple of the Sun is some three hundred feet long and one hundred and sixty feet wide. It had fifty-four columns around it, but only six are now standing ; the others lie broken at its base. These six columns, ninety feet high, are perfect specimens of Corinthian capitals and entablature. When one has gazed aloft till his eyes are weary he has only to glance at the great fragments of pillars among which he stands. He will find them eight feet through ; here also lie beautiful capitals as large as an ordinary cottage.

The temple of Jupiter is smaller, but in better condition. There is one row of nine columns sixty-five feet high supporting a kind of roof which is composed of slabs of stone so finely sculptured that the work on the under side looks like fresco. The ornamentation is elaborate and colossal. What a brilliant wonder of architecture this edifice must have been when new !

One may well wonder how these immense blocks were ever raised to the dizzy heights they occupy ; yet these are toys when compared with the rough hewn blocks that form the wide veranda which surrounds the great temple capital. A part of the platform two hundred feet long is composed of blocks of stone, some as large as a freight-car; in another section of the platform there were three stones, each of which seemed to be as long as three ordinary cottages side by side, the longest being sixty-nine feet in length, seventeen feet in width, and fourteen feet seven inches in height. It contains thirteen thousand cubic feet, and is supposed to weigh two million two hundred and seventy thousand pounds. This is the largest stone in the world, and has a mate in the quarry near by. How such stones were taken from the quarries and put into the temple is a question worthy of discussion. And in the midst of all of this there was a beautiful stream flowing onward in gentle beauty like some wonderful dream.

The next morning we boarded the train for Damascus, whence we were to set out in quest of more knowledge, walking in the footsteps of men who have written lyrics that charm all who love, epics that move all who act, songs that cheer all who suffer, poems that fascinate all who think.

A Resident of Beth-el

Shukrey Hishmeh, Dragoman

XVII

FIRST DAYS IN THE SADDLE

IN A STRAGGLING procession, suiting the gaits of their horses to their individual tastes, the forty "Damascus Rough Riders" set out on their ten-days' ride to Jerusalem. Along the banks of the River Abanah the pilgrimage began. The brilliant sunshine of noonday made minarets gleam and colors glow as we passed out from the city of Damascus. Soon we had crossed the river, which, running east and west, cuts the city in two, and were leaving mosks and houses behind.

Directly ahead of us, blocking our path on the far western horizon, towered Hermon's range. The snow that crowned its summit was not gleaming silver, but of a wonderfully soft whiteness, as of purity itself. Back of us rose the mountains of Damascus. On our right hand, to the north,—for we moved almost due west for a while,—were sweeping hills of pale brown, plowed fields, the goats grazing on the parched, hardly visible patches of grass looking like hundreds of tiny black spots in the distance. To the south, on our left hand, were mountains again. There were enough billowy white clouds overhead to deepen the clear blue of the sky.

Half an hour or so out from Damascus we bade a very regretful farewell to our friends and hosts, Mr. Sabra and Dr. Basiet, who had given us their "send off" and Godspeed by riding with us on our way at the start. The horses which they had secured at one of the best livery stables in Damascus were superb Arabian mounts, mettlesome and dainty in every line and motion But these high-strung animals could not have stood the long, tedious strain of the ride to Jerusalem as did our own less comely and hardier mounts. As our two friends turned their horses' heads back toward the city and rode slowly away from us I watched them in the bright sunshine until they were lost on the horizon, and their going left me with an unmistakably "homesick" feeling. Since returning to America it has been a very pleasant bit of news to learn that Mr. Sabra has been decorated by the Sultan, in recognition of loyal citizenship and faithfulness to his government,—a decoration which gives him the title "Bey." And a letter from Mrs. Hoskins, the wife of Dr. Franklin E. Hoskins of the Presbyterian Mission at Beyrout, brings the news that Nessib Bey Sabra has also received appointment as the representative of Protestant interests in the Turkish court,—interests that will be honorably cared for by this Syrian Christian gentleman.

A clump of figures in red are crouched together on the ground in a near-by field, pulling weeds. A shepherd and his dog watch their flock, as of old; cattle are grazing in a green meadow. Silently little parties of natives pass us on the road, the women often astride the horses or diminutive donkeys, while the men are sitting sideways. A goatherd stands picturesquely in red cloak and white turban. Buzzards float lazily overhead. Two Syrian peasant boys passing, whom I greet on a venture, look at each other, then burst into loud laughter, very much as some American boys would at such a strange proceeding. Another boy, bright-faced, sings merrily, showing his faultlessly white teeth, as he jogs along on his donkey, his legs swinging on one side.

Now we watch a goatherd as he stands a little distance ahead of his flock and whistles a peculiar call, while they confidently move his way. There is something one does not see in the West,—leading, not driving, the flock. The sight of mounted Bed′ween, rifles and shot-guns slung over the shoulder, reminds us that we shall do well to keep together, and explains why our young English director, Mr. Hillier, is so careful to keep a dragoman at each end of our cavalcade, that there be no stragglers.

Our real acquaintance with Shukrey Hishmeh began that morning, though some of us had first met him in the railroad station at Beyrout two days before. Shukrey was our dragoman. We had all known how prominent a part the word "dragoman" plays in the accounts brought back by travelers in the East. The dragoman seems to be such an important and ever-present factor of a journey in Syria or Egypt, and the accounts of the worth or rascality of dragomans (that is not a misprint) are sometimes so conflicting, that Shukrey was watched with no inconsiderable interest during the beginning of our journey south.

He was, to me, one of the most interesting features of our entire stay in Palestine. For he was a constant revelation of new virtues. A marvel of tireless, never-ceasing care for the comfort and safety of every American in his charge, he was always courteous, gentlemanly, and unassuming. Even with the muleteers and camp boys Shukrey rarely lost his temper, —and that is saying much for an Oriental. When he did break forth upon one of them it was for good cause, as in the case of our start from Cæsarea Philippi.

But usually he set the rest of us an example in Christian self-control and unruffled sweetness of disposition that gave more than one of us something to think about. For travel rarely brings out the best side of men and women,—even of ministers! And when things would go wrong,—saddle-girths slip, a hand-bag or camera disappear for an hour or two, or a horse stumble,—we Christian pilgrims out of the West would be just a little ashamed of impatient ejaculations and clouded looks when our dragoman came into view. He was an earnest Christian, renouncing his Muhammadan belief and braving the coldness or ridicule of his Muhammadan relatives and friends for the Christ of the East and the West.

It was evident that his Christianity was a controlling part of the man. Who of us, for instance, would have been likely to maintain the always courteous and respectful patience with a crowd of forty foreigners that Shukrey showed toward his American and Canadian charges? It would have been possible for us to have saved him a great deal of energy and voice-expenditure if we forty had always kept together when he was describing a site or a ruin. But we did not, and never by word or look did Shukrey betray any impatience on that account.

"Have you heard?" he would ask, as a straggler came galloping up just as Shukrey had finished giving the facts about a place. "I will tell it again,"—

and carefully he would repeat, and then a third or a fourth time, if need be, all that he had already told the others. It was no wonder that the poor fellow's voice gave out entirely before we came to our journey's end. Even then he unwillingly yielded to our insisting that he spare himself until the medicine of my good Florida friend, the Doctor, had restored the overworked vocal cords.

But it was as a student of Bible lands that Shukrey most impressed me. Here again, I had supposed the typical dragoman to be an ever-ready, parrot-like retailer of current traditions, showing the unsuspecting tourist impossible sites, or confounding the true with the false. But Shukrey soon showed that he was a thoughtful, discriminating student of the land and the Book. He knew every tradition of the places we passed, but he always distinguished the false from what he and other scholars believed to be the true. Or he would announce gravely that we were at a certain place, while the twinkle in his eye made further comment unnecessary. Again he would state clearly the reasons for and against a given site, and conclude by expressing his own belief, with the reason that appealed to him. He would quote freely from the Bible, and would almost invariably give us from memory the proper Old or New Testament reference to a spot that we were passing. If he could not do so, he made no concealment of the need of looking up the reference.

There was a reason for his discerning study of Bible lands. Shukrey Hishmeh, the son of a dragoman of wide reputation who was in charge of another party on this Sunday-school pilgrimage, had been the trusted dragoman of more than one leading Bible scholar, including the old friend and valued contributor of The Sunday School Times, Canon H. B. Tristram of Durham, England. He knew scholars' views and their methods of study. He had discussed the more important sites with them while on the ground, and his own natural ability made him quick to learn not merely their views, but their lines of thought. His thoughtful weighing of evidence, added to his knowledge of topography and text, justify one, I think, in calling Shukrey a Bible scholar on his own account.

It was two hours or more past noon, while we were feeling the heat of the midday, and the sun shone with a dazzling brilliancy that made us glad of our protecting *keffies*, that we came to a little group of stone, mud-covered huts, topped by straw and mud roofs. While resting there for a few minutes, the native men and women eying us curiously or offering us water, we learned that we were at Artuz (better Artoos), which marks the traditional point on the road to Damascus where Paul's vision took place. There is, of course, no way of knowing the exact spot; but we know that it was as Paul "drew nigh unto Damascus." He was nearing the end of the long journey from Jerusalem; we were just beginning the same journey from the north southward. The vision must have been very near, therefore, where we then stood. There was shining about us such a light as we had seldom seen, the ordinary noonday light to which Paul and other dwellers in that land were accustomed. Yet it was in the midst of such sunlight, at midday, nigh unto Damascus, that Paul says "I saw on the way a light

from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them that journeyed with me." What a light must have shone that day! Is it strange that they were "all fallen to the earth," and that Paul was "three days without sight"?

The great Tarsian had been the first of Bible heroes to greet us on our journey eastward, in the scene and memories at St. Paul's Bay at Malta. We had stood with him later on Mars' Hill in Athens, and had thanked God for the answer to his prayers that Dr. Kalopothakes and the Greek Evangelical Church are making in Greece's capital. At Ephesus we had seen only the place where the temple of the great Diana of the Ephesians once stood, and the ruined theater where Demetrius' mob tried to start lynch law against the fearless destroyer of their religion,—and of their business! And now our journeyings in the Land itself were first made memorable by Paul's footsteps: in the city of Damascus, where his life was stolen away from his enemies and saved for the world; and here at his spiritual birthplace, where Christ spoke and Paul listened, where the earthly eyes were blinded to midday sun, that the blindness of mistaken sin might fall away from eyes that were henceforth to see truth and reveal it as has no other man before or since. Paul was coming to be an old friend. For nineteen centuries Christian pilgrims in all lands have rejoiced in the privilege of following in his footsteps; that privilege was now ours in a peculiarly precious sense.

There was a brief rest at Artoos, then mount and push on, for we had lunched before starting on this first day's ride, and we must reach our camping-ground before nightfall. Hermon's crest was shut out by clouds that had settled about it toward the close of the afternoon, reminding us of that day when "there came a cloud overshadowing them" on the mount with Jesus. By sunset the clouds had lifted, and the mountain was clear against the sky again.

We rode by a great stretch of rocky ground that afternoon, where there were plowed fields that would make the work of a New England farmer in his rocky soil seem like ease and luxury. One ought not to call those fields in northeast Palestine rocky ground, but rather earthy rocks! Rocks were the main thing; soil was the exception. The fields were floors of earth-sprinkled boulders. You could walk across some of them, I believe, without once putting foot on clear ground,—and without taking long steps, either. Yet this stony floor was plowed! Surely when "the sower went forth to sow his seed," it must have been that much good seed "fell on the rock; and as soon as it grew, it withered away, because it had no moisture." How the eyes of Christ's hearers must have looked appreciation as he spoke that parable, neighbor glancing at neighbor, as if to say "we know what *that* kind of planting is!"

We rode up to the brow of the last hill before reaching camp, having traveled mile after mile of barren country, and our hearts leaped at what we saw. It was surely magic! Trees in trim rows, like a beautiful New England orchard, told of water and shade and fruitfulness. A stream ran like silver around the base of a green hill. As far as the eye could see stretched velvety fields and gently swelling green hills. Great flocks of goats grazed fat and contented. A thin line of smoke told of camp, yet a long way off. Darkness was coming down, and we were tired and aching with the long first day in the saddle ; but who could fail to get fresh life and delight in such a picture ? We rode on eagerly ; there was an exciting gallop to be first in, the women of the party joining eagerly in the race, and Kefr Hauwar was ours.

It was at this first evening camp dinner after leaving Damascus, I think, that Mr. Hillier gave us a surprise. The comforts of camp, indeed, were continually surprising us. We had course dinners at night, beginning with a hot soup and ending with dessert ; and frequently, when we reached camp early enough, afternoon tea would be served in the dining-tent. American men are not, as a rule, great tea drinkers, but that afternoon tea on the way to Jerusalem, served hot and fragrant after a long, hard day in the saddle, was about as grateful and refreshing a draught as we had ever known. The men were quite as sure to be on hand as the women.

Mr. Hillier's little surprise greeted us as we took our places at the dinner-table. It was a full-fledged printed evening menu, such as we had been accustomed to see on the Kurfürst every night, but hardly to be expected on the road from Damascus. The outside page bore the familiar "Norddeutscher Lloyd, Bremen," and some gaily-colored pictures of scenes in Cairo. The second page gave us a "Souvenir-List" of the names of the members of the Damascus Overland Party. The third page had a startling menu, including such dishes as "Potage a la Balbec," "Filet de Ram de Jericho," "Artichokes de Jerusalem," "Langues de Phau de Salomon," "Oranges de Jaffa," "Fruits de Mer Morte," and "Eau de Jordan." Even the customary "Musik-Programm" was not overlooked, for on the last page were announced the following selections:

1. Welcome Little Stranger, March	Shukrey Hishmeh
2. Palestine, My Happy-Home	George Jalloup
3. Chorus de la Homah	Full Band
4. Schottische de Jackal	Mustapha Jackal

The alleged composer of the second selection was our head waiter, as fine a looking Chaldean as one would want to see. George, whom we all came to know well, was an expert on coins and antiques, and saved more than one of us from the exorbitant charges of venders on the way. The menu closed with the comforting Oriental proverb-reminder: "Great fleas have lesser fleas upon their backs to bite them; these fleas have other fleas, *ad infin.*"

Our entire camping-party was together only at night-time and breakfast. While we would be taking our noonday rest of two or three hours, the pack camp pushed on ahead of us and did its best, each day, to have the tents set up and everything in readiness before we should catch them again at night. The dining-tent was not used for luncheon; we made that a picnic meal, sitting on the ground about rugs on which the food was set.

But when we all came together, each night, it was a genuine caravan indeed. In addition to the forty pilgrims and our English director, there were two dragomans, two cooks, seven waiters, thirty-six muleteers under a head muleteer, twenty donkeys, forty-nine mules, and fifty-three horses,—a total of eighty-nine persons and one hundred and twenty-two animals.

To look after this camp and cavalcade was a heavy responsibility, and Shukrey and Mr. Hillier were marvels of vigilance and forethought in their tireless care. At each camping-place Shukrey would engage men from among the natives living there to patrol the camp all night as sentinels and watchmen,—and then he would sit up most of the night and watch his watchmen! The arrangement was said to be more a matter of blackmail or "protection" than anything else: we paid the natives, under the name of watchmen, not to rob us. But it worked well, and there were no robberies or even losses of any importance during the entire journey.

People always ask what you did for water to drink, after you have been to the Holy Land,—"for of course," they say, "you did not drink the water that was there." But that is exactly what we did, simply exercising the same common sense that one would expect to use in Philadelphia or in any other part of North America. There is just as pure and sparkling and safe water in Palestine as there is in the rest of the world; and there is just as dangerous water in the rest of the world as there is in Palestine. In this matter we trusted Shukrey implicitly, and our confidence was justified. At every stopping-place he advised us, from his own careful knowledge of the place, whether we had better let the water alone, or use it freely, or use it sparingly. We carried with us, to be sure, bottled Apollinaris water, and used that from time to time. But many of us also used the water of the country, and we are all still alive to tell of it. As for being forced to drink wine for lack of water, there is as much need of that as there is in America,—but no more.

The recuperating effect of the night in Syria is remarkable. One tumbles into bed after a long, hard day in the saddle so exhausted physically that the thought of a five o'clock start the next morning is intolerable. The night is icy cold, but the chill air seems laden with a health-giving balm. Heavy colds in the head disappeared after two nights in the open air. Sleep is oblivion. When the donkey-bell alarm sounds the next morning in the starry darkness, it takes nerve and will-power to spring up and dress. But once out of your tent you feel the new life that the night's sleep has brought. And when, in thirty minutes more, breakfast is over and your knees are gripping the saddle again, you feel as though you could ride a hundred miles that day. We soon learned to count upon the new strength that was ours, fresh each morning like manna, and our sleep at night was all the better for our physical fatigue.

The eastern sky was pale yellow as we left Kefr Hauwar and started out on our course just south of westward for Cæsarea Philippi and Dan. That day's ride must take us over the southern spur of Mount Hermon itself. The range was still directly ahead of us ; we could see a village nestling at its side. In the early morning, patches of mist rested like distant lakes on the fertile valley that stretched away from us. Rich brown loam contrasted, in spots, with the green of the fields.

There is a scene worth stopping your horse a moment to watch,—the horses of our party fording the silver stream at the base of the hill where we had broken camp, and on the hilltop beyond the figures of the mounted leaders of our party silhouetted against the sky. A pile of stones, the traditional tomb of Nimrod, mighty hunter of the Lord, is pointed out to us.

Many of the rocks and stones that still abound are seemingly of a black, volcanic formation ; but there are other masses in grays, dark browns, and then light limestone colors and pale browns. Peeping out from among the very closest of these masses of rocks grow the daintiest, cheeriest little flowers, in purple, and blue, and mauve ; and brilliant poppies, buttercups, "babies' breath," daisies, crocuses, dandelions, forget-me-nots,—we were getting our first glimpse of the wild flowers of Syria. The "lily of the field" was there,—a flower of brilliant crimson, looking so much like the poppy as to be mistaken for it until we had learned to note the slight difference in formation.

As I dismounted to take a photograph, a native kindly offered me a stick for my horse ; my grateful acceptance was promptly followed by a suggestion that bakhsheesh would be the proper form of thanks. At another point on the road a passing Bed′-ween stopped one of our camp assistants and asked for a cigaret, which was supplied.

From a hilltop we could see in the distant southeast the great plain of Hauran, and close at hand the river Pharpar. Its crystal waters have often been noted by travelers as explaining Naaman's wrath at Elisha's instructions to wash in the Jordan, and the question "Are not Abanah and Pharpar, the rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean?" Nothing could be more sparklingly inviting than the waters of Pharpar as we saw it that spring morning, flowing between banks of wonderful greenness. We were later to have an opportunity to compare it with the brown muddiness of the Jordan near Jericho.

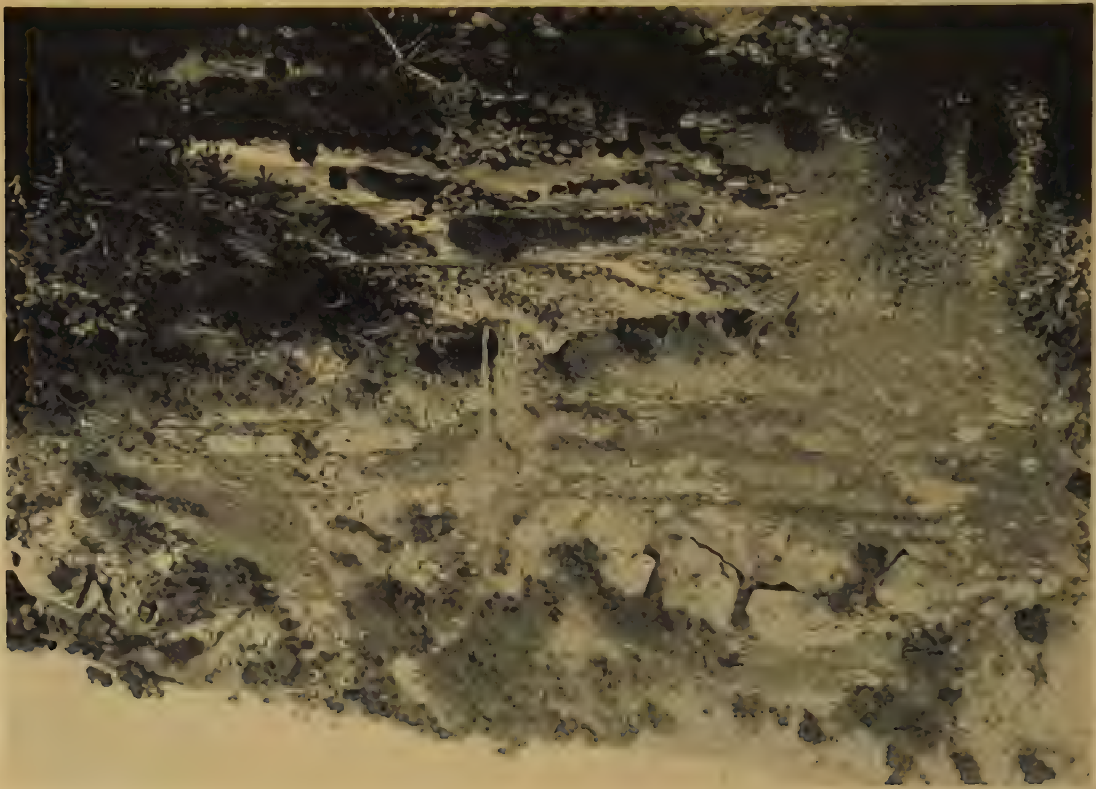
About ten o'clock on the morning of that second day we came to the foot of Hermon itself, no longer in the distance. But the snow-blanketed sides and summit of the long ridge still rose high above us, while lower down its slopes were sere and brown, and here and there, a little way up from the base, appeared patches of dull green.

Shukrey makes a picturesque figure on his graceful Syrian horse as he gallops along to one side of our line, calling directions to his men. We pass two English persons riding toward Damascus; their dragoman and Shukrey exchange greetings, stopping their horses and shaking each other's hands in western fashion. A native man rides by us on a donkey, while a woman—presumably his wife—walks behind. Other peasants pass us on the road, bearing great bundles of brush on their heads. In a field are two men in red coats, blue trousers, one with a red and white head covering, at work pruning some very dead-looking vines. I drop my reins on my horse's neck, stick my riding switch into my legging, and make notes as my trusty animal walks unguided steadily forward, up or down rocky, precipitous places, feeling cautiously with his sensitive feet for safe footholds, or breaks into a gentle trot at will.

Shortly before noon we pass a little Druse village that looks like not much more than a low stone wall. A woman carrying a water jar stands picturesquely in the center of a field gazing curiously at us, then turns and hurries on her way as though to make up for lost time. The fields just there are blue with forget-me-nots. Two of our muleteers stop to drink at a brook ; one gets flat down, face to the water, lapping like a dog ; the other dips up the water with his hand,—echo of Gideon's three hundred.

Midday brings us to a threshing-floor—a level bit of ground some acres in extent—belonging to a large Druse village built on a hillside, terrace upon terrace of pale brown huts. The children and grown folks swarm about us as the rugs are spread on the ground for our picnic lunch. Daggers, coins, trinkets of all sorts are beseechingly offered for sale. The word *emshee*, sharply spoken, sends them off when they get too insistent, or our dragomans take a hand and expostulate with them furiously. A laughing, noisy crowd of Druse boys and young men line up and play a game that seems to be a cross between football and basket-ball.

The regular noonday rest of our overland party lasts from about twelve o'clock to three, or less if the day's journey demands. But it is intended to avoid riding in the intense heat of midday, and is a very necessary precaution. Some of us expected to do a great deal of study and writing each day in those noonday hours and after reaching camp at night. We soon found that it was no time for either. We would, of course, read a little to ourselves, or some one would read aloud to a half dozen, from the Bible or George Adam Smith or Baedeker. But as a rule the hours out of the saddle would pass all too quickly in quiet rest under the shade of a tree, or in personal conversation with intimate friends, or in walks of investigation and discovery in the neighborhood. Close study and writing were a little too much to attempt after such horsebacking as we had. The spirit yielded gracefully to the flesh.



XVIII

FROM DAN TO THE WATERS OF MEROM

A CASTLE high on a hilltop is our first glimpse of Banias, or Cæsarea Philippi. Below it is the present village of about fifty small houses. Leaving our horses in camp, we walk a few hundred yards to a place of grassy banks and rocky slope, like a section of a natural amphitheater. The ground is bright with yellow daisies strewn thick through the grass like a carpet of gold and green velvet. Birds are singing in the silver-barked trees. That quiet pool just under the brush by a stone wall is what we have been hunting for,—one of the sources of the Jordan. From that pool the water runs down over a rocky bed and at once spreads out into many little streams, running through a sort of basin aggregating about one hundred feet in diameter, then passes along on its way to the stream which becomes the Jordan. This spring at Cæsarea Philippi shares with three others the honor of supplying the Jordan. But this and another a little distance away to the west, at Dan, which we saw early the next morning, are the only two mentioned by ancient writers, says George Adam Smith, as sources of the river.

Near by are the rock-cut shrines or niches of Pan (Ban and Banias in Arabic, for the Oriental tongue cannot form the letter P) and Greek inscriptions, the word "Ban" being plainly visible. The ever-present olive tree on the top of the cliff stands in clear silhouette against the sky. To the left of the shrines is the yawning mouth of a great cave, the gloomy interior of which I was able to photograph by an eight-second exposure.

As I stooped beside the crystal waters of the spring that feeds the Jordan, and drank from my hand, a woman from the village near by came, at sunset, to fill her water jar. She uttered a syllable or two in courteous acknowledgment of my presence, modestly drew her veil over her face, and bent down to draw water from the living spring. I picked a couple of stones from the water to carry home with me, and came away. How the scenes of Christ's life repeat themselves, day after day, in this his land! It was while he rested by a well down in Samaria, one day, that "there cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water." Did this woman of Cæsarea Philippi, into the parts of which Jesus himself once came with his disciples, have, I wonder, the Gift that shall become a well of water, springing up into eternal life?

When we reached the tents again, dinner was ready, and so were we! Our food on that camping trip was always good, if it had only had American cooking. But even fresh chicken or tender mutton, if stewed with vegetables and strong goat's butter, loses a bit of its native flavor. The meats and vegetables were of the best, and we had a good variety, but everything tasted the same. The Oriental cook evidently does not know what roasting or broiling is, —not in camp, at any rate. So the flavors that had the charm of novelty at first became monotonously familiar after a few meals. Meals, however, were a minor matter.

It had been cloudy that evening, but we hoped for clear weather. We turned in, and slept—until the noise of a thunderous rain beating on the roofs and walls of our tents conquered even our sleep. Then we turned over and slept again—it couldn't last till morning, or if it did, we would rest quietly in the shelter of our snug tents until the storm passed over. Another nap; and this time the "donkey band" goes clamorously past our tent doors, and as it dies away, a steady, relentless tattoo tells of the downpour outside. Five o'clock; in thirty minutes we must be dressed, packed for the day, and at breakfast; in sixty minutes, in the saddle! Hearts sank. Now we should see what the Damascus Rough Riders were made of.

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It is not so bad as it sounds, after all, to ride horseback in a drenching storm over the hills of northern Galilee. Before we had been many minutes in the saddle that morning we were glad we were adding the new experience to our lot. But we were very, very wet. Some were wise enough to get into their saddles as promptly as possible after leaving the breakfast-tent, and thus had a comparatively dry place to sit. Umbrellas were used for what little protection they gave. It was an odd-looking cavalcade that moved slowly along, like giant black toadstools on four legs. My umbrella had, of course, been borrowed that morning,—it turned up again the next day, when the sun was out. So Shukrey came galloping up with a great shepherd's cloak, of heavy woven material in broad brown and white stripes, and made me ride in that. It slipped on easily, with long slits for the hands to come through, like the openings in a lady's mackintosh, and kept the rain out from the time I put it on. I felt like a Hebrew patriarch.

As we had been finding our own horses and mounting them that morning in the rain, Mrs. Trumbull could not seem to locate her animal. This was not an unusual thing for any of us, in the confusion of breaking camp. But after Shukrey and William, the assistant dragoman, had been told of it, and themselves had hunted among the horses for quarter of an hour or so unsuccessfully, it began to look serious. Then we discovered that Mrs. Trumbull's Syrian camp boy was nowhere to be seen. This boy was one of the features of our ride to Jerusalem. When we had started on our way from the Damascus camp Shukrey had told him to stay by Mrs. Trumbull's horse until she should become well acquainted with the animal. He carried out his instructions faithfully and literally. Grasping her horse's bridle, he had led him along the river Abanah, and did not release his hold until Mrs. Trumbull finally succeeded in making him understand her wish that he should do so, by shaking her head and saying to him emphatically, "No, no ; no, no." From that beginning she said "No, no" to him for other things, until the words became her signal for him on all occasions, and the poor boy's negative name, "No No," was firmly fixed. The muleteers and dragomans took it up, and I am afraid it will stick for life.

And now "No No" and Mrs. Trumbull's horse were gone together. It looked like a plain case of breaking down under too great temptation, and I did not expect to see either again. William was in despair; Shukrey was indignant. Another horse was saddled and brought around, when we saw, coming toward us, in the pouring rain, a very wet Syrian boy, his pink and white dishcloth head-covering soaked through, his shoes very muddy, with rather a scared look on his face, and dragging behind him Mrs. Trumbull's horse, saddled and bridled. "No No's" faithfulness had inspired him with a happy thought: he would get his mistress's horse in out of the rain and keep him safe and dry for her until she should be ready to start. So early that morning he had quietly led the horse away and secreted him somewhere under cover. Poor boy! It was done out of the kindness of his loyal little heart, but I trembled for him when I saw Shukrey's face. It was one of the few times that I ever saw Shukrey thoroughly upset. "No No" had to learn a severe lesson that day. But it was the only time he needed the reprimand that his name implied, and he was faithful to the end. He and another boy made the two hundred and forty miles from Damascus to Jerusalem on foot, keeping up with our horses whether we walked or galloped.

"No No" did learn one other English phrase beside his name. He brought Mrs. Trumbull's saddle to our tent every afternoon, so that she might be sure of having the same saddle each day. And every morning before daybreak, while we were dressing, we would hear a liquid voice calling outside our tent flap, very softly, with a peculiarly musical inflection, "No No, No No." It was the boy's signal to us that he wanted to take the saddle out and get the horse ready. Mrs. Trumbull's "good morning" greeting soon taught him to say "good morning" himself, but he reserved the use of this salutation more for the other times of day, especially when he would see us just before bedtime, perhaps nine o'clock at night. Then his "good morning" came clear and confident.

A ride of five miles or less brought us to Dan, a grassy, wooded hill which in the sunshine would undoubtedly have been the beautiful spot that it is commonly reported to be. Shukrey referred us to Judges 18 : 28, and later we found there, from the 27th to the 29th verses, the account of the founding of the city, which "was Laish at the first." At its foot, on the west, flowed a stream, sister source of the Jordan to the spring we had left the night before. We rode our horses to the summit of the hill, that our feet—or theirs—might rest on the site of that northern city of Israel. "From Dan to Beersheba" we were almost to go, for Beersheba is less than fifty miles south of Jerusalem, and still nearer to Bethlehem.

By midday or earlier the sun had routed the storm, and I had cast off my shepherd's cloak. It took but an hour or so of Syrian sunshine to dry us to the bone. Just ahead rose the brown hills of Naphtali, and we heard the liquid notes of a shepherd's flute sounding clear in the distance. The music was of those same weird Oriental intervals that we knew so well now, but it was sweet even to our western ears that spring morning. The "flute" is made of two or more reeds fastened together, and blown into after the manner of a clarinet.

We thought we were in for one of the plagues of Egypt that day. For we ran into a cloud of locusts,—or they ran into us. First we saw them in the air, enough to notice that there were a good many. Then they thickened up until we began to talk about them. Finally they rose from the ground in swarming clouds that shut out vision, and struck our faces and bodies in their blind flight. Ahead of us we saw them resting on the ground in companies and regiments and battalions. As we walked our horses toward them they would rise with a noise of fluttering wings. "There must be ten thousand of them" said Gill of Kentucky. Every one within earshot fell into the trap. "Ten *thousand?*" was thundered back at him,—then his smile gave him away.

We witnessed no more beautiful pastoral scene in all Palestine than was ours at our place of noonday rest, ‘Ain Belâteh, on the way from Dan to the Waters of Merom. Cattle stood shoulder-deep in the cool waters of a pond; generous shade trees offered a grateful refuge from the sun, and a carpet of green grass made a tempting place for noonday naps by man or beast. Down the road passed a long line of mules and donkeys, to the music of their tinkling bells,—our camp and pack-train. A company of Bed′ween youths entertained us with native songs and dances. They would stand together while one piped and another danced, after the fashion of a darky "hoedown," the rest clapping their hands rhythmically. Or one of the number would walk back and forth in front of the line, chanting a monotonous strain, while the others, every three or four measures, would respond in an antiphonal strain of a measure or two. The performers were evidently amused, and seemed to enjoy the exhibition as much as we did. These primitive children of the East remind one strongly, in their musical entertainments, of the primitive children brought from Africa into our own southland. On the faces of some of the native women we began to notice something that was unexpected,—disfiguring dull blue and gray markings that looked like tattooing, but that may have been only laid on the surface of the skin.

Our camp at the Waters of Merom that night was hard by a Bed′ween encampment. Here, again, were fertility and pastoral beauty in prodigal abundance. We climbed a mountain-side to the west, and looked across the valley beneath us. The stream that was fed by the springs which we had seen at Banias and Dan, flowing south, widened into the small lake that is shown on one's Bible maps between Dan and the Sea of Galilee. Cattle were here, as at ‘Ain Belâteh, and sheep grazed in the green fields. The stream wound back and forth like silver; colts with their mothers, asses with their foals, were picketed or grazing; our little camp donkeys rolled on their backs in the soft cool grass in sheer delight at shedding their heavy burdens of the long day's march. One little fellow, in fording a stream that day, had fallen down —or perhaps had intentionally lain down—in the water; finding his pack too heavy to get up, he rested there contentedly in the cool current until the muleteers unpacked and released him. Two or three red-brown ribbons of road, crossing each other, ran as far as the eye could see; one, cutting the landscape from hillside to hillside right and left, was the road by which we had come. Yellow locusts jumped noisily from our every footstep.

On the other side of the plain, far to the east of the Waters of Merom, rose mountains again, brightened by the last ray of the sun that was sinking behind the mountains at our back. Little groves of trees were clustered about the banks of Merom, and the gleam of a white house was seen near them. Black goats and brown sheep, fields of red earth, yellow flowers, green grass, white, light green, or deep green brush, made up the many-colored scene that stretched before us, and, distinct from all, nestled the two camps a couple of hundred yards apart,—the trim, round, cone-topped, gleaming white tents of the Americans contrasting sharply with the irregular black and dull brown tents of the Bed′ween.

While the eye was taking in the quiet beauties of this scene, the ear was enjoying the never-ceasing jingle of the musical bells, many tongued, worn by the animals of the camp, the Oriental cadences of a shepherd boy's reeds, and the faint echoes of the dragomans' excited talk and sharply-shouted orders. Then the goats and sheep began to move slowly across the fields toward home. It was sundown.

As I turned back to the camp, I saw that a motionless figure was watching us. He wore on his head a white *keffie* held in place by a heavy black cord ; over a white body-cloth was thrown a black cloak, the skirts coming below the knees, and beneath that was a yellow skirt reaching to the ankles. His arms were upraised, holding a stick that passed back of his shoulders. Motionless, silent, picturesque, he stood ; the East watching the West.

Just inside one of the Bed′ween tents a woman was kneading bread and baking it in thin flat cakes on a rude metal stove over glowing embers. The black-eyed children and the grown folks of the encampment eyed us curiously. One group was squatted in a circle on the ground in front of a tent. A little girl carrying a baby sister, and another little friend with her, wearing a bright yellow head-dress, called insistently for bakhsheesh to one of the American pilgrims who was oblivious to them, buried in his Baedeker. The cool wind just rising warned us of the instant coldness that settles down after sunset.

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It looked like a painting of Doré's the next morning. The sun "drawing water" from the Waters of Merom made a "glory" picture worth remembering. We could see Cæsarea Philippi far to the north, directly at our backs as we turned our horses' heads toward Jerusalem. Nearer at hand, but also behind us, were the hills of Naphtali, and Dan. On our right were the hills which we had climbed for our sunset view the night before. Even the Bed′ween camp lay quiet and gray in the early dawn. Everything was misty and faint at first; gradually and steadily the sun grew stronger and clearer, scattering the mist. A field ahead of us, on our left, was white with pelicans.

As we came down a sharp incline, a slope of golden wild flowers on our right hand, the left a bed of green plush, a man jogged toward us on donkey back. From his saddle-bags on each side appeared the head and fore paws of a baby lamb, contentedly eating the tender grass their owner was feeding to them as they traveled.

On the hills to the west were two primitive brown mud villages, while to the southwest we saw a more pretentious village, with here and there white walls and red roofs contrasting with the brown. To the east was a modern-looking settlement of well-built houses with pointed, red-tiled roofs. As we drew near, our road led between trim, well-kept orchards, a stone wall on one side, a barbed wire fence on the other. We might have been in a prosperous farming region in New York state but for the armed Bed′ween we occasionally passed,—answering us courteously if spoken to. It was our first sight of one of the Jewish colonies started in recent years in Palestine. One of our dragomans gave me a handful of almonds fresh from the trees we were passing; they can be eaten shells and all when they are green, the kernel itself being only a bit of firm, transparent pulp.

We rode along Eucalyptus Avenue, under the shade of the graceful trees, and contrasted this settlement with the wastes of the country through which we had traveled in the two days since leaving Damascus. How the land might still be made to flow with milk and honey, a veritable Land of Promise, if the faces and hearts of the people could be turned toward the Light!

* * * * *

We had left the little settlement, and were between green fields again. Mrs. Trumbull and I were riding by ourselves, a little apart from the rest of the company. As our horses, walking side by side, reached the brow of a hill, I heard Mrs. Trumbull say quietly: "Look at the Sea of Galilee." I turned and saw. There it lay, far to the south, dim and pale blue in the haze of the morning. There was another haze before my eyes ; and a lump came into my throat,—I could not help it, and did not try to. And the memory that came to me was of a song that used to quiet my fears when, a little chap, I would wake up in the night and cry out in fright, and my mother would come to the bedside and sing me to sleep. She always sang a hymn that told of a storm on that blue sea, and of the fishers' fright, and the heaving of the billows; and then of the calm and quiet when One said, "Peace, be still."

XIX

BY THE SEA OF GALILEE

ALL the memories and influences of your lifetime - knowledge of Jesus Christ sweep down over you as you look for the first time on the Sea of Galilee. We were yet three hours distant from the Lake that Saturday morning when we first saw its blue waters from the hilltop to the north. I wanted to make permanent my first impression, and I made in my note-book just a bare outline sketch of the view looking south. The hills rose on both sides of the Lake ; on the right hand there were two sets of them, those near the shore, and those farther to the south and west on the horizon. The ground dipped to the right between us and the Lake ; our road where we could see it wound almost due south. We knew that the Jordan was running more or less parallel to our road a few miles east of us, and we wanted to gallop across the ridges and fields to see it, but our plans would not permit. Looking straight down the Lake to the south we could not see anything but the horizon of water lost in the clouds and mist.

As we rode slowly forward, drinking it all in and trying to realize that we were there, Shukrey pointed out one after another of the places that had been our old friends from childhood, yet that we were now for the first time to know. The hills that we saw in the far southwest were the mountains of Galilee. A little nearer, Mount Tabor rose in its almost perfect cone-like symmetry. Still nearer was a saddle-topped ridge, the Horns of Hattin, thought by many to be the Mount of Beatitudes. A little village nestling at the foot of the hills, close to the water's edge and well down the western shore toward the south, is Tiberias, where we are to spend Sunday. That low, flat, green plain almost level with the surface of the water, some distance north of Tiberias, is the Plain of Gennesaret.

In a field near us a man plowing and another sowing were at work. Mrs. Trumbull and I, loath to have the time pass, dismounted, and leading our horses, walked slowly through the fields of wild flowers toward Capernaum and the Lake. As our hands and knees were scratched by the countless thistles that clung to us and tried to block our way, we realized how significant was the question our Lord asked in Galilee: "Do men gather figs from thistles?" In another field a whole family was at work, the man plowing, the woman sowing, the baby standing and watching. As the woman caught sight of us watching them, she stopped her work, picked up the baby, and came toward us hoping for bakhsheesh.

Tell-Hum was our noonday destination. Since the sixth century Christian tradition has made this the site of Capernaum, and some modern authorities still consider it so. It is on the shores of the Lake, about two miles west of where the Jordan enters. There are a few huts there, some almost indistinguishable ruins, and a convent kept by Franciscan monks. The other contestant for the site is a point two miles further south, also on the water's edge, known as Khan Minyeh. The tradition in favor of this goes back almost as far as for Tell-Hum, and my father strongly favored the site, as does also George Adam Smith.

Our first experience of a convent in Palestine was at Tell-Hum ; we took lunch under cover there, instead of on the grass under the sky as we had each day before. Within the shelter of the cool, dampish plaster walls we sat, around a big table, helping ourselves to what we wanted, while the silent Franciscans looked in on us from open doorways, or moved noiselessly about, helping our dragomans and waiters in serving the forty hungry pilgrims.

The next move in our journey was across the waters of the Lake itself. The boats were of the small fishing type, with both sail and oars, ready for breeze or calm, probably such as were used by those fishers of old who left their nets by these waters to become fishers of men. Six or eight passengers besides the two native boatmen were all that each boat could carry. We started out diagonally from Tell-Hum, our men rowing us southwest to what is popularly called Bethsaida of Galilee,—not Bethsaida Julias, over on the eastern shore. Had time and circumstances permitted, a few of us would have liked to make the journey from Tell-Hum on foot eastward around the head of the Lake and across the Jordan to Bethsaida Julias, seeing if we could "outgo" others who should travel to the same spot by boat from Tell-Hum. Bethsaida Julias, which was probably near the scene of the feeding of the five thousand, lies a mile north of the northeastern shore of the Lake, a little east of the Jordan. This is believed to be the region to which Jesus and the disciples, after hearing of the murder of John the Baptist in Herod's fortress at Machærus, almost a hundred miles to the south, "withdrew . . . in a boat." "And the people saw them going, and many knew them, and they ran together there on foot from all the cities, and outwent them."

While our oarsmen were straining and perspiring at the heavy oars in the midday heat, a sudden breeze sprang up, and our sail quickly took the burden from the men. The boats were beached at "Bethsaida of Galilee," the present ‘Ain Tabigha, half-way between Tell-Hum and Khan Minyeh. After disembarking us, the boatmen left us there and sailed on down to a point on the edge of the Plain of Gennesaret, while we went over the intervening ground on foot.

A small boy who had been in the stern of our boat, and who could speak a smattering of English, in which he tried to direct the movements of all of us, had been beseeching me to buy from him, after we landed, a quantity of small shells that he had with him from the shores of the Lake. He explained that I must not buy them then, but after we landed, for the boatman, he said, if he saw me give the boy money, would take it from him as soon as we were gone. This seemed plausible, and after we were on shore I gave him a little bakhsheesh for the shells. When we rejoined the boats an hour or two later, my clever boy came rushing up with a pitiful tale of how the boatman had, after all, taken the money from him, and he showed me a small scratch on one hand as evidence of the man's cruel violence. Then he implored me to give him the same amount again. But the youngster looked just a little too clever, and the scratch was just a little too harmless, for the guileless American to be taken in the second time. I declined, on the ground that it was no use for me to give him more money, as it would certainly be taken from him again. His look was reproachful.

We stopped for a glimpse of the hospice kept by the German Catholic Palestine Society at ‘Ain Tabigha, chatted with the courteous father in charge, and then climbed on up the rocky promontory which, at Khan Minyeh, overlooks the Lake at some height above the water and the adjoining ground. Part of our way lay along the ruins of a stone aqueduct.

A crushing sense of desolateness came down over me as I walked those lonely shores of the Sea of Galilee, where once had been such life and brightness. The populous city of Capernaum, where Christ loved to work,—what sign of it now? Whether it once stood at Tell-Hum or at Khan Minyeh matters little; in the two miles between those two points where we had traveled that afternoon I did not see a dozen souls outside of our own party and the convents. Yet the very ground whereon I stood was one of the centers of Galilee's life in our Lord's day. George Adam Smith's picture of life on the shores of Galilee shows this graphically. His chapter on "The Lake of Galilee" is a work of genius, as is so much else in his "Historical Geography." He writes:

"In the time of our Lord she [the Lake] must have mirrored within the outline of her guardian hills little else than city-walls, houses, synagogues, wharves and factories. Greek architecture hung its magnificence over her simple life: Herod's castle, temple and theaters in Tiberias; the bath-houses at Hammath; a hippodrome at Taricheæ; and, farther back from the shore, the high-stacked houses of Gamala; the amphitheater in Gadara, looking up the lake with the Acropolis above it, and the paved street with its triumphal archway; the great Greek villas on the heights about Gadara; with a Roman camp or two, high enough up the slopes to catch the western breeze, and daily sending its troops to relieve guard in the cities. All this was what imposed itself upon that simple open-air life on fields and roads and boats, which we see in the Gospels, so sunny and free."

And again he writes: "Twice it has seemed to me that I saw the lake as it lay in those thronged days. . . . The second occasion was at Fik, as I looked across the site of Gamala and down the gorge, on the lake and the houses of Tiberias opposite,—their squalor glorified in the midday sun. I saw nothing but water and houses, and the sound came over the hill of a bugle of a troop of Turkish horse. It was a glimpse and an echo of that time when Greek cities and Roman camps environed the lake. Yet only a glimpse; for Gamala should have been stacked with her high houses, and the lake dotted with sails, and on the air there should have been the hum of tens of thousands of a population crowded within a few square miles."

Has not prophecy been terribly fulfilled? The three cities whose sites are so obliterated as to be in lasting uncertainty are Bethsaida, Chorazin, and Capernaum. "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! . . . And thou, Capernaum, shalt

thou be exalted unto heaven? thou shalt go down unto Hades."

From the promontory at Khan Minyeh I stood and looked out over the Lake. In the distance, to the northeast, I saw where Bethsaida Julias stood, and where, perhaps, the five thousand were fed. Directly across the Lake, or a little to the south, rose, sheer out of the water, the precipitous cliffs of "the country of the Gergesenes, which is over against Galilee," where "the demons came out from the man, and entered into the swine: and the herd rushed down the steep into the lake, and were drowned." South of me, on the west shore, stretched the green, fertile Plain of Gennesaret; and at its southern end was Magdala, home of Mary Magdalene, true disciple who has borne too long the undeserved burden of dishonor that the Gospels nowhere lay upon her. Still farther south was the only scene of native life that was to greet our eyes on the whole Lake, the present town of Tiberias, mentioned only once in the Gospel records (John 6:23).

As I wondered in some bewilderment which were the true sites,—Tell-Hum or Khan Minyeh for Capernaum, Hattin or a nearer hill for the Mount of Beatitudes, east or west shore for the miraculous feeding, Tabor or Hermon for the place of Transfiguration,—a thought that was not my own came back to me with comfort. It was this: Though no man may settle these questions, which in some cases prophecy itself forbids settling, yet it was on that blue Lake, just as I saw it, and on the hills and mountains that framed it, and on just such fleecy clouds and sky overhead, that Jesus and his disciples looked as they sat by the shore, and talked, and planned, and prayed together. The Lake and the hills that He saw, I saw ; as they were when I saw them, so they were when He saw them. There was comfort in that truth, and inspiration in that privilege. While going on to study the sites and all that may yet be revealed about them, nothing can take away or alter the privilege that was ours that Easter week.

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There was a faint pink showing in the sky to the east, over the hills across the Sea of Galilee, when I lifted my tent flap and looked out very early Sunday morning. Our little camp of fifteen tents had been pitched a hundred yards back from the water's edge, and just south of the town of Tiberias, between the town proper and the famous hot baths. That day, for the first time since we had ridden out of Damascus, we need not rise at five o'clock, for we were to stay in camp over the Sabbath. An hour or two later the rosy glow of our tent walls announced the full sunrise, and I heard outside a fellow pilgrim cheerily whistling the ship's bugle-call for rising. It was a new experience to dress by daylight instead of candle-light.

The evening before, we had arranged for a Sunday morning service on the hillside close to our camp, overlooking the Lake. Another overland party from the Kurfürst was near us, in the convents at Tiberias and Tell-Hum, and was invited to share in our worship. The leader of the service devoted the hour to informal study of the scenes and teachings of Jesus on and near the Sea of Galilee. We had been in the footsteps of our Lord since reaching Cæsarea Philippi three days before. Now we were in the region most hallowed by the associations of his active ministry. And the Gospel record of his ministry in Galilee was the fresher in our minds because, with twenty-six million other Sunday-school workers, we had been for three months studying, in the International Lessons, that part of the Gospels. When the multitude had "pressed upon him and heard the word of God," Jesus "was standing by the lake of Gennesaret"; and by that Lake we were studying that same word of God. Out of its waters had come the miraculous draught of fishes to those who had toiled all night, and taken nothing; and after that sign of his loving help Jesus had chosen four disciples, saying to Simon: "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men." "A Sabbath in Capernaum" meant more now than ever before to us who were spending a Sabbath at Tiberias, where we could look upon the very ground where the other populous city had stood. And the calming of the waves of that quiet sea,—we were to know before the day was over what sudden violence could imperil lives in the frail fishing boats of Galilee.

Fish are still taken in the Lake, and the *moucht* formed an attractive part of our luncheon that noon. As we sat in the dining-tent, we could catch, through the open doorway, glimpses of the native life outside. A train of donkeys and camels passed slowly along the road, with a family in a square box-like arrangement on one camel's back, and a coal black negro walking alongside. Jews and Bed′ween pass from time to time.

In the afternoon a few of us went by boat down the Lake for a glimpse of the southern shores and of the

Jordan, as it leaves Galilee on its way to the Salt Sea. Leaving our boat after covering most of the distance, we jumped or were carried to land, and walked the remaining half-mile to a slight promontory, from which the Jordan was in plain view. The river leaves the Lake at a direction due west for about three hundred yards, turns south for a hundred yards or less, then west again, and then south into regions as yet unknown to us, Samaria and Judæa. Some men on horses and on foot were fording the Jordan while we were there.

A Galilean fishing-boat, with nets piled in the stern, passed us on our return. The boatmen of Galilee were interesting studies. With fine, muscular swing, finishing with a sharp jerk, they drove our heavy boat through the water, two facing the stern and one the bow. One stood at his work, another rose and sat as he finished the stroke, the third sat throughout.

And then a breeze sprang up. It came and went in sudden puffs, and finally it was so boisterous that the waves were splashing into the boat, and our boatmen dared not go out into the center of the Lake, but hugged the shore, following closely every turn and angle of the land. The sun had set, and the gray twilight was settling down. As we sat there, trusting our boatmen to bring us safely to camp, I looked out across the Lake into the gray night, and thought of that night long ago, when One said unto his disciples, "Let us go over unto the other side. . . . And there ariseth a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the boat. . . . And he awoke and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. And he said unto them, why are ye fearful? have ye not yet faith?" Without the stilling of the waves, yet just as truly by His loving care, we were guarded that night and brought unharmed to land.

Another party had gone by boat to visit Bethsaida Julias, on the northeast shore. Theirs was a much longer journey, and the evening wore away without any sign of them, while the wind-storm on the Lake did not diminish. Their course lay directly across the Lake, its most dangerous part at a time like this. Shukrey was genuinely distressed.

"You are not worried about them, are you, Shukrey?" I asked him as I saw the look on his face.

"Of course I am worried, Mr. Trumbull," he said, very simply and respectfully, but very earnestly, and he kept up his search with his eyes into the darkness of the Lake, eager for some sign of the safety of those for whom he held himself responsible. When the cry went up, "They're here, and all right," there was a prayer of thankfulness in other hearts than Shukrey's.

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The sun's conflict with a shower of rain arched a Muhammadan cemetery with a glowing rainbow as we rode out from Tiberias Monday morning. The rainbow was the most perfect I have ever seen,—a full half circle, each end resting on the earth. What a blessed contrast it was to the pitiful little whited sepulchers of the Muhammadan dead! Out of the struggle of God's sunlight with earth's clouds the bow is born, the Father's ever-renewed pledge of "the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth." And he lovingly placed it that morning over a graveyard of Muhammadanism, by the shore of the Lake which his Son loved, in a land which, but for a faithful few, rejected and crucified that Son. We of the West had crucified him, too, and the rainbow spoke to East and West alike.

As we rode our horses up the steep hill back of Tiberias, on our way westward toward Nazareth, I looked back at the Lake. It was another of those Doré scenes. The sun had broken a giant rift through the massed banks of clouds, and made a great patch of gleaming silver in the center of the steel gray waters. A native woman standing in the doorway of her tiny grass hut watches us; white *keffied* Bed'ween, always armed, pass us silently; a hoary-bearded old man of patriarchal type, and boys who look as though they might be Christian converts from the mission near by, add to the living interest of the scene. Constantly we are reminded of the animal family life of the East: goats with their kids; long-legged colts frisking by their mothers' sides; tiny, furry baby lambs; and awkward baby camels, long-necked as well as long-legged, keeping close to their mothers.

I drew rein just south of the chain of hills of which the nearest is the mount back of Magdala, believed by Canon Tristram to be the Mount of Beatitudes, and had a last view of the places that throng the shore. Magdala I could not see; it lay hidden just beneath the mount. The Plain of Gennesaret lay low and green next to Magdala on the north, Khan Minyeh's promontory rose high above the plain, then Tell-Hum at the head of the Lake, the Jordan plain, and Bethsaida Julias to the east. Before I turned away for the last time I could not but raise a silent prayer for the return even yet of the rejected blessing upon that fair land. And the fresh morning wind blowing in my face was not the only thing that made it hard to see. When I turned in the saddle and looked back again, a few minutes later, the Lake had dropped from view, and I saw only oxen plowing in the rich brown loam of the fields.

There were always contrasts at hand. The morning that we left Tiberias I remember how our Syrian boy "No No" looked, running over the hills of Galilee. He wore faded blue jean baggy trousers, of the enormously full Oriental pattern with generous seat, a turkey red sash, a claret-and-white striped jacket, what looked like a red and white dishcloth over his head, drawn tightly down over both ears and the sides of his face and wrapped around his neck, an American straw hat planted firmly on top, three umbrellas in one hand, and a lady's shell side-comb in the other. He dashed over the landscape, singing cheerily, always in good humor, never giving any show of fatigue.

Those of us who wished to do so rode with Shukrey to the summit of the Horns of Hattin. A drenching storm came up, but rain had no terrors for us now. Mount Tabor rose in its symmetrical beauty to the south of us. As one of the reasons against considering Tabor the mountain of the Transfiguration, Shukrey told us of having been on Mount Tabor with Canon Tristram at the time when tombs were discovered there. Where there are tombs it is commonly supposed that there must have been a village, which does not agree with the idea of isolation implied in the Gospels' record of the "high mountain apart" where the transfiguration occurred. To the north-east we had a last glimpse of the Plain of Gennesaret; directly east we could still see the Lake. Safed, a "city set on a hill," stood out a few miles to the north; in clear weather, we were told, every house there could be clearly seen from where we were.

Riding down from the hill of Hattin, we pushed on, by olive orchards and past a great picturesque cactus hedge, while the green of the fields was picked out with the brightest, daintiest color spots of wild flowers,—red, yellow, blue, and white. The sun was out strong and clear now, and there ahead of us was Cana of Galilee.

XX

CANA AND NAZARETH

OVER the doorway of one of the modern churches in the present little village of Cana of Galilee is an inscription that reads :

Nuptiae
Factae sunt
In Cana Galilaeae
Et erat
Mater Jesu ibi
A D MDCCCLXXX

If you wish, you can see one of the "waterpots of stone" that were used for the miracle at the wedding nineteen centuries ago,—so the priest will tell you. A handsome young Syrian woman posed for me, with a water jar on her head, while my camera caught her. A Greek priest, in his picturesque hat and robes, courteously let himself be photographed, while the young fellows of the village crowded around, and one, seeing what I was after, crept up alongside of the unoffending father, and with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, poised a villainous-looking dagger over the priest's head as if about to plunge it to its hilt. Near the courtyard of the church were the first beehives I had seen in Palestine, reminiscent of the honey which to Moses was a promised attraction of this Promised Land.

I purchased an ordinary water jar at Cana to bring home to America with me. The price which William, assistant dragoman, arranged with the owner, a boy, was about four cents, or one piaster. I put the jar into one of my Damascus saddle-bags and was riding contentedly out of the village when an excited woman rushed up back of my horse, talking at me unintelligibly, dove into my saddle-bags, pulled out the jar, and was retiring when I called William to the rescue. He parleyed with her.

"She is the boy's mother, and she wants two piasters," said William, in some hesitation as to whether he ought to suggest the extravagance. But I felt willing to pay even eight cents for a real Cana water jar. I offered the woman another of the little gleaming silver pieces ; silently and instantly she returned the jar to me, and the incident was ended. No, not ended, either, until a day or two later, when, alas, I left the jar in my tent with my other baggage on starting for the day's ride. The muleteers, not knowing the difference between a priceless though somewhat broken relic of Cana, and an ordinary waterpot, left it behind as worthless, and I never set eyes on my treasure again. Did that woman of Cana give me the "evil eye," and mysteriously "hoodoo" the bargain, after all ?

We had left Cana behind us, and I was riding somewhat apart from the others with my Florida friend, the Doctor, who had stood by me in more than one photographing adventure, when we came to the little Christian village of El Raney. The women of the village were coming to a spring by the roadside to draw water as we passed, and one of them, a young girl who spoke a little English, got the group to wait

for a moment while the Doctor and I photographed them. She wanted no bakhsheesh, but acknowledged our thanks very gracefully and modestly.

We were riding on between fertile fields of wheat and orchards of olive and mulberry trees, the white fleecy clouds overhead reminding us of the morning's drenching, when suddenly we heard the sounds of children's high-pitched voices, such as you might hear at a New England Sunday-school picnic. There in a beautiful olive orchard on the left of the road was a rollicking, laughing, shouting crowd of Syrian children, in garments of many colors, having as jolly a time as you could wish to see. Swings were going at full tilt, games were in progress, and it was such a scene of child life as we had witnessed nowhere else in Syria. Such bright-colored frocks I had rarely seen; every color and shade was there,—magenta, green, red, blue, yellow. They all wore head-dresses of some sort,—fezzes or turbans or bright-colored cloths wrapped about their heads; their clothes were mostly long flowing garments reaching from shoulder to ankle, though some wore what looked like little long trousers. The children's sunshiny faces were the best and brightest thing of all; they were genuinely happy, as God meant children to be, and not as most of the little sober-faced people in the Holy Land are. For these were Christian children, of the village of El Raney, and that explained all; you remember that when Jehovah is returned unto Zion, to dwell in the midst of Jerusalem, then "the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls *playing*."

Here was a picture no one could resist, least of all such susceptible photographers as the Doctor and I.

We swung off our horses in no time, but already the children had discovered us, and were flocking out from the field into the road, and piling around us and our cameras in a curious, laughing, questioning crowd. We persuaded them to get together in an effective group by the roadside, and "No No" helped a boy in a long bright yellow robe to keep his donkey quiet, and there we caught them.

But just then a swarthy, white-turbaned candy man hove in sight, with a goodly supply of pink and white candy, and what American could withstand that? We gave him a franc to "set up" the entire crowd of youngsters. They went so beside themselves with joy when they realized their unexpected good fortune that they almost mobbed the man. So nothing would do but they must form in line and march by him, he jabbering very excitedly to them to explain the plan. Eagerly they caught the idea,—and the candy,—and the franc sufficed for two rounds in this systematic way.

A Greek priest came strolling up the road, and looked on amusedly; and we invited him to share in the treat, which he did with appreciation.

"Have you noticed," the Doctor said to me in a low tone, "that not one of the children has asked for bakhsheesh! Let's get away before they do, so as to have one case on record." But we did not hurry, and they did not ask. Christianity makes a difference.

We folded up our cameras, swung them over our backs, mounted our horses, shouted good-by to children, candy man, and priest, and amid great cheering and waving of hands galloped off after our party,

a good hour or more behind them, and deeply in disgrace for our delay. But we braved reproach from dragomans and friends, and would have done so twice over rather than to have missed our little visit with the children of El Raney.

From a deep dip, such as you find among the hills of Vermont, we saw ahead of us the castle of Nazareth, a barracks, commanding the slope on either side. Slowly we climbed the steep hill leading up to a house on the summit that used to belong to an English physician before it was seized by the government. Looking back, we could see the village we had passed nestling at the base of the hill, while the green fields shone brilliant in the sunlight, and the hills rolled away in the far distance. A few steps farther on our way, and Nazareth burst full into view.

You have seen the familiar photographs of the little town : Oriental houses of typical cube shapes clustering close together. But no photograph can show Nazareth as we saw it that morning, in the picturesque beauty of its tiled roofs and green gardens and white walls lighted by the Syrian sunshine, set off by the blue sky and fleecy clouds overhead, and backed by the rolling greenness of the great plain of Esdraelon, stretching away to the south. The snake-like road back of us to the north and east led to Capernaum. From the hilltop above Nazareth we had that wonderful outlook described so masterfully by Professor William M. Ramsay a few years ago in The Sunday School Times, when he was writing of the influences of Nazareth upon the training and development of the boy Jesus. As far as the eye could see to the northwest rose Mount Carmel, overlooking the sea, and we caught just a glimpse of the blue Mediterranean below it. Mount Hermon's snow crest could be seen in the far northeast, and more nearly east we could see for the last time the waters of the Lake of Galilee. In a straight line to the south, about half-way between where we stood and Jenîn, our next day's camping-place, rose the hill of Jezreel, whither, from Carmel, the tireless Elijah made his long run ahead of King Ahab's chariot, that day when Jehovah had routed the priests of Baal on Carmel's height. Still nearer, to the south, was Nain, and Endor just east, where Saul, in discouragement at Jehovah's silence, sought out, on the eve of battle, the woman with "a familiar spirit," and conversed with the spirit of Samuel. The mountains of Samaria rose on the southern horizon, and near at hand beneath us, on a threshing-floor on the edge of the town, gleamed the white tents of our camp.

We came down from the hill above the city, and found our party waiting for us to go with them into the streets of Nazareth itself. The day was Monday of Easter week with the townspeople,—a week later than our Easter,—and the town was gay with the festivities of the season. One of the attractions was a primitive sort of "Ferris Wheel," but with a square frame instead of circular, four box-like carriages suspended in it, filled with children, while an older fellow kept the frame going by pulling each carriage down as it came within reach. A ring of people was intent on a game of chance, watching a pointer whirl around and stop at some article thus won by the player. A Syrian boy was enjoying the exploding of a handful of torpedoes. The rainbow-colored dresses of children and grown folks made the whole scene bright with color. Sweetmeats of varied kinds were for sale on all sides. It was like a country fair in the setting of the East.

We had known of the way in which Orientals use the flat roofs of their houses, often led up to by an outer stairway, for living and sleeping purposes. At Nazareth we saw even pet animal life thus high in the air. On one house-top were two lambs being fed by a boy, and on the next-door roof were some chickens.

One thing I was particularly desirous of getting in Nazareth was an Oriental plane, such as is commonly used by the carpenters in the East, and which therefore is likely, in that land of unchanging custom, to be of the same sort as that used by Joseph and the boy Jesus. I kept a sharp lookout, as we passed through street after street, for a carpenter-shop. When I was beginning to fear we should find none, I saw through an open door a litter of shavings and a familiar looking work-bench, and I made my way in. In a few minutes I had bargained with the carpenter in charge for the two oldest planes I could discover,—one was tucked away in the back of the shop,—and I carried my treasures away with me, *not* to leave them in my tent, but to bring them safely to America, where they have already spoken their message to more than one Sunday-school pupil.

A Baltimore pastor had a hunt for another kind of merchandise in Nazareth. He was hoping he might pick up a pair of eye-glasses that he could use, and he got a native boy to help him in his quest. The boy took him through the town, calling aloud on the streets and in the doorways of shops in the bazaars what he was after. In one shop an old man, hearing the boy's cry, instantly took off from his nose the spectacles he was wearing and offered them for sale. The American would gravely try any glasses that were offered, usually knowing they were useless, and hand them back regretfully. Another old man hunted through a mass of junk in his shop and fished out some rusty pairs, of which he urged his customer to take one anyway, for they were so cheap! But the quest for glasses was not so successful as mine for planes.

We visited the traditional sites of sacred places throughout the city, some of them impossible, some of them impressive; of the latter, none more so than the so-called "Place of Precipitation." There is unspeakable pathos in Christ's rejection at Nazareth, when his own fellow-townsmen, playmates of his boyhood, whom he longed to teach and to serve and to save, rose up against him in hatred and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might throw him down headlong. They could not know, in their wilful blindness, what a blessing was to come to the world through his defeating of their murderous plans, though he but deferred the death which others were permitted to inflict.

XXI

IN THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON

CHURCH bells rang out sweetly in the morning air as we rose up early the next day and started from Nazareth on our ride down the precipitous hill on which the city stands, and out across the Plain of Esdraelon. South of Mount Tabor, which was on our east, was "Little Hermon," or the "hill of Moreh," where the camp of Midian was pitched, north of Gideon's camp; and Mount Gilboa beyond that to the south. A train of sixteen camels was creeping across the plain as we entered it, so far away that they looked like long-legged bugs. The Plain from above shows fertile and rich in dark brown loam. Oxen are plowing its fields, sheep grazing, caravans creeping along its roads. A colt and its mother give the ever-present touch of animal home life that is everywhere in the East, and a boy in red from head to foot stands picturesquely looking at us, a farming implement in his hand. It is a scene of peace, restful, quiet peace, in inviting contrast with the furious memories that teem over this battle-field of the centuries.

By half past seven, after an hour and a half in the saddle, the warmth of the morning sun gives promise of the noonday heat. Hands are roughened and lips parched and chapped from sun and wind, but such trifles count little. Five days' steady riding has made seasoned horsemen and horsewomen of us. The forty draw rein at the foot of the steep descent from Nazareth, and there, on the edge of the Plain of Esdraelon, I get my first photograph of the entire party of Damascus Rough Riders on horseback. For once Shukrey's warning cry, "Keep far from the horses," is disregarded, and with no disastrous results.

A bed of brilliant poppies or lilies of the field with the sun back of them looks like a mass of burning red glory as we ride past it on our way to Nain. Jenîn, our camping destination for that afternoon, lies on the southern edge of the plain, west of Gilboa. We turned aside a little to the east to reach Nain. Looking back from the destitute little village of mud huts, Nazareth was in plain view on the hills to the northwest. It is easy to understand how Jesus' thoughts must have turned lovingly back to his mother and his home in Nazareth as he saw the dead boy, an only son, being carried out from the grief-stricken home in Nain, and thought of the desolateness of the mother there who had now lost both husband and son. How many funerals since that time in Nain have been far more desolate because Christ was not present, in body or in spirit! There are rock-hewn graves to-day at Nain, silent witness to the passing of lives through the centuries.

Through a forest of cacti ten and fifteen feet high we rode south to Shunem, another little miserable mud and dung village, noisome, degraded, where the people, breathing the disease-laden air, live like animals in holes. Yet it is the place where Elisha raised the Shunammite woman's son, centuries before Christ raised the boy of the widow of Nain a few miles to the north. The two places stand to-day, rivals in their misery and degradation, unworthy monuments to miraculous blessings in their past.

On our way from Shunem we passed a deep cut out of which native women were carrying basketfuls of earth and stones, as a part of the operation of building a railroad in the Plain of Esdraelon ! Jehu, driving furiously near that very spot, little knew of the iron horse that would one day go steaming over that plain.

On the slope of the hill of Jezreel we stopped and looked across the green valley to the east, and realized as we never had before how plainly could be seen by Joram's watchman "standing on the tower in Jezreel," that chariot whirling up the valley on the far side,—"and the driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi ; for he driveth furiously."

On the level crown of the hill we lunched, and then rode our horses down the slope on the southeast and around to the foot of Mount Gilboa. There, under the shadow of a mighty rock, stood cattle shoulder-deep in a beautiful pool of water. We were at 'Ain Jalûd, or Gideon's pool, which has been settled upon as being beyond question the spring of Harod of the seventh chapter of Judges, where "Gideon, and all the people that were with him, rose up early, and encamped." The camp of the enemy, Midian, was "on the north side of them, by the hill of Moreh,"—or Little Hermon, which we had seen just south of Mount Tabor. To this cool, inviting pond Gideon brought his men, at Jehovah's direction, to try them. "And the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, was three hundred men : but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water. And Jehovah said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thy hand.''

New Testament landmarks seem recent in comparison with a place of this sort. There are none too many sites of historic Old Testament events settled beyond reasonable doubt, and this was the first one our feet had trod. I wanted to rub my eyes and try to realize that I was really there. How many times as a boy I had listened in wonderment to the reading of that true story! How proud I should have been if I, drinking at that pool, had been proven trustworthy, and chosen because of my alertness! What a little thing it seemed to swing the balance of choice, yet what a true and safe choice it was,—the line between easy-going indifference and eternal vigilance! The lesson was driven home as never before by my visit to 'Ain Jalûd.

The place is of remarkable natural beauty. We waded our horses into the pond, and Gill of Kentucky suggested our standing there in the water while one of us read aloud from George Adam Smith's story of the battle. It occurred to me that this would be tempting our heated horses a little beyond endurance, and I advised having our reading on dry ground. We started to go up out of the water on the opposite bank, when I heard a shout, and turned to see that my caution was well founded. The big horse of an Indiana pastor of no mean weight had decided to lie down in that inviting water, and his rider had no alternative but to jump in.

So we had our reading on dry ground, and lived over again the test and the battle. A few lines from

Smith will help to show the significance of the Bible narrative. He writes :

"Tradition has rightly fixed on . . . ʻAin Jalûd, as the well of Harod. It bursts some fifteen feet broad and two deep from the very feet of Gilboa, and mainly out of it, but fed also by the other two springs, flows a stream considerable enough to work six or seven mills. The deep bed and soft banks of this stream constitute a formidable ditch in front of the position on Gilboa, and render it possible for the defenders of the latter to hold the spring at their feet in face of an enemy on the plain : and the spring is indispensable to them, for neither to the left, right, nor rear is there any other living water. Thus the conditions of the narrative in Judges 7 are all present. . . . Anybody who has looked across the scene can appreciate the suitability of the test which Gideon imposed on his men. The stream, which makes it possible for the occupiers of the hill to hold also the well against an enemy on the plain, forbids them to be careless in their use of the water ; for they drink in face of that enemy, and the reeds and shrubs which mark its course afford ample cover for hostile ambushes. Those Israelites, therefore, who bowed themselves down on their knees, drinking headlong, did not appreciate their position or the foe ; whereas those who merely crouched, lapping up the water with one hand, while they held their weapons in the other and kept their face to the enemy, were aware of their danger, and had hearts ready against all surprise. The test, in fact was a test of attitude, which, after all, both in physical and moral warfare, has proved of greater value than strength or skill—attitude towards the foe, and appreciation of his presence. . . . What Gideon had in view was a night march, and the sudden surprise of a great host—tactics that might be spoiled by a few careless men. Soldiers who behaved at the water as did the three hundred, showed just the common-sense and vigilance to render such tactics successful.''

XXII

WHAT WE SAW AT JEZREEL

AS WE climbed the hill of Jezreel again we saw, creeping across the distant plain on a narrow thread of rails, what looked like a tiny, toy train of cars. The whistle reached our ears, a faint, shrill scream, seconds after the puff of steam told of its sounding. The sight was strangely out of tune with our memories of Gideon, and Ahab, and Elijah, and I could not but hope that its kind would breed slowly in this land of the Book. A jawbone that lay at my feet bleaching in the sun, reminder of Samson's fury against the Philistines down in the Shephelah, was a fitting protest to the encroaching of that civilized creature of steel and steam.

Nearing the top of the hill, I heard a strange droning sound, and saw a little group of native women and children huddled together. Thinking that the children were singing for us, I dismounted and walked toward them. Then I discovered, with a start, that this was a party of mourners at a new grave. Close to the four sides of the freshly made little mound sat ten women in an oval group, some with babies in their arms, while others sat in an outer circle, and children stood by on the edge of the group. Three or four of the women were the leaders in the mourning. Over and over they droned or chanted their strange, heartbreaking song.

It was terrible to watch and to listen to. There was nothing professional or perfunctory here; the village from which they had come was not large enough to support paid mourners. It was just the outpouring of the grief-stricken, desolate heart of a widow, shared by her closest friends and the friends of the husband who had gone. And their emotion was given such unrestrained expression as is only seen in a primitive people. We learned that the dead man was an humble member of the village near by, who had died four days before. The mourning would continue through a period of a week or ten days. Had the dead man been more prominent, friends would have come from neighboring villages and would have stayed over night to mourn, leaving on the second day. For the death of a shaykh the mourning would have continued for thirty days.

Such abandoned, hopeless desolation I have never seen on any other human faces. The woman who was evidently the stricken wife rocked back and forth in an agony of grief, her eyes closed, raising her voice in the fearful song of sorrow in which the others joined her, and every few seconds forced to stop by the racking sobs that shook her frame. They were dry, tearless sobs, seemingly the more hopeless because of their unrefreshed barrenness; and they were not convulsive, but they would have sounded like the broken notes of harsh laughter if one had not watched her face.

The oldest woman of the group, as she rocked back and forth with the others, waved her right hand to the right and left over the grave, as though to keep off evil spirits. Then she would wave both hands together, from side to side, and again up and down. The widow, too, would raise her right hand, then both hands, shaking her fingers back and forth. Still another woman threw her head wildly back, one arm and the other waving by the side of her head, crying out in her despair.

Under the blinding sun and scorching heat of the noonday they sat, on the very summit of the hill of Jezreel, their song of grief rising and swelling in volume, then dying away ; and all the time the children were watching them closely, and some would try to imitate them with childish zeal. The women would turn toward each other, and carry on a sort of antiphonal chanting or responsive talk. One finally beat her own face until the others seized her hand and forced her to stop. Both women and children seemed at first oblivious of our presence, save once or twice as they cast a look at us. Finally, however, the oldest woman sprang to her feet and drove back those who were drawing too near. The children followed this example by stoning us.

If at Bethany or Nain our Saviour saw any such grief as this at the going of a loved one, is it to be wondered at that "Jesus wept,"—not because of the death of the one taken away, but at the needless and hopeless agony of the bereaved ones who were left? He had come to bear their sorrows, and to put such sorrow as we saw on the hilltop at Jezreel forever into the past. Yet for two thousand years since he came and went the children of his land have been mourning in that hopeless misery because of their blindness and the crucifying blindness of their fathers. How much longer must they do so?

Down from Jezreel we rode, out into the open Plain of Megiddo (or Esdraelon), the Plain of Sharon lying beyond the mountains of Samaria to the west. Gazelles at a safe distance loped gracefully over the green fields. A man plowing, clad in white, stopped in the midst of his work, dropped on his knees on the rich brown soil, rested there for a moment, motionless in prayer, then stood upright, his hands upraised above his head, while the ox and the ass yoked together stood by patiently till he should have finished his mid-afternoon devotions. A long train of camels wound slowly over the plain.

We were making for Jenîn, at the very southernmost point of the Plain, the lowest apex of the great triangle of Esdraelon, where we were to camp over night. We should need a good night's sleep before pushing on next day over the mountains of Samaria that enclose the Plain on the south. There was whispered plotting among a few of us as to how we could bring our horses up to the men who were ahead, without their suspecting, so that we might have a fair chance to be first in at Jenîn, where some of the ladies of the party had arrived earlier in the day. Quietly we cantered forward, but we were discovered. Then there was nothing for it but an open gallop, and on the full run we closed up, Gill of Kentucky finally leaving the road and breaking off through the open fields on a short cut to camp. I've forgotten who won, though I think the leaders' lead was a little too much to overcome. I know that we all arrived, and that the tents were as inviting as ever in their trim whiteness. We had left Galilee; to-morrow we were to know Samaria and Ahab's capital itself.

XXIII

ON THE HILL OF SAMARIA

GIDEON and his three hundred are pretty well back, but Joseph and his coat of many colors are patriarchal. Gideon had brought us to the book of Judges; with Joseph we go back to the book of Beginnings, Genesis itself. When I learned, the morning that we set out southwest from Jenîn, leaving Esdraelon behind us and starting on our precipitous experiences among the mountains of Samaria, that Dothan was our next point of interest, I began to feel the reality, as I never had before, of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the favored son of Jacob whose popularity with his father seemed to cost him so dear at the hands of his jealous brothers.

A group of five stately, graceful poplars, like sentinels at the gates of a stone wall skirted by a cactus hedge, marked the spot as different in appearance from anything we had seen before. On the other side of the wall were luxuriant orchards of peach, almond, and apricot trees. And there was a pit,—*the* pit, tradition says,—its edges protected by low stones carelessly placed around it, a formidable looking well to be let down into. When Joseph failed to find his flock-tending brethren at Shechem,—where we were to camp that night, fourteen miles farther south,—he moved on to Dothan, you remember, and they, seeing him afar off, "conspired against him to slay him. . . . Behold, this dreamer cometh. . . . Let us slay him, and cast him into one of the pits."

On the road in the distance, as I lifted up my eyes and looked, a train of camels moved slowly by. It was startlingly like what happened when Joseph's brothers, after casting him into the pit, "sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a caravan of Ishmaelites was coming from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt." As we rode on our way we saw, a few minutes later, to the right and west of us, an old caravan road to Egypt, along which those Ishmaelites must have passed. And the boy Joseph's feet had trod this ground!

Something went wrong with my camera at Dothan, and I threw away a strip of the film. In a few minutes several of the dark-skinned young fellows near by had discovered and captured the roll, and were eagerly examining the curious, tough, greenish-yellow substance that had come out of the American's black box.

We were nearing the city of Samaria now. As we wound over the hills, the white alkali soil glaring underfoot, we came into a great depression or natural basin, from which we could see the figures of men standing out on the distant rim against the cloudless blue sky like tiny puppets. Across our vision, two-thirds of the way up the sides of this great hollow, passed a slow-moving line of native women bearing immense bundles of firewood on their heads, looking in the distance like a procession of giant letter T's filing past. As we drew nearer to them, I watched one of the women helping another to take her load upon her head. The great bundle of firewood was standing upright on the ground by the side of the woman who was to carry it, and must have been fully twelve or fifteen feet high. I thought at first it was a double load, for two to carry ; but no : slowly the woman's companions raised it to her head, she poised it there for a second, then she was off with that graceful, upright walk that has taken centuries to learn. An American friend said to me that he thought of opening a physical culture school for women after reaching home, with Oriental water jars for the head as the only apparatus !

From the top of the hill forming that basin, when we had reached it, we had a picture to remember. On our west was the blue Mediterranean, and there, full eighty miles to the north, faint yet softly white as ever, was the snow-crown of Mount Hermon. The Mount of Transfiguration was still watching over us, as it had greeted us that day that seemed so far back, when we were steaming over the mountains of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon from Beyrout to Damascus. Through the car-windows we had first seen it. At the place of Paul's vision, on the highway near Damascus, we had come still nearer to it. Under its shadow and over its very sides we had ridden to Cæsarea Philippi. And then we had drawn slowly away, day by day, down past Merom and the Lake, Capernaum, Tiberias, Cana, Nazareth, Nain, Jezreel, Megiddo, Jenîn, until we had put five days of hard riding between the mountain and ourselves, and thought not to see it again. But there it was like an old friend, as though to bid us Godspeed on our way to Jerusalem, where we were to be with the prophets and the disciples and the Master himself who had one day stood on its rugged heights.

I photographed Mount Hermon from the hills of Samaria, but the keen eye of the camera failed to catch all that the human eye could see. That snowy crown mingled too well with the pale blue of the sky for the lens to single it out. So my last photograph of Hermon is of the memory only,—but more permanent than any film or paper could have been.

Looking down over the valley that lay before us we saw, beyond the patches of dull brown and red brown earth, and the green fields dotted with olive and fig trees, the hill of the ancient city of Samaria. Omri, popular captain of the host, when the people of Israel turned against the seven-day king Zimri and promoted Omri to the throne, chose well when "he bought the hill Samaria of Shemer for two talents of silver; and he built on the hill, and called the name of the city which he built, after the name of Shemer, the owner of the hill, Samaria."

For the second time since leaving Damascus we lunched that day within four walls, at the old Church of St. John at Sebastiyeh, the present village on the site of Omri's and Ahab's ancient capital. A large party of English folk, under Cook's direction, was camping a few hundred yards away. There is nothing left to-day, so far as discovered, of Ahab's time. The repeated destructions of the city through the centuries would be enough to account for this. The colonnade of stone columns standing some sixteen feet high is known as the Street of Columns of Herod's time. Another group of similar columns is supposed to be the remains of Herod's temple.

In the spacious courtyard of the Church of St. John the members of our party lounged, or stole a nap in a bit of grateful shade. Around two wells in an outer courtyard there was a busy stream of native women and girls, coming down a steep flight of steps from above to draw water, and climbing the steps again with their well-filled jars. A horde of children crowded around any show of a camera, laughing good-naturedly and showing their white teeth, or clamored for bakhsheesh. Some of them were bright-faced and attractive ; many were pathetic with their disease-stricken eyes, forewarning of the blindness that is still, as it was in Christ's day, so common in the East.

I took one of the Syrian boys of our camp on the short walk from the Church of St. John to the columns of Herod's temple, which I wished to photograph. As we approached the cultivated field in which the columns stood, a native came toward us, raised his hand, and shook his head forbiddingly. But into that field I must go to get the view I wished. My attending youngster grasped the situation, parleyed with the man, gave me a canny wink, and on we passed. It cost me a franc to get out of the field, and more to the youngster later, but that was to be expected.

As we rode away from the hill-city that afternoon we passed women sitting on the ground washing clothes at a roadside spring, and, in lieu of the destructive scrubbing board of western civilization, pounding the wet clothes with rocks. The steel-gray, almost ashy white bark of the fig trees, with the yellow-green brilliancy of their sparse leaves, contrasted sharply with the abundant dull, gray-green leaves of the olive trees, and the much darker gray of their trunks. An icy wind striking against our faces in the midst of the heat and sunshine that beat fiercely down on us was gratefully refreshing.

The broad, firm, well-kept carriage road, one of the few in Palestine, which we had seen from the heights of Samaria winding to the south like a white ribbon, was being pounded under our horses' hoofs as we approached a town of considerable size, Nâbulus, or, as Dr. Trumbull preferred to spell it, Nâblus. We were yet half a mile or so out of the city when we saw a great crowd of men and boys in the road ahead of us, and clouds of white dust arising on all sides of them, while the murmur of their voices in the distance increased steadily to a threatening roar as we drew nearer. I confess I did not know what we might be in for. Soon we found that this was not an Oriental lynching expedition, however, but simply an escort to a heavy engine of some sort that was being pulled with long ropes into the city. It was my first glimpse of mob excitement in the East.

XXIV

SHECHEM AND JACOB'S WELL

NÂBLUS was one of my Meccah-points in the Holy Land, hallowed almost as much to me for its association with my father's memorable visit to the East a quarter of a century before, as for the other rich memories that cluster about the place and its neighboring region. For the Nâblus of to-day was the Shechem of Old Testament times. It was Shechem to which "all Israel were come" hoping to make Rehoboam king. It was Shechem to which Jeroboam turned when Rehoboam's folly lost him control of the northern tribes. It was Shechem which the Samaritans, of foreign stock, shut out from any share in rebuilding with the jealously exclusive Jews the temple at Jerusalem, made their national and religious center. And it is in Shechem, or Nâblus, that there lives to-day the little sole surviving remnant of that Samaritan people, less than two hundred souls, proud now in their exclusiveness, direct in their descent, perhaps the most unmixed stock from Bible times existing anywhere in the world.

There was still another sacred association with this place. Just beyond Nâblus was "a city of Samaria, called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph : and Jacob's well was there. . . . There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water : Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink."

We were coming to that spot, acknowledged by Jews, Christians, and Muhammadans to be beyond dispute the parcel of ground containing Jacob's Well, where Jesus uttered the words of one of the most precious messages of his lifetime. It had been to my father one of the most impressive spots in all the Holy Land. "An Outlook from Jacob's Well" was one of the noteworthy chapters in his book "Studies in Oriental Social Life." The mechanical supervision of the illustrating of that book, involving a careful reading and re-reading of that chapter, was one of the earliest pieces of responsible work entrusted to my care after I had entered the office of The Sunday School Times. For ten years the impressions and the lessons of "an outlook from Jacob's Well" had been vividly in my mind, as placed there by my father. Now they were to be confirmed by my own eyes.

Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim towered above us as we rode between them into our camp on the edge of Nâblus. We were traveling southeast from Samaria; on our left, the north, was Ebal, the mount of cursing; on our right Gerizim, the mount of blessing. Red-roofed and sheltered in the valley between them nestled the city that was Shechem. It was only mid-afternoon, and we should have time for a glimpse of the Samaritans before dark.

Through narrow streets and dark, damp alleys and corridors, closed overhead like subterranean passages, we were led on what must have been a walk of half a mile before we reached our goal, the Samaritan synagogue, where reposed, safeguarded, the far-famed

Samaritan Pentateuch. Shukrey had whetted our appetites by telling us, before we set out, of two Pentateuchs, one of a much later date than the other, which is sometimes shown to visitors who mistakenly think they are seeing the older one ; and then Shukrey added that, in order to make a sure thing of it, he would see that we were shown both !

We passed through the courtyard of the synagogue into a small plaster-walled room, and were introduced to the priests in charge. The High Priest himself, Jacob, son of Aaron, was absent from Nâblus, having gone ahead of us to Jerusalem to attend, by special invitation, the World's Sunday-school Convention.

Tenderly the two great twin scrolls were brought forth in their metal cases and silken coverings and unrolled before our eyes. The later copy is claimed to date back to the time of the Maccabees ; the older one is alleged to be about thirty-five hundred years old, the work of a grandson of Aaron. It is on three rollers, each surmounted by a large gold-plated silver sphere of chased work, crowned by a smaller ball. A green silk covering protects it, embroidered in silver-gold letters. On the metal case which, when shut, encloses the parchment, are a great number of symbolical designs which Shukrey interpreted to us in a somewhat weary monotone : "the tabernacle of Moses, the cherubim, the rod that budded, names of the priests serving in the Holy of Holies, the altar of incense, the table, the laver, the Holy of Holies, the trumpet, the altar of sacrifice, the knife for killing, the pillars around the temple," and so on,—I did not pretend to catch them all. We were even allowed to touch with our own fingers the venerable parchment which, while no one supposes it goes back in age to patriarchal days, is yet old enough to be highly interesting.

As we left the synagogue, boys implored us to purchase little tin and paper models of the Pentateuch, or scraps of inscribed imitation vellum which they assured us were of great antiquity and value. A franc or less would purchase these "antiques," and they made interesting mementoes, though nothing more.

We had missed by only a few days the annual celebration of the killing of the passover lamb near the ruins of the old Samaritan temple on the sacred mount, Gerizim, the only place in the world where this sacrifice and rite are observed. The Samaritans have considered Gerizim as the hill where Abraham offered up Isaac. After they were shut out from sharing in the temple worship at Jerusalem, Gerizim became their holy mount. But long before the Samaritan people as such were in existence in Canaan, we are told, in the eleventh chapter of Deuteronomy, of Jehovah's setting before his chosen people of Israel, before they had crossed the Jordan into the Promised Land, "a blessing and a curse : the blessing, if ye shall hearken unto the commandments of Jehovah your God, . . . and the curse, if ye shall not hearken." Later, in the twenty-seventh chapter, we are told that "Moses charged the people the same day, saying, These shall stand upon mount Gerizim to bless the people, . . . And these shall stand upon mount Ebal for the curse." It is a striking fact that one standing to-day in the valley between Ebal and Gerizim can hear with distinctness words which are spoken in a loud voice on the side of either of the two mounts.

The grave-diggers were at work in a roadside cemetery, and two lepers crouched by the entrance to the city, as we rode out from Nâblus at sunrise in the April morning. In a little white mosk into which we were shown, a handsome Syrian was guarding "Joseph's Tomb," a plaster mound covered with green drapery. On the road above us, winding by the foot of Gerizim, we saw a prisoner on foot under arrest with his guard, the fellow's hands bound together in front of him and fastened by a rope to his captor, who was mounted and jogging along ahead, picturesque in his brown cloak, white *keffie*, and black head cord.

Leaving "Joseph's Tomb" we ride south over the plain of El-Makhna, the place to which the boy Joseph is supposed to have first looked for his brethren when sent "out of the vale of Hebron" by his father. His brethren had gone to Shechem, therefore this plain just southeast of Nâblus, or Shechem, would be the grazing place to which his steps would naturally turn.

A few steps farther, and we had come to "the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph : and Jacob's well was there." It was not as my father had seen it twenty-five years ago ; then it was only marked as it probably had been of old, by a low protecting curb of stones. But ten years or more after his visit a small chapel was built up about it, and the open-air associations of the place were marred.

We rested by the well for a while, descending the steps that lead down into the chapel, and looking into the historic depths of the pit itself, seventy-five feet down. The water that is still there bubbles up from the same spring that supplied the Samaritan woman, from whose jar Jesus would have refreshed himself, even though Jews had no dealings with Samaritans. Generation after generation, of Jews, Samaritans, and Muhammadans, have drunk of that water, and have thirsted again ; while a still greater host have taken of the water of which Christ told as he sat by that wellside, and the water that He has given has been in them a well of water, springing up unto eternal life.

XXV

JUDÆAN MUSINGS

WE PUSHED on from Sychar toward Jerusalem, over the road which Jesus and his disciples may have traveled when they "left Judæa, and departed again into Galilee. And he must needs pass through Samaria. So he cometh to a city of Samaria, called Sychar." Not far from Sychar were two plowmen walking, each with one hand on the plow, the other safely holding a baby perched on his shoulder. Even when there was no baby to look after, we had noticed that the Oriental plow was invariably guided by one hand only, there being but a single handle. The expression, therefore, "no man having put his hand to the plow, and looking back," though in America a man's two hands are used in plowing, was evidently used with intention. More than once, at other points in our journey, we saw men plowing with an ox and an ass yoked together, despite the Mosaic injunction against this.

Noon time brought us over the borders of Samaria into Judæa, and to Shiloh, rich in memories of Old Testament events. Here Joshua addressed "the whole congregation of the children of Israel," assembled at Shiloh while the divisions of the land were being assigned to seven of the tribes. There was a "feast of Jehovah from year to year in Shiloh, which is on the north of Beth-el, on the east side of the highway that goeth up from Beth-el to Shechem,"—the very way that we were traveling in the opposite direction. "Unto the house of Jehovah in Shiloh" Hannah brought the baby boy Samuel, her God-given joy, to dedicate him in gratitude to the Father. At Shiloh was uttered Hannah's historic song of thanksgiving; and in the temple at Shiloh the boy Samuel ministered unto Jehovah before Eli the priest, and the words which he spoke there I, as a little fellow, had been taught to repeat at family prayers in my Philadelphia home: "Speak; for thy servant heareth."

Camp animals, pilgrims, dragomans, and waiters had a refreshing siesta that day at Shiloh, under the shade of some spreading trees by an old building near which we had lunched. With a photographer who had come out from Jerusalem to meet us, and who had photographed our group that morning at Jacob's Well, I went off at a little distance and made some timed exposures of my own. I remember, too, that I sat down on the ground alongside of Shukrey at Shiloh, and got him to run over the itinerary of our entire trip from Damascus, so that I might jot down in my note-book the names of all our stopping-places, day by day. Poor Shukrey, who rarely had more than three or four hours' sleep at night, was trying to catch a nap that noon, but he cheerfully roused himself to give me the needed names.

Sleepily, and with eyes half closed, he said over the list,—Artoos, Banias, ‘Ain Belâteh, Merom, Tell-Hum, Cana, Nazareth, Jenîn, and the rest. After I had taken them all, and thought he was only too glad to be done with me and return to his grateful slumber, he said:

Shukrey "No No"
William Mr. Hillier George the Chaldean

"Now, Mr. Trumbull, I think you had better read the names over to me, for I should not wish you to have any mistakes in them." With profound admiration for my dragoman's sleep-conquering zeal for accuracy, I read the list through, and not until he was satisfied that all was correct did he drop off again. That was a good illustration of the way Shukrey Hishmeh did things.

It was a typical spring afternoon in Judæa as we rode steadily southward, or a little to the west of south, on our journey toward Jerusalem. We were not to reach our goal that day; one more night in camp on the way, and one more midday stop, before the Holy City should appear. The sun was pouring its heat down in sweltering prodigality, men and boys walked along the road driving oxen and asses, and carrying long poles over their shoulders; fig trees and olive trees dotted the hillsides with shadows in the slanting rays of the afternoon light. Here was a picture for us: a long procession of Russian pilgrims, on foot and on horse, tramping steadily past us in tireless march toward their cold home in the North from the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, where, amid incense and flickering candles, they had knelt, and prayed, and kissed the tomb where they believed Christ lay. You would have known they were Russian pilgrims as far as you could see them. The men were blond and long-haired and high-booted, some with tall cylinder-shaped hats. Many were far past youth or even middle age, and walked with staff in hand. The women, too, were old; spectacles helped their sight, and one, bareheaded, read from the Bible on horseback as they went. You have seen pictures of Russian exiles on the way to Siberia, in a long line, leading on across the country? That was our picture that April afternoon in Judæa. The sight was the more striking because it was so utterly different from the human life in the midst of which we had been living for the last ten days. It was as though a new and unexpected slide had been flashed on the screen.

Then we were recalled to Palestine life again by the sight of the sturdy figure of a young fellow, not over eighteen years of age, standing in a field under the olive trees, a hoe hanging motionless from his right hand, a single white linen cloth his only visible garment, loosely thrown about him from shoulder to ankle. It was well open at the neck, and his exposed shoulders, arms, thighs and legs shone like burnished bronze. The handsome fellow was a picture to remember, contrasting, in the glow and flush of his youthful health, with the worn yet vigorous frames of the Russian pilgrims.

I ran over in my mind, as we crossed from Samaria to Judæa, the shifting panorama of landscapes that had passed before us since we rode along the river Abanah out from Damascus eight days before. Up in the north country had been rocks and lofty mountains and clear flowing streams; the Lebanons, Mount Hermon, and rockier ground even in the plowed fields than we had seen anywhere again; beautiful green spots, to be sure, such as Kefr Hauwar and Cæsarea Philippi, but as exceptions rather than the rule. In Galilee we had had mountains too, but there were more green fields and rainbow-carpets of wild flowers, and in the midst of all was the sapphire Lake. And Galilee, but for the towns, was lonely. Samaria was a memory of hills of gray and green, brown and red patches of field, white roads, and constant life. Judæa as yet was like Samaria, but we were to see differences ; the desert and stinging waste of the Dead Sea wilderness, and the greenness of the Plain of Sharon.

My horse's human idiosyncrasies were a constant source of interest to me. These Syrian mounts are very much like the western ranch horses of America. They are homely and tireless, surefooted, eat little, and have their decided "bents," in which they are not easily thwarted. My horse was probably the homeliest one in the party, but one of the most dependable. I have spoken of his admirable editorial qualities, walking quietly and steadily on unguided, the reins hanging on his neck, while I wrote up my note-book. But he never liked to do anything for which he could not see the reason,—I believe there are humans of that sort. It was hard for him to stand still long enough for me to take his photograph,—why should he, with all the rest of the horses moving forward? Even if I were trying to save his life—and my own—by guiding him to one side or the other of a precipitous place, if the entire situation was not perfectly clear to him he obeyed only under strong protest. He did love to go too near the edge of things. I am sure he would have favored the Subway Tavern experiment if he had lived in New York. He was over-fond, too, of nibbling the tasty bits of grass and weeds underfoot, and would take advantage of my absorption in my notebook to do so if he could. But when there was real danger that he could see, in a ride down a mountain-side where a misstep meant death, it was beautiful to watch the sensitive, cautious, sure feet of all our horses. As delicately as a physician's hand their hoofs and slender ankles seemed to feel, step by step, among the rolling or crumbling stones for a sure foothold, and never would they mistake. Then it was that we came to love our four-footed friends, for they were true to their trust.

We had a series of miraculous escapes from horseback injuries and fatalities in our party of forty. Time and again God's hand intervened to save from what looked like sure death. Up among the hills of Samaria, for instance, I was riding with our director over a sandy road somewhat behind the rest of the party. We were on hilly ground, and just ahead of me was a Baltimore pastor, a prince of sunshine among us all, the size of whose heart was betokened by the size of his great body. I saw him guide his horse up a slight rise in the ground, and then,—the horse had gone a little too near the edge of a bit of cliff six or eight feet above the ground below, the earth had given way, and the two hundred pounds or more of the rider had carried horse and man over and over in a back somersault, down through that six or eight feet drop, and rolled them into a confused heap below. It looked as though every bone in the man's body must have been broken, for the horse fell flat on his (the horse's) back, with four legs up in the air. But before even Hillier's spurred horse could reach them, the pastor was on his feet, brushing off his clothes, smiling his sunshiny smile, and his eyeglasses had not come off his nose!

* * * * *

It was the last morning before reaching Jerusalem. We had been getting out of our beds at four o'clock; to-day we had a welcome forty-five minutes more to sleep, and it was quarter of five when we rose at Sinjil, half way in a southwesterly direction between Shiloh and Gilgal. As we Christian pilgrims roused ourselves in the early morning, full of enthusiasm for what that day should bring forth, rejoicing in the love and the health and the work and the countless other blessings with which our lives were enriched and overflowing, I wondered what life must seem to the dwellers in that land who at that moment were leaving their beds and starting their new day of life and work. What of those who were rising from their mats in the dread disease and darkness and filth of the dung houses of Shunem? What of those mourners whom I had seen at Jezreel? What had the new day in store for them? I could not know. I could not think, or feel, or see as they did. Yet they were made in the image of God, the image in which we were made, we to whom life was so full and joyous that spring day. Those poor creatures had the same spirit, the same possibilities, as we. And we of the West shall not be true to our duty until we shall have given them our knowledge, our Light, our Hope.

But another thought I am glad to have. I question not that there are hearts to-day in Shunem, and Jezreel, and up and down the Land of Canaan, wherein is the spirit of the Christ; lives that are true to him, deeds that are worthy of his Name. Those in whom his spirit is living and working may have never heard of him, but what of that? They will just as surely be found on the right hand of the King. And when they or others ask what claim they have to this place at his side, "the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."

XXVI

AT BETHEL AND RÂMALLÂH

HOW far away Damascus seemed! And Cæsarea Philippi, and Dan, and even Capernaum and the Lake, were far distant in the north. We had traveled days since leaving them, riding steadily southward on our tireless horses. It seemed weeks to some of us, so crowded with the events and memories of centuries had those days been. And now we were down in Judæa, and before another sunset we should stand within the gates of Jerusalem. We realized too, as we never had before, what it meant to Jesus and the disciples to go from Jerusalem up into Galilee, or for Paul to set out from Jerusalem to Damascus. It had been a hard, tedious trip for us, with all the comforts and conveniences of a well organized camp. What must it have been to the travelers of twenty centuries ago! The journey from New York to London is taken far more easily, and in less time, than the trip from Damascus to Jerusalem in those days or in these.

When Abram was bidden to get out of his country and from his kindred, even after his father had brought him on the long journey from Ur of the Chaldees northwest to Haran, he took Sarai and Lot and all their substance and "the souls that they had gotten in Haran," and moved, evidently in a great caravan, southward into the land of Canaan. "And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Shechem, . . . and he removed from thence unto the mountain on the east of Beth-el, and pitched his tent, having Beth-el on the west, and Ai on the east." At Shechem two days before we had visited the Samaritans, and now, almost in the footsteps of Abram, we were at Beth-el. But he kept on with his journey over the route that some day I hope I may take, the journey that the boy Joseph took against his will, and still centuries later that Joseph and Mary took with the Christ-child,—toward the South, or Negeb, and down into Egypt.

Two generations after Abram's time, his grandson Jacob set out from Beersheba toward Haran, the same journey that Abram had taken, but in the opposite direction. And Jacob "lighted upon a certain place [or, as the margin gives it, 'the place'], and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took one of the stones of the place, and put it under his head, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it. . . . And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, . . . this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. . . . And he called the name of that place Beth-el [that is, 'The house of God']."

There is a little village and a well at Beth-el, which is on a hill, and the ruins of a Crusaders' church stand there. On a hill a quarter of a mile away are the ruins of a so-called "castle of Abraham," which some consider the site of the old Beth-el. The ancient road from Jericho to Beth-el, which Joshua and his men followed in their attacks on Ai, after taking Jericho, was just beyond ; and beyond that, to the east, rose the hill Ai.

Standing together there in the open air, under the brilliant blue sky and bright sunshine of this place which was surely "none other than the house of God," we raised the old hymn "Nearer, my God, to thee."

"There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!"

Dr. Benham, the Baltimore pastor whose life had been so miraculously saved at the time of his horseback accident in Samaria, led us in a prayer of thanksgiving that we of to-day could see more than Jacob saw of old ; that to us, as to Nathanael, it had been granted to see "the heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man."

Just out of Beth-el, as the Doctor and I dismounted for a photograph, I met an unusually refined looking young scribe, with his brass pen case and ink-well and sharpened reeds. I showed him a useful little novelty that I carried with me, a "perpetual pencil," loaded with sharpened tips of lead that come into place by a touch of the finger. He was greatly interested in it, and after I had explained it as well as I could without either of us being able to speak the other's language, showing him how to eject a used lead, and how to "load up" from the end of the barrel, I handed the pencil to him and made signs that I wanted him to keep it. He was quite overcome with gratitude. At my request he wrote his autograph in ink in my note-book, and bade us a grateful and respectful farewell as we rode away.

Passing Beeroth, a stony height, one of the cities of Benjamin, we came to the modern town Râmallâh, and turned our horses' heads into the courtyard of "Hishmeh's Bellevue Hotel and Camp," a well-kept, attractive hostelry belonging to Shukrey and his father. Râmallâh is only a few miles north of Jerusalem, so we were to take a comfortable luncheon at the hotel, and have a glimpse of the interesting village, before pushing on over the last stage of our journey. Shukrey's mother and his little daughter entertained us most hospitably, and we had some Oriental bread there for the first time at its best, hot from the oven,—a treat indeed.

There was plenty at Râmallâh to interest us. The Friends' Mission, under Dr. Edward Kelsey, is a marvel of attractive cleanliness and godliness. As Dr. Kelsey was showing me through the neatly furnished bedrooms and washrooms of the girls' apartments, he told me of the comment made by one of the Turkish officials a short time before, when on a trip of inspection. As the inspector looked with interest at the cleanly tubs and basins and spotless towels, he nodded his approval and said to Dr. Kelsey: "That's right, that's right; teach 'em to be clean,—that's all they need to know."

But the boys and girls of the Râmallâh mission are learning more than how to use soap and water; they are being led on, step by step, into a knowledge of all the best things of life, and best of all, into "the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord."

Over the doorway of one of the houses at Râmallâh I saw some interesting looking marks in bright red. The keystone of the arch of the doorway had a cross and two stars roughly scrawled. And there were feather-shaped marks, pointing downward, one on each stone of the arch. From the young Armenian who was acting as my guide through the town, I learned that these were marks of fresh blood, placed by the native Christians over their doorways at Easter in imitation of the original rite of the passover, in observing which the children of Israel were to kill the passover lambs, and "take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the basin, and strike the lintel and the two side posts with the blood that is in the basin." My heart leaped as I realized the significance of what I saw, and its linking with a rite that had in it perhaps a greater depth of meaning than has yet been fathomed by modern scholars, in its light on the mystery of the blood atonement of the Lamb of God. I did not know whether the marks of fresh blood would show in a photograph or not, but I risked it, and one of the finest negatives that I brought with me from the East turned out to be the picture I made of that blood-stained doorway, every mark of the symbol of life coming out sharp and distinct. How my father would have prized the picture for his works on "The Blood Covenant" and "The Threshold Covenant"!

The children of another mission school were assembling for a photograph on the steps of their schoolhouse, when we heard laughter and joyful noises, and saw a procession coming towards us up the street. It was a procession led by children, on the way to meet and greet "the bridegroom," who had gone up to Jerusalem two or three days before to purchase his wedding garments, and who was expected to return that day. On the coming Sunday the marriage was to take place.

In the midst of the joyous crowd was a lay figure rudely constructed, borne high in the air, and covered over with pieces of money. I caught the procession with my camera as it moved slowly toward me, and then, at my request, they stood for a moment in the roadway while another photograph was taken. Then they moved on through the streets of Râmallâh, on their way toward the highway to Jerusalem, singing joyously as they went. The day was gloriously beautiful, and the sight of that happy, care free procession of grown folks and little ones was not to be forgotten. The question did not need to be asked: "Can the companions of the bridegroom mourn, as long as the bridegroom is with them?"

It is not a safe thing to go promiscuously into the miserable little kennels that one sees everywhere in the villages of Syria, for the danger of contagious disease is not to be disregarded. But at Râmallâh some of us trusted our guide to look out for us, and he led us into one of the native homes of the village.

It was like stepping into a cave. At first it was impossible to see anything, after the glare of the sunlight outside, except close to the doorway, — for there was no other means of light but the doorway. As our eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, however, we discovered a man seated on the ground before a primitive weaving machine. He was working away quite as rapidly and easily as though he had had an arc light over his shoulder. Back and forth he threw the shuttle, and the woof grew steadily on the warp under his skilled hands. Overhead, hanging from the low roof, were dried vegetables in storage for the winter. Little or no furniture of any sort was there; it seemed only a place of refuge from light and rain fit for an animal. Yet that was "home" to some one, and thousands more such homes dot the length and breadth of the Holy Land.

From the roof of the Hishmeh hotel we could see, to the east, the hill where tradition says Abram and Lot made their choice of the land: "So Lot chose him all the Plain of the Jordan, and Lot journeyed east. . . . Abram dwelt in the land of Canaan, and Lot dwelt in the cities of the Plain, and moved his tent as far as Sodom." South of us, on a hill, a mosk and minaret marked the traditional grave of Samuel, whose spirit came back to earth, fifty miles north, up at Endor. "And Samuel died; and all Israel gathered themselves together, and lamented him, and buried him in his house at Ramah." And to the south was Gibeon, where Joshua, "in the day when Jehovah delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel; . . . said in the sight of Israel:

> Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon;
> And thou, moon, in the valley of Aijalon.
> And the sun stood still, and the Moon stayed,
> Until the nation had avenged themselves of
> their enemies."

Still farther southwest lay the supposed site of Emmaus, whither two disciples were going from Jerusalem that day when a Stranger, to whom their eyes were holden that they should not know him, drew near, and went with them, and opened unto them the Scriptures as no man has ever done.

XXVII

GOING UP TO JERUSALEM

FIVE miles away lay the city of Zion! We could not see her yet, but we could feel her presence as we rode steadily south from Râmallâh down through Judæa, on that last afternoon of our long pilgrimage from Damascus. The day was gloriously clear, we were refreshed and rested by our noonday stop at Shukrey's home, each member of our party was well and strong,—and the goal was at hand.

When, on the horizon, we caught our first glimpse of red-tiled roofs, domes, towers, minarets, olive-trees, and the century-worn brown of city walls, we saw that Jerusalem is

"Builded
As a city that is compact together."

Our interest in all that we saw during the eventful ten days that had passed had been so keen—Damascus, Hermon, the Jordan, Galilee, Nazareth, Esdraelon, Samaria, and the rest—that we had not realized what it would be to look upon and enter into that city which had held the central place in the life and love of God's chosen people from the time when "David took the stronghold of Zion; . . . and David dwelt in the stronghold, and called it the city of David," and the Psalmist sang,

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee,"

down to that day when our Lord, in his love and pity cried out: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto her! how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

On the great highway leading up to Jerusalem we found more travel than we had seen in all the rest of Palestine together. Travelers from the East and from the West were pushing on toward the same goal; some, like ourselves, to set foot for the first time within the city's walls, others coming and going on regular visits of business or pleasure or religion, as Joseph and Mary "went every year to Jerusalem at the feast of the passover."

The various camping parties conducted by Clark and by Cook were getting in, moving slowly along the broad white road, firm and well-kept, bounded by green fields and gently rising hills, and ending at the city that now stretched out impressively before us.

Following the custom of the dragomans, Shukrey asked all the ladies of our party—eight of them—to bring their horses to the front of our cavalcade, while the men followed at a respectful distance. It is a pretty custom, that of the women leading the way as we approach our journey's end, and bespeaks the influence of the Christian civilization of the West more than the woman-ignoring practises of the East. A masculine pilgrim of our party who, forgetting Shukrey's orders, rode his horse up to join the women in the van, was unceremoniously shown his proper place by a chorus of remonstrating shouts from the rest of us.

That hill in the distance, to the south, is Mizpah, "the watch-tower." On our left, the southeast, is "Gibeah of Saul," whither the erring first king of Israel retired after learning from Samuel that "to obey is better than sacrifice," and that his failure to obey had cost him his throne. Still further south, near Mount Scopus, is Nob, the city where Ahimelech the priest gave to David and his young men holy bread, "the showbread, that was taken from before Jehovah." Situated, as it is, almost under the shadow of the walls of Jerusalem, it is easy to understand the significance of the words of Isaiah when, in prophesying the staying of the hand of the Assyrian against the "people that dwellest in Zion," he declared dramatically that "He [the Assyrian] is come to Aiath, he is passed through Migron; at Michmash he layeth up his baggage; they are gone over the pass; they have taken up their lodging at Geba; Ramah trembleth; *Gibeah of Saul is fled. . . . This very day shall he halt at Nob:* he shaketh his hand at the mount of the daughter of Zion, the hill of Jerusalem." No more vivid picture could be drawn of the devastating approach of a cruel enemy, coming nearer and nearer, until suddenly, almost at the very gates of the capital he would destroy, he is halted, and can only shake his fist in vanquished rage. But this passage would not have meant this to us had we not seen Nob,—and Zion only two miles away!

At a pool by the roadside near the city a man sat bathing his weary feet in the refreshing coolness of the living water that was there. Washing the feet means much to one of the East who travels miles on foot, wearing only an open sandal or a light, low shoe. It is the first thing to be thought of at the end of a journey, or at the close of day. Back in the eighteenth chapter of Genesis, it was the courtesy which Abraham urged upon the three men whom he saw by the oaks of Mamre, as he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day : "And when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself to the earth, and said, . . . Let now a little water be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves." It was almost the last loving ministration of Jesus to his disciples, when, as their friend and servant, "he poureth water into the bason, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded." This glimpse of the roadside foot-washing just outside the city of David was only another proof of the unchanging East, another gleam of light from the Fifth Gospel.

Into an olive grove a little northwest of the Damascus Gate, and not far from the Grotto of Jeremiah and the Place of a Skull, near which the great convention tent was pitched, we turned our horses' heads, and found ourselves in camp for the last time, —not to strike our tents again for five days, when we should turn our faces to the coast and the West beyond. For we had grown so fond of our cozy tents, with their comfortable cot-beds, and the health-giving nights in the open air, that we forty of the "Damascus Rough Riders" had telegraphed ahead to Mr. Herbert Clark, while we were up in Galilee, asking that we be permitted to live in our tents at Jerusalem instead of giving them up for the uncertain comforts of the Jerusalem hotels. We were grateful that our request could be granted, and our only sorrow that day was that we must say good-by to our faithful horses. One by one they were unsaddled and led away, while cameras were busy catching last photographs of our four-footed friends. Shukrey was to stay by us until we should leave Jerusalem.

There were a couple of hours left before sunset, and they were precious, for we should have scant enough time to see the city, with the great convention itself beginning the next day but one, and with Bethlehem, Jericho, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and Gezer yet to visit, while the Grosser Kurfürst was to steam out of Jaffa for the last time on the following Wednesday! Hebron, with the Cave of Machpelah, the tomb of Abraham, and the oak of Mamre, we of the Damascus party had regretfully to forego. But none of us would have given up that wonderful ride from Damascus to Capernaum for it, so we were content.

Friday afternoon is the time when the devout Jews turn toward the Wailing Place,—and this was Friday afternoon. On foot we passed down the dusty roadway from our olive-grove camp, toward the city walls.

There is probably no photograph of Jerusalem more familiar to Westerners than that of the Damascus Gate. I had known it well,—and it is one's first sight of the original of something which one has known in this way through a picture, for years, that is so impressive. There rose the old gateway before us; time-stained, in dull browns and grays, its battlements and narrow window-like openings above the entrance itself, through which came and went a stream of humanity that turned back time to the pages of the New Testament and the Old. We joined these wayfarers, and passed through the gates of Jerusalem. Our goal had been won.

XXVIII

WITHIN THE GATES OF ZION

HUDDLED close to an old wall, facing its rough stones, their heads bowed in grief and prayer, or reading from the worn Hebrew prayer-books held in their hands, stood the Jews who had gathered at the Wailing Place to pour out their grief over the departed glory of Zion. Here, as in that funeral scene on the hill of Jezreel, we could not but be impressed by the genuineness, even the agony, of the grief shown on some of those pain-racked faces. Old women and gray-haired men stood before those stones in their sorrow, oblivious of those who watched them, kissing the cold wall that faced them, and saying over and over the words of their grief-stricken wail. Towards evening "a voice of wailing is heard out of Zion," and the following litany is chanted :

Leader : *For the palace that lies desolate* :—Response : *We sit in solitude and mourn.*

L. *For the palace that is destroyed* :—R. *We sit,* etc.
L. *For the walls that are overthrown* :—R. *We sit,* etc.
L. *For our majesty that is departed* :—R. *We sit,* etc.
L. *For our great men who lie dead* :—R. *We sit,* etc.
L. *For the precious stones that are burned* :—R. *We sit,* etc.
L. *For the priests who have stumbled* :—R. *We sit,* etc.
L. *For our kings who have despised Him* :—R. *We sit,* etc.

Another antiphon is as follows :

Leader : *We pray Thee, have mercy on Zion !*—Response: *Gather the children of Jerusalem.*

L. *Haste, haste, Redeemer of Zion!*—R. *Speak to the heart of Jerusalem.*

L. *May beauty and majesty surround Zion!*—R. *Ah! turn Thyself mercifully to Jerusalem.*

L. *May the kingdom soon return to Zion!*—R. *Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem.*

L. *May peace and joy abide with Zion!*—R. *And the Branch (of Jesse) spring up at Jerusalem.*

Standing near the Dung Gate of the City we looked across the Tyropæan Valley and saw, just back of a small fig tree, "Robinson's Arch," in the Temple wall. It has been supposed that this arch was one end of a bridge leading from the Temple, on Mount Moriah, over the ravine to Solomon's palace on Mount Zion. The theory has yet to be confirmed by further explorations.

The view across the Temple Area, in the great white courtyard of the Mosk of Omar, seemed more like Jerusalem, the City of David, than all else that I had seen since our feet had stood within its gates. There is a majestic beauty in the broad expanse of those level courts on the plateau of Moriah, flanked by that bit of arched colonnade, with the Tower of Antonia off there to the right, that makes one fairly see the courts of old thronging with worshipers, clouds of smoke and fire ascending from sacrifices of burnt-offering, while rising above all one can picture the glories of the Temple itself.

Within the Mosk of Omar stood the Rock in its rugged massiveness. We had passed in after covering our feet with sandals, as we had done at Santa Sophia in Constantinople, and as we were learning to do in every mosk. Near by was the "street of the money-changers," so-called. The windows and walls of the mosk, outside and inside, were memorable in their rich purple and green mosaics. Nowhere else had we seen anything quite so splendidly rich in deep colorings.

As Mrs. Trumbull and I were finding our way that day, through the streets of Jerusalem, to our camp in the olive grove outside the walls, we heard a noise something like the sound of a sawmill in operation. Looking above our heads, whence it seemed to come, we saw that it was a human mill, for through the barred windows of the building we were passing we could see a boys' school in full swing—and full buzz! It was too much to expect us to pass it by. I made signs to our camp boy, "No No," showing him my desire and intention. He indicated that considerable bakhsheesh would be required. But I doubted this, and cautiously we made our way through a stone doorway and up the steps that seemed to lead in the right direction. One flight up, we found ourselves on an open-air stone floor, and a very courteous fezzed Turkish gentleman appeared, bowing respectfully and making us welcome. We returned his salutations, and I handed him my card. He sent for some one, and in a moment a small, black-eyed youngster had appeared, one of the schoolboys, who could speak English very well.

With our ten-year-old interpreter's help we chatted with the head-master of the school, as we found our host to be, and at his invitation, after sitting a few minutes with him in his reception room, we visited the various rooms of the school where six hundred boys were getting an education. The sawmill effect was produced by the well-known Eastern method of study : all the pupils reciting their own lessons aloud and together. The Koran, geography, writing, and arithmetic, were four of the main branches. As we entered one of the departments the tearful face of one of the boys looked unmistakably like that of the American schoolboy culprit.

To have offered bakhsheesh to our gentlemanly host and his interpreter would have been an insult indeed, and we bade them good-by with hearty gratitude for their courtesy to American strangers.

In the courtyard of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, within its very precincts, we were importuned to purchase all manner of souvenirs and keepsakes, and were forcibly reminded of "them that sold and bought in the temple, . . . the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold the doves." The great church itself was a wearisome place, and a wonderful place. There were tapers and incense and gilt and tinsel ; and there was a Christ-worshiping reverence and adoration that lifted one out of this work-a-day world and brought one very close to the things above. Let him who would criticise what he does not like there make sure that his own life is as simple and Christ-filled as that of the Russian pilgrims we passed on the road up in the borders of Judæa, who had found within these walls the Saviour for whom they sought.

XXIX

GETHSEMANE, CALVARY AND THE TOMB

IT is sacredly guarded now, and zealously tended, the Garden of Gethsemane; and within the walls that enclose it there are rainbow-colored masses of flowers. Gnarled and hoary olive trees raise their old heads above the flowers, and the quiet-voiced, courteous monks who walked with us about the little enclosure seemed to be a fitting part of the hush and the sacredness of the place. We said little, we thought much, as we walked under the shadow of those old trees, which pilgrims believe to date from the time of Christ. Here, or certainly near here, was the place, on the way to the Mount of Olives, "which was named Gethsemane." And while He prayed in his last agony of struggle before giving himself up, his three chosen friends, whose comfort and sympathy he longed for, slept. Was the weakness of human nature at its best ever more cruelly portrayed than in that brief record?

As we turned our footsteps down the hill toward the city, we saw, just outside Gethsemane, two lepers sitting by the roadside. They were crying out to us piteously, and one tried to lay hold on us with his poor diseased hand as we passed, lest we should not heed his call. Alms was all we could give them; but how we longed to tell them of One whose memory made sacred the Garden by which they sat, and who could even now heal them of that which is worse than leprosy. The cry of the leper of old, who came "and worshipped him," was, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." "I will; be thou made clean," is the answer that heals through the centuries.

We were coming from the convention tent, Sunday morning, down the road outside the city wall. A knoll to the right caught my eye, rising clear above the level of the road, and standing well back, a plot of ground between us. The face of the elevation was rocky, and there were two curious cavities, almost parallel, in the upper part, while below, centered between them, was another depression, and still below it a cleft, so that the rocky side had somewhat the look of the eye-sockets, and nose, and mouth, of a skull. I had recognized, with a start, the hill "outside a city wall," and I saw now, what photographs of this site of Calvary had failed to reveal with any such clearness, those unmistakable markings in the rock. I know that the idea has been scouted,—that these present cavities in the face of the rock next to "Jeremiah's Grotto" can have any bearing on the identification of this knoll as Golgotha, the Place of a Skull. Yet no man can settle that site beyond dispute. And many a one besides the writer loves to believe that that Christian warrior was right, General Charles George Gordon, whose name, though he was in no sense the discoverer, has become so linked with this site that it is even called "Gordon's Calvary;" that it was not on the Golgotha claimed by the great Church of the Sepulcher, but here on this hill, still covered only by God's blue sky, that the cross of

Christ was lifted up, bearing the body of the Messiah, that he might draw all men unto him.

On Sunday afternoon a few of us went together to "a tomb which had been hewn out of a rock," in a garden close by the "Place of a Skull," and entering in, talked of the things which we had seen and heard. We were in the garden tomb, in the Calvary Hill, a tomb cut out of the rock, which was brought to light some forty-five years ago. Here again, the choice must be made between this tomb and the sepulcher over which the great Church of the Sepulcher was built, in conformity with the tradition that gives that place the sacred honor. Yet there are strong reasons for holding to the rock-hewn tomb in which we sat that day, as the actual place of Jesus' burial. There were the doorway and the place where a great stone could be rolled to, such as we had seen at the entrance of the Tomb of the Kings. There was an opening cut in the rock-wall above the place where the body lay, through which one could stoop and look in. And there are other reasons which scholars have studied and have set forth at length, which incline many to believe that this was the "new tomb wherein was never man yet laid."

One of us read aloud a few verses from the twentieth chapter of John's Gospel. We talked of that "first day of the week" nineteen centuries ago, and of what it was that Peter and John saw when they looked in, which, when they saw, caused them to believe. And we realized anew that it must have been the chrysalis form of "the linen cloths lying" just as they were when they had enclosed the body of Jesus, but through which, without disturbing them, that body had passed, leaving them lying as never linen cloths lay before. We are not told that the head cloth was folded, as it would have been likely to be if it had been unrolled from the head, but that it was "rolled up in a place by itself," as though lying in the chrysalis-like form it had had when it had enwrapped the head, by itself, apart from the body cloths. This understanding of the record seems a more probable and significant interpretation than the old idea that our Lord's resurrected hands unwound and then wound or folded again those cloths.

This land, perhaps this tomb, was the scene of the first Easter. Here occurred that which transformed those sleeping, cowardly disciples of Gethsemane into fearless messengers of the Christ, unfaltering martyrs for a Name. Because of what this land witnessed, an Easter letter was written half a century later, to a Gentile city, that roused the world, and that gave rise to the Resurrection message to which we had listened on the Hill of Mars. Christ has risen ; therefore "we all shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump : . . . then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin ; and the power of sin is the law : but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

XXX

JERICHO AND THE DEAD SEA

FROM the lofty Russian tower on the summit of the Mount of Olives we had looked out to the East upon a wonderful panorama of Bible history,—the Dead Sea, the Jordan above it, the waste of wilderness between us, Peræa beyond, and the mountains of Moab in the far distance. Now we were to take the ride from Jerusalem down to Jericho and the Jordan, and come close to parts of the Holy Land different from all that we had touched before.

The comforts of horseback had to be replaced for this journey by the discomforts of jolting, dust-raising carriages. Around the northeast wall of Jerusalem we drove, between the city and the Mount of Olives, past St. Stephen's Gate and the traditional rock where he was stoned ; past the walled-up Golden Gate of the Temple, through which, in crusading times, a great procession with palm branches, headed by the patriarch riding on an ass, used to pass every year on Palm Sunday, and through which, tradition has it, a Christian conqueror will yet enter on a Friday and take Jerusalem from the Moslems.

Close to the city wall, just in front of an olive tree, sat an old black man industriously combing the hair of a grinning, ivory-teethed, jet black boy. In a hillside below the city, quarried out of the steep rock, was a large modern slaughter house. It was interesting to notice the characteristic imitativeness of little girls whom we passed on the road, modestly drawing their veils over their faces, as they were accustomed to see their mothers and other elder women do.

Down, down, from the heights of the city of Jerusalem we drove, descending lower and lower into the valley of Jericho and the Dead Sea, while we could see our road winding ahead of us like a white ribbon in the distance, turning, twisting, doubling on itself far below, past the pale brown and dull green and stony gray of the swelling mounds and hills.

Midway between Jerusalem and Jericho we rested our horses and ourselves at the "Inn of the Good Samaritan," a welcome shelter erected at the point where it was supposed that that inn of old was placed to which was brought the certain man who was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and who fell among robbers and was left half dead, until a certain Samaritan saw him, and was moved with compassion, and bound up his wounds, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn. At a table in a stone-floored room of this interesting "Khan" I wrote a letter to the primary class of that home Sunday-school so far away across the seas in a City of Brotherly Love, answering the letter which had greeted me in mid-ocean.[1]

Galloping by the side of our carriages, or leading on ahead, rides a handsome, bronzed young fellow, a long-barreled rifle slung over his shoulder, one of the Bed'ween guard which Shukrey has engaged for our protection on this journey through the wilderness.

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[1] See pages 20, 21

And it is wilderness enough to satisfy the most critical. Clouds of finely pulverized, stinging, white alkali dust rise from under our carriage wheels, chapping our lips, making the eyes smart, and filling the hair and pores of the skin so that for days afterwards we are reminded of our desert journey. At times the ground under foot and the hills around us are almost pure white, making a blinding, dazzling glare under the bright sunlight and the cloudless Oriental sky.

Now on our left the earth drops away from under us in a giant ravine, the great gorge which has been supposed to be identical with the valley of Achor, part of the territorial boundary of "the lot for the tribe of the children of Judah," which is also identified with the brook Cherith by those who place Cherith on the west of the Jordan. It is a dizzy cleft to look down into, and on the opposite side the walls of the gorge rise almost perpendicularly to a great height. The formation here is of a pale tan color, glaring and gleaming in the sunlight. You need to speed your shutter to its quickest exposure, and use a small lens-opening, if you would photograph the brook Cherith. To leave Samaria and dwell in this desolate, barren ravine must have taken all the stalwart faith of an Elijah. Certainly God's hand was needed for food and protection. There was no water in the bed of the brook at the time we saw it, but we were told that water is present in other seasons of the year.

Like a tiny doll-house midway on the other side of the gorge, and looking as though it were tucked in a cranny and absolutely flush with the sides of the ravine, was a monastery, inhabited to-day by those who feel called to follow Elijah's example. Through field-glasses one could see that there was a narrow footpath leading along the side of the gorge to a door in the little house, and windows in the front and side of the house appeared, while one could even make out a little garden. Baedeker warns the traveler that the footpath to this little monastery is not for horses, and that the path leading on down to the left bank of the stream is for steady heads only.

Off to the south, we are told, is the tomb of Moses, "En-Nebi Mûsâ." The Old Testament record of the unseen burial in the land of Moab is all right so far as it goes, say the Moslems. But angels carried Moses' bones across the Jordan, they tell us, and so we have this revered pilgrim-shrine. It is the most convenient way to arrange for the tomb of a saint hundreds of miles from where his body could possibly have been.

A perfectly built, trim, modern-looking stone-arched aqueduct seems strangely out of place in the wilderness a little farther on, but we have begun to leave the desert and are coming into luxuriant vegetation as we near Jericho. We drive between fields and orchards and gardens. A pole stuck into the ground in one field is surmounted by the bleached skull of an animal, with a tail or a fragment of skin tied below,—an effective scarecrow. Here is a massed row of oleanders, fifteen feet high in their pink beauty. With the help of a California carriage-mate I note that, in addition to the abundant palms and tropical plants, there are growing about us cabbages, potatoes, tomatoes, beans, gourds or squash, cacti, grape-vines on frames, figs, cypress trees, apples, pomegranates, bananas, lemons, the California umbrella tree, bamboo trees, Australian peas, and the castor bean.

A short walk northwest from Jericho is a clear, sparkling pool held by tradition to be the spring of the water of Jericho which was death-dealing until the young prophet Elisha, at the entreaty of the men of Jericho, "went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast salt therein, and said, Thus saith Jehovah, I have healed these waters ; there shall not be from thence any more death or miscarrying. So the waters were healed unto this day [of the writer of the books of the Kings]." And to this present day, some millenniums later, this spring is clear and life giving.

Jericho to-day is a wretched little mud village. Yet it is close to the site of the city which was the key to the Promised Land for the Chosen People who waited in long-deferred hope just across the Jordan, thirty-five centuries ago, when Moses' successor, Joshua the son of Nun, sent out his "spies secretly, saying, Go, view the land, and Jericho." And then, beginning with the divinely-prompted protection of Rahab, followed that campaign, siege, and capture which make up one of the most dramatic records in the history of the world. We were living far back in the story of God's people that day and night that we spent in the wilderness and the green Jordan valley.

In coming from Jerusalem to Jericho we had made a drop of thirty-two hundred feet ; in going on to the Dead Sea and the Jordan valley we were to descend still six hundred feet lower. We drove over desert plains, through pulverized dust that looked as though it had come from overturned flour-mills, in and out among hills and mounds and pale tan dunes of grotesque and fantastic shapes, down to the level plain of the sea. Our hair and eyebrows and beards and clothing were powdered as with chalk. From the Dead Sea the air had a strong, salty smell. The beach was very pebbly, like a New England seashore, and was littered with stones of varied colors and markings and veins. The mountains across the sea were pink and purple in the haze, and the whole view was as beautiful and unexpected as anything we had seen in Palestine.

Of course we took a bath and a swim in the historic waters, and bobbed about like corks, unable to sink if we had wanted to. A photograph of my friend the Florida doctor in the Dead Sea, resting quietly with his head, both arms, and both feet well out of the water, is an indisputable proof of these remarkable floating powers.

Hurried by Shukrey and William, on account of the rapidly waning afternoon, we started on our drive up to the Ford of the Jordan. Back over the flat plains we drove, past greenish-yellow sand-hills, by low brush, into the wooded region of the river. And here was another surprise : the beauty of the Jordan as we saw it at sunset that April afternoon. For I had often been told that of all the disappointing sights in the Holy Land, the river Jordan was the most so. Yet it was one of the most restfully beautiful bits of nature that we saw. The water itself is muddy, to be sure ; not running clear as did the river Pharpar up near Damascus. But the wooded banks, the turns of the stream where we were, the rich greenness of the low overhanging trees and

bushes, contrasting with the perpendicular rocky wall of the river, rising twenty feet or more, which we found on the east shore a little farther up, combined to make a picture that was one of my most welcome "disenchantments" in the East. There was not much time for an expedition across the river into Peræa, but I did cross in a small boat and step out long enough to pull a few reeds from the bank on the Peræan side. We do not often associate the country east of the Jordan with Jesus, yet it was there that he made a tour of the cities, and taught the multitudes after having "appointed seventy others," and having "sent them two and two before his face into every city and place, whither he himself was about to come."

Our road home—for Jericho was "home" that evening—took us westward again, winding to the right and left once more through the great sand dunes that looked like giant graves in the twilight. Then into the open plain again, the dust pouring from under our wheels like the smoke of a battery in action, past low dust-brown bushes, sere and parched. Across the Jordan to the east the mountains were still pink and purple in the distant haze, while on the western horizon the sun was cut in two by the hills that we must climb.

Off through the blue mist of the southeast, across the northern end of the great Salt Sea, though we could not see it from where we drove, was Mount Nebo. As I thought of the beauties and richness of the land we had seen, from the green hill of Dan and the crystal sources of the Jordan, down to this fertile vale of Jericho, a land ready to-day to flow again with milk and honey if it should be reclaimed, it was not hard to imagine the bitter-sweet experience of the great

Hebrew leader in the morning of his people's history, who "went up from the plains of Moab unto mount Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And Jehovah showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the hinder sea, and the South, and the Plain of the valley of Jericho the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar. And Jehovah said unto him, This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither. So Moses the servant of Jehovah died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of Jehovah. And he buried him in the valley in the land of Moab over against Bethpeor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

. . . . .

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight!
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

. . . . .

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Bethpeor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loved so well.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

It had seemed as though we had been in the lands richest in Bible history when we were riding down through Galilee and Samaria to Jerusalem. But how this Jordan valley and Dead Sea plain teem with memories of those history-making days! Look at the page-headings in your American Revision of the Bible, just after that majestic record of the dying blessing and death of Moses, and see the flash-lights of history that they strike out. The hosts of Israel are across the river, waiting in tense expectation of the fulfilment of a hope on which they have been living for forty years. Jehovah's Charge to Joshua—Joshua prepares to cross the Jordan—Spies sent to Jericho——The order for crossing the Jordan—The people pass over the Jordan—Memorial Stones taken from the Jordan—The priests with the ark come out last—The stones set up at Gilgal—The Canaanites terrified—Manna ceases—Jericho compassed and destroyed.

And then come down through fifteen hundred years of Israel's fluctuating record, and hear, after four hundred years of religious stagnation,

> "The voice of one crying in the wilderness,
> Make ye ready the way of the Lord,
> Make his paths straight."

See the crowds pushing their way through that stinging, alkali wilderness all the way from "Jerusalem, and all Judæa, and all the region round about the Jordan," confessing their sins, and seeking the baptism of this prophet in camel's hair and leathern girdle. "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him." And after the prophet whom all that world was seeking had performed the rite which he knew was the beginning of his own diminishing and self-effacement, while the other should increase, the Voice which Moses had heard as he looked across that river upon the Promised Land spoke in testimony to the Sonship of Jesus of Nazareth, who came to save the people whom Moses had tried to save. That Jordan baptism marked the beginning of the final campaign for the saving of the world, and in the people who had crossed the river and conquered Jericho for Jehovah the world has been blessed. May the blessing return upon the People and the Land!

* * * * *

The mountains across the Jordan were mother-of-pearl now, still holding their colors, though more and more dimmed by the receding sun that had dropped into the great sea on the other side of those hills to the west. Coming to a little higher ground, where low trees set far apart were growing, we saw a warm blue strip of ribbon at the foot of the mountains of Moab, our last near view of the Dead Sea: beautiful to look upon, but speaking the death message of selfishness through the centuries:

I looked upon a sea,
  And lo! 'twas dead,
Although by Hermon's snows
  And Jordan fed.

How came a fate so dire?
  The tale's soon told:
All that it got it kept
  And fast did hold.

All tributary streams
  Found here their grave,
Because this sea received,
  But never gave.

O sea that's dead! teach me
  To know and feel
That selfish grasp and greed
  My doom will seal.

And, Lord, help me my best,
  Myself, to give,
That I may others bless,
  And, like thee, live.

—*The Rev. William P. Finney,*
in The Sunday School Times of July 4, 1903.

Our picturesque Bed′ween guard, their swarthy heads covered with white *keffie* and heavy black cord, in embroidered uniform and with swords swinging by their sides, salute us gravely as they sit erect on their horses. Two women pass us carrying plump water skins, filled almost to bursting, slung over their shoulders. Children are playing on the top of a hillock; one dark-skinned youngster, his shirt open to the waist showing the muscular development of his sturdy little chest, races after us at full speed, hopefully outstretching his hand. The familiar sight of a woman carrying a water jar on her head meets us as we drive through the outskirts of Jericho. Soon we see the hotels in which we are to spend the night, making up in impressiveness of name what they wofully lack in comfort and service,—Hotels Jordon, Du Parc, Belle Vue, and Gilgal.

We dress by candle-light the next morning and go in the darkness of night to the hotel where our breakfast is awaiting us. To start later than this would mean being caught by the heat of midday on the desert between Jericho and Jerusalem. But it is hard to be routed out of bed at four.

The incident of our return drive is a visit which we did not have time to make the day before, at the village El-‘Azarîyeh, the loved resting-place of Jesus: Bethany. Just east of the Mount of Olives,

forty minutes from Jerusalem, Bethany to-day is a picturesque little village of typical Oriental houses, built of light-brown stone. The photograph I took of native life about the doorway of a house in Bethany is as typical a glimpse of the East as any I brought back. There is, of course, a traditional house of Mary and Martha, and a traditional tomb of Lazarus. But it did not need the attempted locating of such exact sites to see before us some of the pictures of New Testament home-life in that quiet spot which meant so much to Christ.

Few places in Palestine are associated with more familiar incidents in our Lord's life, and with more precious words of his, than the village and the home there. It was when he was at supper in Bethany, Martha serving, and Lazarus with them, that Mary "took a pound of ointment of pure nard, very precious, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair : and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment." At another time he had said, "Our friend Lazarus is fallen asleep ; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep." And into the midst of such a scene of mourning as one finds only in the Orient, for "many of the Jews had come [from Jerusalem] to Martha and Mary, to console them concerning their brother," entered Jesus, with the message, "Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life : he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die."

As we passed on from Bethany toward Olivet and

Jerusalem, there in a cemetery on a hillside was gathered a little group of people ; apparently a funeral service of the Jews, needing the presence of the Christ as did that home at Bethany into which he brought life and joy. At Jerusalem we entered into the world-gathering of Christ's followers who had assembled for better equipment in the teaching of his life-message. Three days later we had crossed the Plain of Sharon and were sailing down into Egypt, where the Christ-child had been saved to save a world. And then, after our leaders had spoken a word of cheer to Italy's struggling Christian workers, assembled in their national Sunday-school convention, we came back to the West once more, each of us to take up the little tasks and daily routine of life by which the Father and the Son permit us to be co-workers with them. But whether in the East or in the West, whether privileged to be on that pilgrimage or at the harder task of tarrying by the stuff that others might go, the words which Martha spoke that day when she met Jesus, and heard his words of life, and hastened back to the home at Bethany to tell Mary, are the words that are still ringing down the centuries to us all : "The Teacher is here, and calleth thee."

XXXI

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION

WORKERS in the Sunday-school from every part of the inhabited world had for ten days been pouring into Jerusalem. The Grosser Kurfürst had brought its eight hundred from North America to Beyrout, where they broke up into many small groups, some taking rail to Damascus and the wonders of Baalbek's ruins, returning to Beyrout, to steam down the Mediterranean coast past Sidon and Tyre to Haifa. There again new parties were formed, some to ride on horseback through Galilee and Samaria to Jerusalem, others visiting only Nazareth and Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee, then returning to the waiting Kurfürst at Haifa, and steaming again down the coast to Jaffa, where a four-hours' run by rail brought them to Jerusalem well ahead of the rest. Additional time was thus gained for exploring the wonders of Zion and for short excursions into the neighboring regions. The adventures and experiences of the forty who dared the discomforts and fatigue of the long horseback ride from Damascus to Jerusalem, living for ten days in the saddle, and sleeping for ten nights in their snug tents on mountain and plain, have already been told. Friendships were formed, during these overland trips

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For assistance in reporting several of the sessions of the convention the writer acknowledges with hearty thanks his indebtedness to the Rev. Richard Burges of India and Mr. F. W. Chamberlain of Three Oaks, Michigan.

through the Holy Land, that will crystallize the influences of the Jerusalem Convention.

But North America's children began to realize, before they reached Jerusalem, that they were only a small part of the great assembly. Great Britain's steamer, the Auguste Victoria, had disembarked similar parties for overland horseback or carriage trips through the land. It was not long before the caravans of England and of America began to pass each other on the way, and the faces of many of the Anglo-Saxon cousins had become familiar to each before the goal was reached. From the far East, too, still others had come, for Asia and Australia and the islands of the sea had sent their representatives.

On Sunday morning, April 17, the sun rose over the city of Jerusalem as gloriously as on that day of triumphal entry nineteen centuries ago. To-day is to witness a new triumphal entry ; but the King of the Jews has enlarged his kingdom, and a great multitude of his subjects, "out of every nation and of all tribes and peoples and tongues," have come to acknowledge his power and to rejoice in his rule.

The convention tent was pitched on a level spot just north of Gordon's Calvary, and only a short distance from it. The convention sermon was to be preached at the service beginning at half past ten Sunday morning. Long before that hour little groups of Sunday-school folks were on their way from hotels, private houses, and tents. Our way led us past the Damascus Gate. The dusty road was well crowded ; Russian pilgrims plodding on their way to kiss the stones in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher ; donkey-boys prodding their patient little beasts ; trains of heavily laden camels ; women veiled in black, their bodies shrouded in pure white, black, or colors. Beggars dogged our steps crying bakhsheesh. Mounted officers passed us, resplendent in gold braid, their bronzed faces looking out from the white *keffie* held by the heavy black rope. At one point the city wall beneath which we walked surmounted a great mass of solid rock, perhaps fifty feet high, scarred and weather-stained by the centuries. A slim native boy, brown skinned, clothed only in a single bit of ragged linen cloth held loosely around him, droned a bakhsheesh refrain, kissing his hand and patting incessantly the pilgrim on whom he had fastened. The slender Russian tower on the Mount of Olives pierced the sky to the east.

Now we reach a grassy plain, where native men and women are lounging or seated, watching the Westerners. A little group of jet black Ethiopian women, in white and black robes, are seated by a white gravestone on the hillside. Two hundred yards away is the convention tent, of oblong rectangular shape, some forty feet by two hundred. It holds eighteen hundred people, and the morning session taxed it to the utmost.

We learned later of a strange report which had gained currency among the Muhammadans, and which accounted for the crowds that had gathered on Sunday morning about the convention tent. It was generally understood among the Muhammadans that these Christian people from the West had brought with them a cock, and that when, on that Sabbath morning outside the walls of Jerusalem, the cock should crow, Christ was to come again. What this would mean to themselves and to Jerusalem they did not know, but they had gathered in awe and reverence to witness, if possible, the great scene.

Forty minutes before starting-time the hymns had begun. "Oh, Galilee, blue Galilee," was the refrain that first rang out from the great tent, taking us back to the Lake that was now a reality in our lives. The singing of other familiar hymns, and the filling out of registration cards calling for information, among other facts, as to how far to and from the convention each one would have traveled, passed the next half-hour quickly.

The speakers' platform was backed by a series of flags, extending around the sides of the tent, of some twenty-two leading nations of the world. Alongside the familiar faces of Warren and Hartshorn and McCrillis and Potts and Clark and Belsey were other faces never before seen in a Sunday-school convention. Franciscan monks rubbed elbows with Past Patriarchs of the Greek Church. Near the Superintendent of Public Instruction and Press Censor of Palestine for the Sultan sat the kindly-faced Samaritan High Priest and his son. Black pointed cowls were there, and brown robes held at the waist by loosely knotted cords. The fez and the turban of the East contrasted with the bared head of the West. Muhammadans, Copts, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, Armenians, members of the Syriac Church, mingled with Christian Jews, Polish Jews, Aleppo Jews, and Spanish Jews, while Christian missionaries fresh from their fields of work, marveled and rejoiced at the compelling interest of this new factor in the Kingdom.

It was after Charles Wesley's

"Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,"

had been sung, that the opening words of the convention were spoken by Mr. W. N. Hartshorn of Boston, Chairman of the International Executive Committee. "By the good providence of our heavenly Father we have reached the goal of our cruise,"—and every heart spoke a silent amen. As prayer and Bible reading and hymn followed, this great host from all nations of the earth lifting up heart and voice in loving adoration of Jesus of Nazareth, one wished that those disciples who, in a garden not far away, "called Gethsemane," when that Jesus was taken by the great multitude with swords and staves, "all left him, and fled," could have looked down the ages and have seen and heard this world-assemblage of his followers. Their footsteps might have been stayed. And how a sight of it would have dampened the ardor of that "great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people," who came out to seize and to silence the Nazarene!

The Convention Sermon was preached by the Archdeacon of London, the Ven. Dr. William Macdonald Sinclair. The rich tones of the voice trained to fill St. Paul's in London found no difficulty in reaching to the farthest corners of the great tent. From Matthew 21 : 15 and 16 he preached; "The Children's Charter" was his theme. In speaking of the undying fascination which the Hebrew land has for the followers of Christ, he added the comforting thought: "'And yet the very fact of the supreme and eternal nature of him whom we worship as the brightness of the Father's glory takes away all anxiety as to exact spots and disputed sites. We remember how our Lord himself said, 'The flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.'" It was noticeable that the Archdeacon spoke from the English standpoint of the Sunday-school as being an institution for children, as contrasted with the broader fact of the Sunday-school as the teaching service of the church embracing the entire church, parents and children alike. His sermon was an earnest summons to the deeper consecration of Sunday-school teachers for the children's sake.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run"

rang out in conquering sweetness over Calvary and the city below. I wished that I could stand outside the convention tent, on Golgotha's mount, and hear that praise ascending. We had come from homes where He reigns, to the city that he loved and wept over. That song voiced our assurance and his that in the city which crucified him, as in all parts else of his earth, he shall yet reign in the fulness of power. God speed the day!

Before the close of the morning session Dr. John Potts had made the welcome announcement that the leaders of the convention had been led to plan for a union sacramental service in the tent Sunday afternoon. "Even as Christ said to his disciples of old, 'With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer,' so now, not the suffering, but the reigning, Christ shall be in our minds to-day.'' The invitation was given to all who desired to join in partaking of the elements on that sacred spot.

It was estimated that there were no less than eight hundred who joined in commemorating the new covenant of the Lord Jesus Christ that Sunday afternoon. Dr. Potts presided at the service, Dr. Monro Gibson of London spoke to the hearts of the disciples communing there, and thirty ministers of different denominations shared in distributing the elements. It was one of the many unexpected blessings of the convention that deepened the joy and the abiding influence of those days of privilege. Nor was the communion limited to the Western members of the convention. A saintly old Christian Armenian said to his son after the service was over, ''I want to die; I want to die.'' Well might he feel that he had reached a mountain peak of his earthly course, and say with Simeon, ''Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.''

On Sunday evening we made our way under the stars that shine the more brightly for the unlighted streets of the city, into the tent that had already become historic. The dimly-burning oil lamps suspended down the middle of the tent contrasted with memories of the electric-lighted auditoriums of international conventions in the West. But no one would have exchanged the East for the West that night. Hearts and eyes were well lighted, and the Bishop of the Church of England in Jerusalem and the East, the Right Reverend G. F. Popham Blyth, D. D., found a ready response when he spoke of his joy in the opportunity that the Sunday-school movement gave for a common meeting ground for all denominations. His expression of hope that the convention might leave a memorial of its stay in the support of some form of religious work in Palestine, and his closing plea, *pray for the peace of Jerusalem*, was not forgotten by his hearers.

A letter of greeting, and of regret at inability to be present on account of illness, was read from His British Majesty's Consul, John Dickson, Esq. The American Consul, the Hon. Selah Merrill, brought his own greetings in person.

The responses from representatives of Christian work throughout the world were able and unique. One might have supposed, to see the long list that appeared, that this part of the program[1] would be tedious. It was an enjoyable surprise; interest never flagged. With few exceptions the speakers kept close to their three-minute limit, and each had a message that was fresh. There was many a picture spot of thought and eloquence, as when Dr. Monro Gibson said: "I should like to appoint Dr. Potts, with that stentorian voice of his, to go up into the highest minaret of this city, and sound from that height a muezzin call to the whole world to prayer." Spontaneously there burst from the convention the song "All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

Burges of India described the famous century-old banyan tree of Calcutta. Under this two or three world's conventions could easily be held. The tree is cared for by the government as one of the wonders of the empire, and the speaker likened to it the other banyan tree of that land, started a hundred years ago by the first Sunday-school on record, in India, established by Carey, Marshman, and Ward, and now under the name of the India Sunday-school Union spreading out branches and new roots for the salvation of the country.

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[1] The program is given in full in the Appendix.

A word for Constantinople as the scene of some future World's Sunday-school Convention was spoken by the Rev. Dr. Marcellus Bowen, manager of the Bible House at Constantinople.

The Rev. Chauncey Murch, of Luxor, testified that in Egypt, where some fourteen thousand children are being educated, the interest in the Sunday-school is so great that the Christian workers make their schools Sunday-schools every day of the week.

Bulgaria's representative, the Rev. J. F. Clark of Samokov, showed a map indicating the forty places containing missions of the American Board, representing fifty-six Sunday-schools and twenty-seven hundred or more scholars. He reported that in Macedonia last year the number of Sunday-schools had doubled.

Trinidad, through the Rev. Dr. W. Scott Whittier, turned our hearts and our prayers towards the tens of thousands of dusky hands reaching out for help from that isle of the sea.

Japan's special conditions were represented as making it a paradise for Sunday-school workers, by Miss Frances Phelps of Sendai. In Korea, said Dr. John Bancroft Devins, returning from a World Tour, they call Sunday-school the Bible Hour, for every member of the church stays.

And so from other nations, not excepting America, England, Canada, Mexico, and Persia, and from colored work and Indian work in the United States, came messages of hope and good report.

Perhaps there was no more striking an incident in the convention than occurred when the Samaritan High Priest, Jacob, son of Aaron, spoke to a Christian audience that Sunday evening. He had come from his home in Nâblus, the site of ancient Shechem, near "a city of Samaria, called Sychar," at the foot of Mount Gerizim. Leaving that mountain where his fathers worshiped, and where every year he and the little remnant of his people, less than two hundred, observe the killing of the passover lamb, he came by invitation to attend the Jerusalem Convention. At the close of his address, spoken in his own language, a fine-looking man seated near him arose.

"I have the honor," he said, "as a Christian Jew, to hold out the hand of fellowship to the Samaritan High Priest, and I gladly translate his words."

Then we understood what our chairman, Mr. Belsey, had meant when he spoke of the bettered relations between the Jews and the Samaritans. When Jesus talked with the woman of Samaria at the well under the shadow of Gerizim, "Jews had no dealings with Samaritans." With the High Priest were the priest Isaac, son of Amram, and lay deputies Shelahy, son of Jacob, and Shafeek, son of the High Priest himself. This was the message of the High Priest:

"From Gerizim, the mountain of divine blessing, the eminence whose mighty shoulder overshadows and has given its name to the ancient city of Shechem, where we dwell, we come in order to extend a welcome to the delegates who have gathered from many and distant lands in order to hold this Sunday-school Convention.

"As representatives of one of the most ancient, though indeed at present the smallest, of the four monotheistic forms of religion, we, priests and laymen of the Samaritans, bid you a hearty welcome to the Land of Promise.

"In this representative assembly we recognize a fulfilment of the divine precept 'Rejoice, O ye nations, with his people' (Deuteronomy 32 : 43), and we seize this opportunity, in order to record our knowledge and appreciation of the fact that the Founder of Christianity and all sincere disciples of his have always evinced a deep sympathy with our people, a reverence for our sacred books, and an interest in our history. May the God of Israel bless you in your coming in and in your going out, from this time forth and forever. Amen."

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Faydi Effendi, mayor of Bethlehem, was one of the distinguished guests in the convention tent Monday morning, April 18. The few but important matters of business facing the convention were promptly attended to, immediately after the devotional and musical half-hour conducted by the English director of music, Mr. E. C. Carter. A nominating committee was chosen by the convention.[1] Before any formal nominations were made by the committee, however, Mr. F. F. Belsey, representing Great Britain, rose and presented the name of Mr. E. K. Warren, the retiring Chairman of the World's Executive Committee, as President of the Jerusalem Convention. His immediate election by acclamation was only a slight indication of how the delegates had come to love and honor this man. The full story of the God-led achievement which he and his fellow committeemen, Messrs. Hartshorn and McCrillis, have wrought against almost insuperable obstacles, can never be written.

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[1] The list of committees and elections is given in the Appendix.

Four remarkable "Studies of the Land" made up the program of the forenoon.

The single thought left with his hearers by the new president that morning was a fitting one. The commission of Jesus Christ had, in his earthly lifetime, been laid upon his disciples to carry his message unto the uttermost parts of the earth. In the nineteen centuries that have passed, the message has, in a measure, been so preached. Now, for the first time since that commission was given, the uttermost parts of the earth had come to Jerusalem, to meet in the fellowship of his Name, to confer with each other about his work, and to receive a new commission for the further fulfilment of his purposes.

Dr. Monro Gibson of London, claimed by both America and England, was at his best on "The Geographical and Historical Basis of Divine Revelation." His word on Egypt's place in Bible history sharpened interest in the coming visit to that land. Turning to Palestine, the speaker found his revelation in its mountains, rivers, fields, and plains, more than in its actual ruins. To any discontented travelers in the Holy Land Dr. Gibson pithily said he should like to preach from the text "What went ye out for to see?" And he made his theme and his hearers glow with the profound meaning of all that that land stands for, in its place in divine revelation.

The fascinations of research in the Holy City were unfolded in a scholarly address on "Jerusalem in Old Testament Times," by Professor L. B. Paton, of Hartford Theological Seminary, who was in Jerusalem as director, in 1903-04, of the American School of Oriental Study and Research in Palestine. Using a large wall map of Jerusalem, while his hearers held in their hands a small diagram of the city prepared for the convention, Professor Paton showed how the investigator starts from the points to which little or no doubt attaches, and, from those as bases works out into a study of the points of doubtful location. He dealt with the springs, hills, and valleys, pinning verses of Scripture to each, then proceeded to the ever-interesting walls and gates of the city. The speaker expressed his unhesitating belief in the Mosk of Omar as being the site of the temples of Solomon and Herod.

Dr. Ghosn-el-Howie of Mount Lebanon appeared in native dress before the convention. He described some of the characteristic observances of his people, such as the thorough salting of a new-born baby, without which the child might later be met with the taunt, "he was not well salted." With Dr. Howie was his daughter Ruby, a bright-faced girl of fourteen or so, who had been baptized the day before in the convention tent. In closing he offered for discussion the significant question: "Ought the movement toward Westernism in Syria and Palestine to be arrested, in order to conserve for Bible students the light-giving customs of the Holy Land?"

Those who may have considered themselves familiar with the biblical customs of the East were amazed at the wealth of the subject as treated by Dr. George W. Mackie of Beyrout, on "Customs of Syria as Illustrating the Bible." He told where the peculiarly dextrous art of winnowing the chaff from the wheat can be seen in Lebanon,—separating by the friction of a pestle, rather than by a blow, the kernel from the chaff, without injury to the former. He described the rolling of the enormous burden, so familiar in the East, upon the shoulders of a man by two of his friends, while the burden-bearer kneels to receive it, they helping him to his feet and steadying him at the start. This custom gives added meaning to the loving command, "roll thy burden upon the Lord."

Sin having its heel on the neck of the victim was illustrated by the shepherd's manner of punishing a refractory sheep, by throwing it to the ground and placing on its neck the heel of his sandal, from which project nails.

When the prophet asked, "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" he referred to the figure of Jehovah baring his arm in preparation for the vigorous accomplishing of his purposes, just as the Oriental woman throws back for her work her large flowing sleeves, and fastens them back of her neck. The prophet complains that though Jehovah's preparations are so evident, no one is interested enough to notice the revealed arm.

A harvest precedes the summer in the East, therefore Jeremiah follows that order when he says "The harvest is past, the summer is ended."

The giving of a cup of cold water, not merely water, was the significant service commended by our Lord.

It meant taking the trouble to go to the place where water had to be carefully cooled, by evaporation, in one of the porous jars that are used for that purpose. And so the multitude of illustrations marshaled by Dr. Mackie gave familiar passages a new richness.

When the morning's nominations were made and ratified[1] by the convention, it was a matter of rejoicing to many present to join in electing as the new chairman of the World's Sunday-school Executive Committee one who has so faithfully and generously served the International Convention as its treasurer, Dr. George W. Bailey of Philadelphia.

"We serve the same Christ," was the cordial answer of the authorities of the Armenian Church on the Mount of Olives, when their permission was asked to hold a devotional meeting Monday afternoon on that hill of sacred memories. Dr. John Bancroft Devins of New York presided, and the prayer-hymn, "My Jesus, as thou wilt," was raised in loving submission to One who had prayed in the Garden on that slope, "not my will, but thine." Silver-haired Dr. Richard Glover, of London, spoke of Christ's tears. "A tearless life is a loveless life." "If we have any sorrow, let us betake ourselves to the tears of Jesus Christ."

One of the many important "by-products" of the Jerusalem Convention was the formation of the Palestine Sunday-school Association. In answer to the inquiry of a Palestine Sunday-school worker concerning the possibilities of organized work, a meeting was called for Tuesday afternoon in the so-called Iron Chapel. The difficulties in the way of organizing the

[1] The complete list of officers elected is given in the Appendix.

Sunday-school work of Palestine were considered, and it was noticeable that they were remarkably similar to the difficulties of getting an American county or township organization into being. Finally it was thought wise at least to elect a treasurer to receive the money which friends of the work were eager to invest in this new enterprise. The full-fledged association was soon in being, with the following board of officers: President, the Rev. J. C. Brown, D.D., Jerusalem; Vice-President, the Rev. H. Sykes, Jerusalem; First Secretary, the Rev. A. E. Thompson, Jerusalem; Second Secretary, Mr. Khaleel Sakakane, Jerusalem; Treasurer, the Rev. A. E. Kelsey, Râmallâh, Jerusalem.

"The Organized Sunday-school Work of the World" was the theme of Monday evening's session. It was a picked group who spoke their messages that night. The Rev. Frank Johnson, Editor of the Sunday School Chronicle of London, gave an optimistic statement of the facts of the century just completed as to organized work in Great Britain, and announced that secretaries of the London Sunday-school Union are about to cross the Atlantic to study American Sunday-school methods. America's and Mexico's friend, Mrs. Mary Foster Bryner, told the familiar story of the achievements and conditions in our own land. The Rev. Richard Burges of India had an opportunity to tell more of that growing banyan tree of his empire, the India Sunday-school Union, which had been introduced in his three-minute talk on Sunday. Its field is tremendous,—"from the Indian Ocean to Shan States in Burma, and from the snow-capped Himalayas to the burning equator." The year 1902 showed a gain of over fifty thousand over the previous year in India's total Sunday-school membership of almost 350,000.

The work in Turkey was pictured by the Rev. J. P. McNaughton of Smyrna, who showed that in all the Christian mission schools in Turkey there is held not only a Sunday-school but a daily Bible school as well. The International Lessons are used as supplementary to the daily study. Mr. McNaughton rightly emphasized the part which American missionaries have had in translating the Bible into dialects that are familiar to children in every part of the Turkish empire, and he saw in the Jerusalem convention an important agency for breaking down barriers between religious bodies.

North America knows Marion Lawrance, and will not be surprised that the evening's view of the world's Sunday-school work should be crowned by his address on "Childhood the Hope of the World." He proved in an eloquence that comes from a heart-knowledge of his subject that the child which Jesus set in the midst has remained in the midst, and will there remain so long as the world stands. He pointed to the Sunday-school as the strategic strength of the Christian church, furnishing eighty-three out of every one hundred additions to church membership. And his hearers were ready to go with him when he pleaded for the best for the children,—the best in buildings, the best in equipment, the best in teaching, the best of our sympathy and love.

Speakers from Jerusalem, Egypt, Chicago, and London, took part in Tuesday morning's service, on "Fulfilling the Great Commission." The Rev. J. Carnegie Brown, of the Church of England Mission in Jerusalem, made a plea for the Jews, reminding his hearers that when God became flesh, it was the Hebrew people that he chose for his incarnation. The Rev. J. E. Hanauer of Jerusalem called attention to the interesting historical fact that on the spot where the convention tent stood a German camp of Crusaders was pitched eight centuries ago, and their Christian hymns went up from that ground. Under the leadership of the Rev. Chauncey Murch of Luxor, Egypt, missionaries present testified out of their own experience to the fulfilling of the promise "Lo, I am with you alway." Mr. W. B. Jacobs of Illinois and the Rev. Charles Brown of London led the discussion of "The Sunday-school's Place in the Kingdom." The claims of the study and teaching of temperance in the Sunday-school were presented by Mrs. W. F. Crafts of Washington, D. C.

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The crescent moon and the stars were shining overhead as we left our camp for the last evening walk to the convention. It was to be a consecration meeting, as well it might, before all faces were turned homeward again. Past the Damascus Gate and the great walls looming high in the blackness of the night, past the place of the Skull facing those walls, we followed the familiar way to the tent.

Bishop Brooks's beautiful hymn was sung first that evening, "O little town of Bethlehem." The resolutions that were subsequently adopted by the convention were read by the chairman of the Resolutions Committee, Dr. Alexander Henry of Philadelphia. They embody some of the best thoughts and experiences of the cruise and the convention, and are worthy of careful reading in Sunday-schools throughout the world.[1]

Few who had attended the three days' meetings realized that this World's Convention, held in Jerusalem by the permission and courtesy of the Ottoman government, had proceeded, session by session, under the censorship of His Majesty the Sultan. Yet such was the case, and one of the pleasantest moments of the convention occurred when President Warren introduced to the audience His Excellency Ismael Bey, Press Censor for Palestine, whose presence and hearty interest in all the sessions had been known to the convention leaders. His Excellency spoke in warm commendation of the proceedings, and brought to the convention the greetings of the Governor of Jerusalem, His Excellency Asman Kasen Bey. His closing words, all spoken in good English, were: "May the presence of Almighty God be with you as you go!"

Another interesting guest on the platform was a distinguished soldier of Abyssinia, Dedjaj Masche Meihechua Warkie, General of His Majesty King Menelik. He was in Jerusalem with some of his staff upon matters of importance to his sovereign, and upon invitation attended the closing session of the convention. His dark-skinned, gray-bearded face had a kindly expression, milder and more benignant than one would associate with an Abyssinian warrior. A colored pastor from Kentucky, Dr. C. H. Parrish, repeated in rich tones the translation of the words which the General spoke.

"The General of Menelik likes very much to be here," said his interpreter. "He can see that this matter is proceeding in the interest of the entire people. We are born into the world to study, and especially to learn very much about the Bible and ancient things. He is very glad to be here ; it shall not only benefit him, but also His Majesty the King." And then the Abyssinian warrior's interpreter closed with this remarkable declaration : "He holds that Christianity is to be the light of the world and is to endure forever and ever." One could not but think of that "man of Ethiopia, of great authority, who had come to Jerusalem to worship."

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[1] The Resolutions are given in full in the Appendix.

The keynote of the words of consecration at the close was struck by beloved Dr. W. L. Watkinson, of London, in his ringing message on "The Permanence of the Kingdom." A tangible act of consecration in which all could join was the offering of over one hundred dollars made for the newly born Palestine Sunday-school Association, and received in caps, hats, fezzes, and bonnets, upon the President's suggestion, passed throughout the audience. A gold napoleon found its way into that collection from the hand of the General of Abyssinia. An American lady spoke truly when she rose and told of the little hands that had been stretched out to us for "bakhsheesh" at every step in our travels in that land, and reminded us that in this offering we were putting gifts into those outstretched hands in the very best way.

There followed an hour of consecration,—earnest words from earnest men and women whose lives had been uplifted and whose faith had been deepened by the experiences of which this meeting was the climax. An eloquent young Southern Methodist spoke of the way in which the Jerusalem cruise had revealed to him his own selfishness, uncharitableness, unbelief, worldliness. The measles and smallpox of his system had broken out, and he had not even known before that he had them. He thanked God for showing them to him, and here on Calvary he had found the antidote. Was it strange that some one started the hymn "The Great Physician Now is Near"?

And when a venerable Muhammadan, His Excellency Joseph Pasha, former mayor of Jerusalem, and a member of the famous Peace Conference of Berlin when Disraeli and Salisbury represented England, stepped to the front of the platform to say a word, it was a matter of moment that he should close this consecration service by reading in his own tongue, with the Oriental expressiveness of deep feeling, the Nineteenth Psalm :

> "The heavens declare the glory of God ;
> And the firmament showeth his handiwork. . . .
> Let the words of my mouth and the meditation
> of my heart
> Be acceptable in thy sight,
> O Jehovah, my rock, and my redeemer."

There were two hymns that we had to sing then,—"Blest be the tie that binds," and "God be with us till we meet again,"—and that meant through life and death, for never on this side of the Jordan will that multitude of His children reassemble. What a reunion it will be on the Other Side! We joined hands, up and down the length and breadth of the great convention tent, while we sang. By the right hand I held Dr. Gibson of London ; by the left, the Spanish Consul. On Mr. Warren's right were Ethiopia and Abyssinia, on his left America, England, Syria, and Canada. Thus around the tent it went; the nations of the earth in loving fellowship and loyal obedience to the God and Saviour of mankind. The real work of the Jerusalem Convention had begun.

XXXII

THE CONVENTION'S MEANING

THE program of the Jerusalem Convention was a well-rounded, masterfully-presented series of studies of the Land, the Work, and the Commission. It was a program for a world's audience, and the world's audience was there.[1] Twenty-six countries were represented by a total enrolment of 1,526 persons. In addition to the nations one would expect to see present were Australia, Switzerland, Newfoundland, India, Denmark, South Africa, Austria, Japan, Egypt, the West Indies, Bulgaria, Germany, Madeira, and Russia.

Fifty-five different denominations or religious bodies joined in the worship of God, and the study of his Word and work, which that memorable program offered. Sectarian lines were forgotten. Side by side they sat; heart to heart they worshiped and were taught,—Armenians, Copts, Maronites, Moslems, Brethren in Christ, Bible Christians, Church of England, Church of Ireland, Church of Scotland, Reformed Jews, Syrians, Roman Catholics, Greek Orthodox, Free Baptists, Free Methodists, Salvationists, Mennonites, Welsh Calvinistic Methodists: but the names of the branches of the family were not thought of, for the Jerusalem Convention had made one family of all the world.

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[1] The program and the complete statistics of the convention and cruise are given in the Appendix.

Our Lord's own land was stirred, for 377 residents of Jerusalem attended the convention, and seventy-two persons from other parts of Palestine.

But the making of an inspiring program and the securing and caring for a large representation were only the scaffolding of the structure of the Jerusalem Sunday-school Convention. The structure itself went deeper and rose higher.

The Jerusalem cruise and convention deepened faith in God's hand and God's Word. His care for the pilgrimage can never be forgotten. It was as though he led by a pillar of cloud and of fire.

The increased interest in the study of the Bible in North America can alone never be estimated. From every section of our great continent some one had gone out upon this cruise, and some at home were following that one's course with keener interest than they had ever before had in Bible lands. One such wrote from the homeland to a brother on the cruise : "Yesterday, after breakfast, I took Philip and Trumbull into the parlor, and we had a good look at the places where Aunt Aline and Uncle Charley were pretty sure to be on that day. The little men were much interested, but not more so than the big man. I had Philip take some of the Tiberias and Capernaum views to Sunday-school to show there." Great Britain's three hundred Sunday-school delegates added to North America's seven hundred made a round thousand from the Anglo-Saxon world. It is no small thing to touch the circles of acquaintance of a thousand Bible students into a living interest in Bible scenes.

And what of the thousand themselves? If the

Bible was gaining a new reality to the loving ones in the homeland, what of those who were treading those Bible lands with their own feet? Does it not count for something "practical" to set on fire a thousand centers of influence in the field of Bible teaching with a new sense of the reality of God's Word? Can any one measure the potency of the Jerusalem Sunday-school cruise as a bulwark of constructive Bible study?

Christian missions received an impetus such as no other ecumenical conference in modern times has given them. For a thousand Christian people from the western world, of every denomination, saw Christian missionaries at work, met and conversed with them, saw their stations, their buildings, their schools, their homes, their fields, their converts, their difficulties, their encouragements. Can "missions" ever be a dry or uninteresting word again to that thousand?

And the missionaries were stirred and uplifted. It is a new experience to a Christian missionary in a foreign field to have eight hundred or a thousand Anglo-Saxon Christian workers drop in on him of an afternoon, to let him talk over his work with them, to receive a substantial money offering from them as a passing token of their interest, and to hear their God-speed as they leave, knowing that his work and his field are living things now in their lives.

An impression was made, and it will grow steadily larger, upon the secular world in America and England. The word "Sunday-school scholar" is all too common a subject of cheap jest in uninformed secular papers. The Jerusalem Sunday-school convention showed the world that Sunday-school people are men and women who do things, and do them on a big scale. There are three American business men whose names are known throughout the world as leading the world in their respective lines of business. Each of the three is a Sunday-school man to the core ; each is more deeply interested in Sunday-school work than in his multi-million-dollar business, if he had to choose between the two ; and one of those three is one of the men who made the Jerusalem Sunday-school convention a reality. Here is a fact for the world to ponder.

This new kind of convention seventy-one days long discovered workers and brought them to the front where they belonged. It made friendships that will make the world better. It brought distant sections of the United States and of Canada into close mutual understanding and interest and sympathy.

It stirred the Old World to its depths. The Father alone knows what may be the end of its influences there. As the president of the convention said after its close, there were gathered together all colors, tongues, nations, creeds, but they all heard, every man in his own tongue, the Holy Spirit. There were differences of beliefs, but all came together with a wonderful sweetness. And at the center, though all did not recognize this, was Jesus Christ. May those of the East who had not before known him as he is be drawn under his love and power by the influences of that assemblage in his name ! And may those who were on that hill of Calvary with him preach in his name with renewed power unto all the nations, beginning from Jerusalem !

XXXIII

HEBRON AND THE PATRIARCHS

BY JOSEPH CLARK, D.D. [1]

BEFORE six o'clock in the morning a string of fifteen or more Jerusalem coaches were whirling past the Joppa gate, southward, toward Hebron. The western walls of the Holy City resounded to the clatter of horses' hoofs and echoed to the sharp cracking of long-lashed whips, the indispensable adjunct of Jerusalem carriage-drivers. With a dextrous overhead swing of the arm the long flexible whip is whirled in a serpentine movement, until it angrily flings out a sharp report like the crack of a mammoth firecracker. And they drive like Jehus—furiously, recklessly, often striking terror to passengers and rarely returning without a collision, an overturning, or a narrow escape from serious accident. But after the carriage run to Jericho, with its descent of thirty-two hundred feet in nineteen miles, one has little to fear from the Hebron trip, in which the climb is six hundred feet in twenty-two miles, over a country free from gorges and chasms.

Jerusalem and its environs were thoroughly awake at this early morning hour. Our carriage whirled by scores of Syrians journeying to or from the city on foot or donkey-back, while every few minutes we met miniature caravans of half a dozen or more camels leisurely swinging toward the city, each loaded with rough-hewn building stone, roped in some mysterious way to the hump which serves as the peg upon which the Arab hangs his camel's burden.

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[1] This chapter was written by Dr. Clark at the author's request, to cover a portion of the pilgrimage which the author did not make.

Scarcely had we begun the ride before we passed on our left the Ophthalmic Hospital, a most necessary institution in this land of afflicted eyes. Up the side of the Valley of Hinnom our road brought us to an elevation from which we looked back upon the southern face of the Holy City. A distorted, lone tree in the distance on our left is pointed out as the one on which Judas hanged himself. As it stands there in its nakedness, silhouetted against the sky, with each one of its long branches reaching out horizontally toward the east, as though stereotyped when swept by some wild storm, it certainly seemed like a demon of nature. It was bent forward, in the attitude of escape, with its bony arms extended as though beseeching relief from a remorseful conscience.

From this gruesome reminder of infidelity we were glad to turn our eyes and thought toward the Bethlehem hills, which formed our southern horizon. Leaving the Bethlehem road on our left, we passed the village of Zelzah, on the right where Saul was directed after Samuel had anointed him king, and looked over into the Valley of Elah, where David slew Goliath and put to flight the Philistine hosts.

When we enter the Valley of Eshcol, how natural it was to think of vineyards ; for did we not remember that the brook in the valley was called Eshcol, "because of the cluster of grapes" ? The valley is still Palestine's garden-spot for grape culture. The vines which for ages have been annually cut back to within four feet of the ground, are stocky, more like tree-trunks than vines, many of them measuring four and six inches in diameter. One of our party secured several cuttings from a vineyard keeper, and successfully transported them to his home in Ohio, where they are now thriving in American soil.

The Valley of Eshcol narrows as we hurry toward Hebron. The road on either side is walled and paved with large stones, the surfaces of which have been worn smooth by the travel of millenniums. As we approach the city the valley widens into a sort of amphitheater. No sign of the town appears until it is suddenly revealed by an eastward turn in the road.

Like Nazareth and Shechem it is built on the slope of a mountain basin. The low houses are built of gray limestone, with domed roofs, like the architecture of dwellings in Jerusalem. The town possesses an atmosphere of antiquity. Of its eighteen thousand inhabitants more than seventeen thousand are Moslems of the most bigoted and hostile class. We were cautioned by our dragoman to get into no controversy with the Hebronites, and not to venture about town without military protection. Even as we rolled into the city a number of stones were hurled at our carriages by Moslem boys, and several of our party who ventured to smile upon or speak to Moslem children were spit upon or otherwise insulted. Others were more fortunate and moved freely about the town without molestation, while a few reported actual kindnesses extended where hostility had been expected.

The ride from Jerusalem had been long and dry and dusty, and the party that left the carriages when they halted at the friendly khan was a set of typical travel-stained pilgrims. But no time was lost by delays. A few armed Turkish soldiers served the party as a bodyguard and we started out into the town.

In the road ahead of me were two Moslem water-carriers, traveling in the same direction as we, each bearing goat-skin water bottles suspended from the shoulders and resting on the back just over the hips. The bottles were freshly filled. The stumps of the goat's tail and limbs protruded humorously, and the entire skin seemed distended to the bursting point.

Hurrying my steps I approached them from the rear with kodak loaded and ready for business. Scarcely had I gotten the camera into position when the water-carriers turned and protested. It was all so sudden and I was so startled that I inadvertently (?) squeezed the bulb! The developed plate reveals one of the men with the palm of his hand spread over his face to prevent my photographing his dusky features, a result that he might as effectually have secured had he permitted me to take the rear view which I intended. As it is, the picture is one of my treasures.

The Pools of Hebron, one of which is sometimes called David's Pool, lie in the bed of the valley on the edge of the town. Archeologists agree as to their great antiquity. Without doubt it was near one of them that the murderers of Ishbosheth were hanged upon the order of David. As our party stood on the south side of this pool, resembling a cellar of a large square building, filled with water, a native on the opposite side stripped and plunged into the water for a bath, while close to him water-carriers were filling goat-skin bottles with water for drinking, cooking, and domestic purposes.

Three squares through the primitive Oriental streets of the city brought us to Hebron's greatest treasure,—the "Haram," or the Great Mosk, which encloses the cave of Machpelah. Unlike Jerusalem, Hebron has never been the scene of devastating wars which have razed the city. Much of it remains as it has been for centuries. The city has been the custodian of the cave of Machpelah for more than three thousand five hundred years. In it were entombed the bodies of Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Rebecca, Leah, and others of the patriarchal families. During these long centuries the vicissitudes and mutations of time have never passed this treasured burial-spot out of the possession of a people who proudly and sacredly revered and guarded it. Scholars confidently believe that the mummied body of Jacob, brought from Egypt by Joseph with royal escort, now rests as securely in the cave of Machpelah as did the body of Ramses of the Oppression in the Tombs of the Kings, at Luxor, prior to its discovery and removal.

Europeans and Americans are not admitted to this famous mosk. We were permitted, therefore, to ascend only to the seventh step of the long narrow stone flight that led between two high walls to the doorway. Opposite the fifth step a ragged opening in the wall, scarcely larger than a stove-pipe hole, was said to connect directly with the cave of Machpelah. Into this dark recess we were permitted to look, or thrust an arm in vain attempt to get as near as possible to the time of Abraham.

Just as our party was ready to pass out of a narrow street into a spacious square, a load of fagots appeared at the mouth of the street completely blocking it from wall to wall. Beneath the load a close observer might discover a donkey which was so completely eclipsed by his burden that he was a veritable "babe lost in the woods." The Moslem donkey-driver impatiently halted and backed the animal to the threshold of the street entrance to permit the party to pass out. In this limited thoroughfare there was not room for both fagots and people, for the load fitted into the mouth of the street as a cork fits into a bottle. Here was another opportunity for a photograph. I dropped behind the party and tarried for a moment to use my kodak. I caught the picture, but before I could escape the donkey and his load had entered the street and trapped the photographer. I did my best to hug the stone wall, but the thorns of the fagots whipped and scratched my face and hands, and caught my clothing, until I fairly cried out with pain. But I still have the picture,—and the pain did not last.

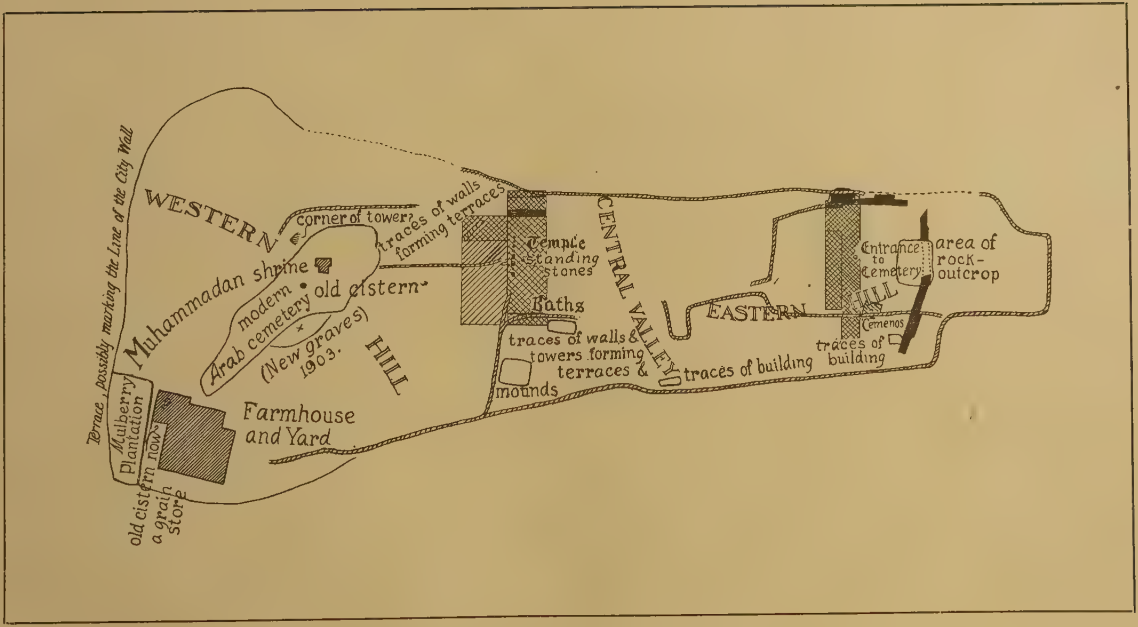
The greatest industry of Hebron is the manufacture of water skins from goat hides. The whole Palestine trade is supplied by the Hebron tanneries. The process is primitive. The carcass of the goat is drawn through the hide at the neck, after which the hide is passed through several tanning vats, and subsequently stuffed with wood shavings or chips until it is stretched as tight as a base-ball cover. The stuffed hide, on the back of which a tuft of hair is left, is then exposed to the sun for days. In the yards of the tannery we saw hundreds of these hides arranged in rows in process of sun-cure.

We lunched in picnic fashion in an olive grove within the khan enclosure, and spent the afternoon in studying the life of the people, photographing places of interest, and reading the Scripture references to this city, which, from the historic standpoint, has no equal in Palestine.

To this spot Abraham came when he first entered Canaan. About Hebron he spent most of his life. From it he went out with his armed servants to revenge the capture of Lot. Here he interceded with God to spare Sodom from destruction. Here he lived when Sarah died, and here he purchased the only parcel of ground he ever owned, the burial field of Machpelah. Near Hebron, Isaac and Jacob lived, and from here Joseph went north to search for his brethren and their flocks, when he found them at Dothan. Hebron was one of the six cities of refuge. For seven and one-half years David governed Judah from this city, his capital. Here Absalom shook hands with the people at the gate, instituted an insurrection, and led a rebellion against his father.

The forty-five minutes' stop at the pools of Solomon on our way back were well worth the time and the tax upon strength at the close of a busy day. They are so unlike what I had imagined them to be,—three rectangular reservoirs of enormous size, varying in length from three hundred and thirty to five hundred and eighty-two feet; in width, from one hundred and thirty to two hundred and forty eight feet; in depth, from twenty-five to forty-eight feet. They lie in the very heart of a narrow valley in the Frank Mountain, and rise one above another, much as do a series of locks on the Erie Canal, save that each pool is isolated and removed a hundred and fifty feet or more from its nearest neighbor. The pools are marvelous exhibits of engineering skill, and must have given Jerusalem a splendid and rich water supply in the days of her greatest glory under Solomon and David.

On the homeward drive I was led to inquire the meaning of the little single pillars of round stones (much like our cobblestones) found here and there upon the roadside. I had noticed them also on the road to Jericho and the Dead Sea, and in the environs of Jerusalem. Sometimes five stones, but oftener four, were piled one on the other, each one being carefully placed with a view to proper balance. These proved to be "memorial stones." Greek pilgrims to Jerusalem and the Holy Places of Palestine, out of gratitude to God for a safe journey thus far on the way, erect a stone. At the same spot gratitude may take possession of another pilgrim, whereupon he adds a stone to the first. Still later a third pilgrim expresses his gratitude in adding another stone—"memorial stones." Thus were we reminded of Jacob at Beth-el when he "took the stone he had put for his pillow and set it up for a pillar, and called the name of that place Beth-el." The stones were preaching their sermon of trust as the sun dropped behind the western hills of Judæa.


Terrace, possibly marking the Line of the City Wall
WESTERN
HILL
corner of tower?
traces of walls forming terraces
Muhammadan shrine
modern Arab cemetery
old cistern
(New graves) 1903.
Farmhouse and Yard
Mulberry Plantation
old cistern now a grain store
Temple
standing stones
Baths
CENTRAL VALLEY
traces of walls & towers forming terraces & mounds
traces of building
EASTERN
HILL
Entrance to Cemetery
area of rock-outcrop
Cemenos
traces of building

Plan of the Excavations at Gezer

From the Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund, October, 1903.

XXXIV

GEZER AND ITS EXCAVATIONS

BY THE REV. EVERETTE GILL[1]

THE Joppa carriage road from Jerusalem winds in and out and up and down the mountain-sides and over valleys for some miles before we are out of the high hill-country on the way to Gezer. After some hours we stopped at the Bab el Wad inn, where the highlands of Judæa let themselves down into the Shephelah. Yes ; there it was at last,—the Shephelah ! We had known of it for years, and had been looking for it for hours. Back there to the east was the Judæan wall of mingled mountains ; here about us were the scattering, low hills of the Shephelah, with broad, beautiful, bountiful fields between, and the storied vale of Ajalon just to our north over the hill. Soon after resuming our journey some one said, "Yonder's Gezer," and there to the west, at a slight angle to our left, was a hill, the last of the Shephelah that guards the glorious Plain of Sharon, which stretches west to the sea, and north to Carmel in plain view, and south to the hazy land of Gaza and Askelon. Gezer is the watch-tower of Upper Sharon.

As we drew near, and our carriages wound around toward the top of the hill, we saw that which thrilled us with a new sensation, even on this pilgrimage of new emotions. We saw the excavation of an ancient and historic hill in actual process. There were the scores of erect native girls and women filing out of the pit, with baskets of earth on their heads, going up the path to the edge of the great dump heap and back again. In the distance they looked like ants building a hill. After drawing nearer, one pilgrim at least, in his excitement, ran across the rocky wheat-field that intervened to the edge of the trench, and drank in what to the unknowing would be the prosaic scene of men filling baskets with earth. Ah, but just think of it! At any moment that laborer may turn up a tablet that will thrill the world. That swarthy digger there is the unraveller of history,—rather, the master-mind behind that plebeian brain and hands is such.

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[1] This chapter was written by Mr. Gill at the author's request, to cover a portion of the pilgrimage which the author did not make.

Very soon our party was met by an English gentleman, rather small of stature, and of typical ruddy English complexion. He was none other than Mr. R. A. Stewart Macalister, M.A., F.S.A., the distinguished young scholar and archeologist whose labors here at Gezer since June, 1902, have held the interest of the scholarly world. With modesty and ease of manner our host soon turned us into a class in archeology, and lectured to us on this thrilling subject *in situ*, so to speak. First he gave a résumé of the history of the famous hill. He has found the remains of seven cities, built one upon the remains of the other, according to the ancient custom. Only the foundation stones, pots, jars, and funerary relics are left. He has discovered that the history of this "city set on a hill" runs back, probably, three millenniums before Christ. The pre-historic inhabitants of Gezer were cave dwellers. We were shown their cave for sepulture, where the ashes of many bodies were found. These cave dwellers were a short, thickset folk, who practised cremation. They were a non-Semitic race, and unacquainted with metals. Many flint implements have been found.

The first mention of Gezer in any historical document is to be found on the Tel el-Amarna tablets of Egypt, many of which we saw afterward in the Gizeh Museum in Cairo. These letters of cuneiform inscriptions indicate that Gezer, during this period, was a dependency of Egypt. Moreover, scarabs and the impression of scarab seals on jar handles have been found in Gezer, thus confirming the statements of the Tel el-Amarna letters.

Gezer was captured by Joshua, and its inhabitants were enslaved. Philistines held it in the time of David. Solomon's father-in-law, the Egyptian Pharaoh, burnt it and presented the site to his daughter. Solomon rebuilt it. The city had varying fortunes during the Maccabæan period, and was finally captured and fortified by Simon Maccabæus. It passed out of existence about B.C. 100. During the Crusades it was called "Mount Gisart." Here, in a bloody battle, Baldwin IV gained a great victory over Saladin. And here the same great Moslem general conducted negotiations with Richard the Lion Hearted.

The place came into notice once more because of an encounter between the governor of Jerusalem and a tribe of bandit Bed′ween three years after the discovery of America. Then the very site of the city was lost, until in recent years. And we were looking down upon these relics of the dead generations that walked and worshiped here,—a procession reaching back five thousand or more years.

We saw the foundations of the old city wall, sixteen feet thick; their ancient "high place," or temple, containing a row of seven rude monoliths, and the socket for the "grove" or holy wooden post which they worshiped in lieu of a tree; the burial cave, wells, and granaries, in which were found quantities of burnt wheat, and in one receptacle beans; a Maccabæan bath-room and numberless bits of crockery and human bones.

One thing that seems now to be proved is that these ancient peoples practised human sacrifice in worship, especially infant sacrifice. Mr. Macalister has found various proofs of this custom, so strongly denounced by the Old Testament prophets.

In general, our attention has been called to "a remarkable correspondence between the biblical history and the history of the mound as seen from the excavations." Once more the spade of the excavator is more powerful than the pen of the critic. As we walked about the hill and looked upon these relics of forgotten and unknown races, or gazed upon the glorious Plain of Sharon out there, along which went those world-roads in plain view that led from the Nile to the Euphrates, we recalled those eloquent words of George Adam Smith on this very site:

"Shade of King Horam, what hosts of men have fallen round that citadel of yours! On what camps and columns has it looked down through the centuries, since first you saw the strange Hebrews burst with the sunrise across the hills, and chase your countrymen down Ajalon—that day when the victors felt the very sun conspiring with them to achieve the unexampled length of battle. Within sight of every Egyptian and every Assyrian invasion of the land, Gezer has also seen Alexander pass by, and the legions of Rome in unusual flight, and the armies of the Cross struggle, waver and give way, and Napoleon come and go. If all could rise who have fallen around its base—Ethiopians, Hebrews, Assyrians, Arabs, Turcomans, Greeks, Romans, Celts, Saxons, Mongols—what a rehearsal of the Judgment Day it would be!"

The lecture-hour was all too short; we were loth to go, for we were learning history at first hand. But our dragomans hurried us off so as to lunch at Ramleh, one hour away across Sharon, toward Jaffa.

Not only because of its ancient historical associations, but also because of a bit of personal history, Gezer will ever stand out, like the prominent hill that it is, in the memory of one of the party. For it was here, at the foot of the hill, that Mr. Macalister rescued the writer from being held up by a native carriage-driver. Having lingered behind to look for a pair of lost field-glasses, and the rest of the party having gone on to Ramleh, the shrewd Syrian was detaining the helpless tourist for money in addition to the promised bakhsheesh. At the critical moment, when hope of reaching the Grosser Kurfürst before sailing-time had almost vanished, Mr. Macalister suddenly appeared on the scene in a new rôle. The calm, self-possessed archeologist, who so lately had learnedly lectured to us, upon realizing the situation, was metamorphosed into an irate, red-faced Englishman. He hurled a rock at the crowd of native men and boys, who were keenly enjoying the situation, and poured a broadside of words at the driver. Never before did a volley of vigorous Arabic sound so beautiful. Instantly the driver was filled with an ambition to reach Ramleh at the earliest possible moment. The horses were bridled in a jiffy, and my thorough-going English deliverer seated himself beside me, and escorted me to Ramleh in triumph, to the great relief of my friends and myself. Mr. Macalister is the master of more than one situation.

XXXV

BETHLEHEM AND THE PLAIN OF SHARON

SYRIAN boys clad in coats of many colors,—green, gold, red, and yellow, — bespoke partial parents by their gaily-hued garments as we drove past them on our way to Bethlehem. We had taken carriages at our olive grove camp, near the Damascus Gate, and wound around the walls of the city, past the field which Judas obtained "with the reward of his iniquity," and which "became known to all the dwellers at Jerusalem; insomuch that in their language that field was called Akeldama, that is, The field of blood."

The railroad station was just beyond, and then the valley of Rephaim, whither the Philistines came up and spread themselves, that time when Jehovah instructed David, "it shall be, when thou hearest the sound of marching in the tops of the mulberry-trees, that then thou shalt bestir thyself; for then is Jehovah gone out before thee to smite the host of the Philistines." A font marks the traditional spot where the star appeared to the Wise-men after they had left Herod.

The entire way to the little town of Bethlehem is filled with memories and marked with traditional sites of incidents in the life of the Holy Family. Here, Mary is said to have sat and rested; from the well yonder the Holy Family is said to have drunk.

And now we are taken back to Old Testament times by the monastery of Elijah, where tradition has it that the discouraged prophet spent a night on his hasty trip south from the threats of Jezebel, en route for the juniper-tree. That depression in the rock was made by the prophet's foot! Rachel's Tomb is familiar from the photographs one often sees of this little white-domed building.

As our carriages drove amid dust and confusion into Bethlehem, and we found there a great number of pilgrims from the West, so that there was hardly room to drive or to walk where the crowd was thickest, it was a strangely familiar reminder of that day nineteen centuries before, when the crowds were pouring into this same Bethlehem to be enrolled, so that a Babe that was born of humble parents had to be laid "in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." And at sunset that evening, as we stood on a housetop and looked out over the little town, we saw, off to the left, what is called the Field of the Shepherds. It throngs one's mind and heart with mingling memories of Christmases at home as children, and Christmastide hymns, and the old familiar story of that first Christmas night when "there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock."

In the Church of the Nativity were the same scenes of loving reverence and passionate adoration that we had seen in the Church of the Sepulcher at Jerusalem. Side by side knelt white-headed women and a monk in brown robe. On a sort of throne sat a Greek priest in splendid robes of purple, red, and silver stripes. The Russian pilgrims moved quietly from one place to another in the great church, worshiping, praying, touching reverently these spots that meant so much to them. On one of the walls hung a quaint old painting of the baptism of Jesus by John.

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The time had come when we must break camp for the last time. The Damascus Rough Riders had eaten their last evening meal in the dining-tent. It had been a time of toasts and presentations and farewell addresses. To Mr. Hillier, and to Shukrey and William and the men of the camp, we had made little gifts as tokens of our gratitude for the care they had taken of us. Shukrey's speech of acceptance and farewell words were quaint and characteristic.

"No No" had been made happy by a present of a pair of Turkey red shoes, to replace those that had been worn beyond further endurance on his two-hundred-and-forty-mile tramp. When I handed him some gold pieces, a little more than covering the two francs a day that was his due for his devotion to Mrs. Trumbull during the long, hard journey, he silently touched the money to his lips and forehead in a grave obeisance, then beamed with joy, and smiling and regretful, we parted.

The streets of Jerusalem were thronged on the morning of our departure. It was the last opportunity of the bakhsheesh-seekers, for the rich travelers from the West were leaving the city that day, and such wealth might never come their way again. If your cab door was opened or closed for you by a native on the street—as it surely would be unless you were quick in getting in and out—there was bakhsheesh or trouble ahead. Coppers were looked on with disdain ; for carrying your bags from the cab to the train a franc, or a half-franc at least, was demanded. A Baptist minister friend of mine who is not likely soon to hear the end of the "goat clabber" he bought and tried to eat up in Nâblus, had a long-drawn out and exciting controversy with a boy at the Jerusalem railroad station, while waiting for the train to start, over a dozen Jaffa oranges for which he had agreed to pay a franc and a half. The boy evidently reproached himself for offering the oranges at that amount,—a perfectly fair price,—and after delivering them and receiving his payment, fiercely demanded more. As only an Oriental can, short of actual violence, he tried to carry his point, but public sentiment was visibly against him, and the American won.

While we were in Jerusalem Dr. Joseph Clark received a letter from the Secretary of the Colonial Hospital at Gibraltar, bringing the welcome news that young Warren Burns, the Ohio boy who had been left there with appendicitis, "has asked me to tell you that he feels better and better every day. . . . My next I will address to some port you will be calling at on your way back."

Over the hills, through the green Plain of Sharon, past Gezer, where pick and spade are bringing to light tangible evidences of Old Testament history, between fertile plowed fields, some whitening to the harvest, we were carried by the train that winds its way down from Zion to the Great Sea. As we neared the coast a rich sweetness filled the air, and we were plunged into the fragrance of the orange groves of Jaffa. We saw the fruit piled in great golden heaps on the

ground. Over and over again, in our journeyings under the smiting sun of Syria, it had been Jaffa oranges that brought refreshment to parched lips, and quenching of thirst. But we learned before the day was over that Jaffa is not the place to buy Jaffa oranges. The only Jaffa oranges I ate in the East that were poor were what we bought there. The reason is easy to understand,—the choicest fruit is shipped off, exactly as it is from Florida and California.

On a long walk from the railroad station we were shown through the streets of Jaffa and led to the traditional site of the house of Simon the Tanner. The typical stone house standing there with its characteristic Oriental outer stairway leading up to the roof is interesting merely from its traditional connection with the record in Acts. But there is no question about Jaffa itself as being the Joppa of New Testament times, whither Peter hastened at the entreaty of the friends of Dorcas, to restore to life and good works the woman who had fallen sick and died. From the housetop where he had gone to pray, when he fell into the divinely-ordained trance and was taught the lesson that has never yet been fully learned, Peter could look out over the Great Sea, upon whose waters now rested our Sunday-school ship from the West.

In small boats we were carried out through the boisterous and often dangerous harbor to the waiting Kurfürst. It was like stepping back into a Christian land once more. How clean and inviting everything looked! How hard it was to wait even the few hours that must pass before sitting down to a meal cooked and flavored and served as it should be! What a comfort to get into the homelike staterooms again!

And yet, when the twin screws began to make our vessel throb with life, and slowly, while the decks rang with the music of the band, and flags fluttered, and whistles sounded, we moved through the waters of the Great Sea out toward the West, and then swung down toward another continent, while the Land in Gray, touched out in soft colors by the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, crept farther and farther from us, back, back, into the distant East once more,—who of us did not feel the heartache that comes with leaving, perhaps forever, a lifetime friend? For the land of the Christ-child was more than a part of our best and dearest Bible stories now; it was part of the best of our life.

XXXVI

FIRST GLIMPSES OF EGYPT

THE palm trees were waiting for us as we approached Alexandria. It would not have been Egypt without them. They stood out slender and graceful and clean-cut against the sky, like giant brushes.

There had been railroading in Syria, but not such as this. For the touch of England was here. From the moment we stepped on shore at Alexandria we felt it, as we had at Gibraltar. One may know in general that it is good to be an Anglo-Saxon, but not until he has walked and eaten and lived for a few days in some of the lands that are not Anglo-Saxon can he appreciate why it is good. And if one would feel the contrast at its height, let him go from Jerusalem to Alexandria. Twenty-four hours apart in travel, the two cities are twenty centuries apart in time.

From the brisk activity of the railroad terminal we started immediately for Cairo, a hundred miles or more "up" in the south. The country was perfectly flat, and at once we were in the midst of the ceaseless irrigation that we never lost sight of, except within the cities themselves, during our entire stay in that land. Into trenches cut in the flat fields water is being emptied hour after hour, day after day, year after year, by the tireless, brown-skinned, almost naked toilers who save the land at this price of eternal vigilance. It makes one think of the fruitless labors of the daughters of Danaus and their never-ending task. But the toil of the children of Egypt is redemptive, and their unfailing persistence is an inspiration.

The ways in which the water is brought into the irrigating trenches are many and primitive. One picturesque apparatus was like the old-fashioned New England well-sweep. Later we saw two men standing by a well, one on each side, and swinging down into it a sack, suspended by two ropes, until the sack was filled with water; then hoisting on their ropes they swung the sack up and emptied it into a trench. They kept this up with a rhythmical swing, quenching the thirst of the sun-baked ground.

Near the villages of the brown mud huts of the Nile valley were desolate little cemeteries. The mounds of the dead were more pathetic in their bare brown, unwhited, unsodded barrenness than the burial-places of any country we had yet seen. But they were not more primitive than the little mud houses of the living. Was it from any such homes in Egypt that the captive children of Israel broke their bonds and turned toward the Land of Promise? A bevy of busy brick-makers seen from the car window, fashioning the gray-brown clay of the country into cubes for building, made very real the record of those Israelitish captives who were made "to serve with rigor," and whose lives were made "bitter with hard service, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field."

* * * * *

It is the Paris of Africa—Cairo. England's hand has been the transforming power, but there are other elements that make for tropical ease and luxury and languor, and for solid comfort as well. The broad, well-paved streets remind one of a southern city at home. Pavement cafés and well-dressed idlers give the Parisian touch. There are flowers in profusion, and handsome residences built on ample square lines, and stunning equipages, and beautiful public gardens.

We had known that the hotels in Cairo were fine, very fine. But we were still in the Eastern part of the world, and I was disposed to interpret the adjectives with local qualifications. Even those who were not so disposed, however, were not prepared for what was awaiting us. It was Oriental magnificence directed by European management. At Shepheard's, we were led past lofty reception salons, drawing rooms, lounging nooks, down richly decorated corridors, and shown into a brilliantly lighted dining hall where dinner was awaiting our arrival. Perfectly appointed service, and a menu that would have been beyond criticism in New York or London, characterized our first meal in the Dark Continent.

Moving noiselessly about the great dining hall, in their pointed Turkey red morocco slippers, were coal black negro waiters whose costume first startled—then fascinated. A glimpse of black stocking just showed between the top of the pointed red slippers and the bottom of the immense and voluminous white linen bloomer Turkish trousers, which came up like aprons far above the waist, some of the more fancy having a touch of embroidery over the hips. About the waist—which was thus just below the armpits—was wrapped a soft silken sash. Above this was a bob-tailed Eton jacket of hunting pink, over an open-necked waistcoat of the same color. A white linen shirt, worn with an immense white "choker" so high in the back that it threw the kinky black head well forward, and a very large white lawn bow, were surmounted by coal black features crowned with a fez. Isn't that better than the commonplace dress clothes worn by waiters at home?

As we passed down the long halls of the hotel to or from the bedrooms, a black, deferential servant sitting barefooted in the shadow would spring to his feet and slip on his shoes, remaining shod and standing until the guest had passed, when he would again take his ease. An electric switch turned on at the doorway of our bedroom threw a warm flood of light over an apartment some twenty-five by thirty-five feet in size. The twin bedsteads were draped with a canopy of netting; an electric-lighted mahogany writing-desk invited to editorial labors unlimited. And this was Egypt!

Although there are many similarities between Syria and Egypt, the differences are marked. There are as many donkeys everywhere to be seen in Egypt. But I puzzled for some time over why they seemed different from the donkeys of Syria, until I realized that it is because the little animals here are close shaven. They have a trim, brisk look that is instantly noticeable. The long nightdress-looking single garment of the Egyptian boys and men was new to us. It is in evidence in the accompanying photograph of a group of boys which I caught, unknown to them, in a marketplace in Cairo, while

they were intently watching the exhibition of an open-air juggler. There was a dense crowd of native life in this marketplace, and wares of all kinds were displayed. A locksmith's goods were piled by his side on the ground ; pavement barbers were shaving the heads of their customers ; switches of human hair were on sale, and bathing suits.

The natives in the city are fond of the pavement cafés. A fat little Arab woman toddled around the table in one of these places, gravely filling with coffee the cups of the men seated there. The part of the city known as "Old Cairo" has its traditions and sacred sites, even a Coptic church where Mary and Joseph rested after the flight from Bethlehem. A beautiful minaret near by looks like old carved sandal wood in its velvety, warm brown tones. A woman passes with a large bird cage balanced on her head ; inside the cage is a live duck, and on top, evidently more to be trusted, a live turkey. An English dog-cart drives by, the "tiger," sitting up stiff and straight, is a black youngster in a red jacket blazing with gold braid. Little tram cars drawn by three donkeys jog past us. Women are wearing the peculiar face covering of feminine Egypt, looking like a football nose-guard from which is suspended a long, narrow strip of veiling, concealing the face from a line straight across the nose.

The most picturesque bit of human life in Egypt is the lithe, clean-limbed, bare-legged *saïs*, who runs ahead of the carriage of a person of state or of wealth. In the midst of the busy traffic of a crowded street you will see the *saïs* darting like a trout up a stream, his slender rod held straight before him, his turban and white knee breeches and embroidered jacket spotlessly clean : a herald serving notice on the crowds to "prepare the way" for one coming after him, whom he serves.

To sit on the stone terrace of Shepheard's of an afternoon and watch the real "streets of Cairo" is an experience. A kaleidoscope of life is shifting ceaselessly before your eyes. A Hindoo palmist comes to the edge of the terrace and implores you to let him, for a few piasters, reveal your character and your future. A wedding procession of carriages, lavishly adorned, passes down the street. Dog carts spin by, and a pet monkey runs about over the terrace collecting coppers. Piles of fezzes on the pavement are offered for sale. Boy acrobats run and leap backwards and forwards in front of pedestrians, ready, upon the slightest encouragement, to give a performance. A man sits unconcernedly at a marble-topped table by the curb, his *nargîleh* standing on the pavement, smoking contentedly. Fly wispers are moving busily in the hands of natives and foreigners alike, for unless these feathery brushes of split cane are whisking constantly about your head and face, the flies of Egypt will settle down upon you as in plague times of old. A placid Lady of the Desert passes, an artist's study in coal black : great, well-formed ears, massive side locks, sunken nose, thick lips, and great piles of back hair, making a striking foil to the painted Parisian women driving by in open carriages.

XXXVII

DESERT EXPERIENCES

AS we were driving through the streets to take the river steamer up the Nile to Saqqâra, there passed us on a bridge crossing the Nile an Egyptian dandy on camel-back. How I wish I could have caught a picture of him! He was evidently a young gentleman of wealth and leisure out for a morning ride. In English riding boots of the most correct style, very tight trousers faultlessly tailored, and an abundance of gold braid on his jacket and trousers, he was sitting his pure white thoroughbred dromedary at a swinging gait as easily and as gracefully as an English gentleman would his hunter on a morning gallop in Rotten Row. A few minutes later we passed a line of camels laden with huge packs of green grass and clover; as we watched the radius through which their burdens were swinging, swaying, and jerking with the camels' every step, our admiration for the Egyptian club-man's skill and grace was increased.

A man on a bicycle speeds by the women of Egypt! Passing under a great sign-gateway, reading "Anglo-American Nile Steamer Hotel Company," we step down a few well-cut stone steps to the gang-plank, past a man who keeps repeating the warning, "no ticket, no in," and we are on the Nile. From our craft—the Mayflower—we look out upon a *dahabiyeh*, or Egyptian house-boat, tied up alongside us.

The sails of the boats on the Nile are triangular, and very sharp-angled ; the spar for spreading the sail is about twice the length of the boat, made of one beam or spliced, suspended a third of the way from its butt to a short stubby mast, and sloping back high into the air at an angle of about forty-five degrees. As these sailboats came toward us, their sails, seen obliquely, looked like arrow points, and were reflected far down in the water as sharply as they cut the sky above. The prow comes up in a graceful curve well out of the water, and a big hatchet-shaped rudder guides the craft.

Irrigation methods were still in constant view. Over the edge of a wall twenty-five feet above the river hung a wheel around which ran an endless series of pointed earthen water jars, fastened rigidly, so that they descended upside down into the river. On the bank above, an Egyptian bullock treading slowly around furnished the motive power for running this water elevator.

The river banks were full of native life and activity. Boat builders were busy at their trade. Two men were working hard at a saw, which was operated perpendicularly, as is customary in the East. Bronze-skinned natives were in the water to their waists bathing horses.

To the left of a grove of closely-clustered palms we saw, on the distant horizon, three pinkish-buff pyramids. Palms and pyramids ! The Egypt of picture-books and illustrated geographies had become real ! Here again was that experience that is so striking and memorable : the seeing for the first time that which one has known for a lifetime in picture only. It was when we had looked off from the citadel of Cairo a day or two before that I had seen my first pyramids. Dim and hazy and dreamlike they were, not sharply defined, but misty and glowing in those mother-of-pearl tints with which the air of Egypt seems to quiver.

Passing a closely-built little town on a promontory, we come to a sandy waste where a solemn group of storks holds conclave on the beach. Almost at the tip end of the slender mast of a boat moored by the bank is a man at work, looking like a monkey, the mast bending with his weight as though it would snap like a toothpick, while a companion squats in the bottom of the boat working on the rigging. Two men are busy at one of the "well-sweep" water carriers, drawing water rapidly and rhythmically from the Nile, and emptying it into a ditch above them. Water buffalo lie contentedly in the cool current, showing only their neck and back above the surface.

As we swung into the bank at Bedrashên, the landing for Saqqâra, we saw what looked like a company of cavalry drawn up on the flat beach, while a uniformed officer, superbly mounted, was galloping up and down the line. A great lot of saddles was quickly unloaded from our boat to the beach, and we realized that the cavalry was a detachment of donkeys and their drivers awaiting our arrival. They were kept under surveillance somewhat as the row of "cabbies" is at the Grand Central Station in New York, who dare not step over a certain line when importuning incoming travelers.

But once the boat was moored and the saddles had been unloaded, a wild crowd of donkey-boys in blue or pink or white nightgowns dashed about in frantic excitement. As the little beasts were saddled they were hurried away from the line, the ladies were mounted, then the men, and one by one we joined the straggling procession that had started across the desert for the pyramids of Saqqâra.

At Memphis, on the way, we found the heroic fallen statues of Ramses II. One climbs the rickety wooden stairs built over one of these statues, and looks down into the placid, inscrutable smile of a Pharaoh. An asp is chiseled on his head ; his great limbs and trunk project from under the little wooden bridge that takes you across his square stone beard and massive chest.

Mounting our impassive little beasts again, we jog on through the grove of Memphis, past squalid Nile mud villages, by men and women pumping, lifting, carrying water, water, water, and on out into the desert, and still on. Far away loomed the pyramid that was our goal. Boys dogged our footsteps offering scarabs and teraphim for sale.

The heat settled down about us. It was a dry, consuming heat of terrible intensity. Not a breath stirred the air. In the torrid stillness one longed for a breeze. Then the breeze came, and one wished the air would grow still again. For the hot wind was as though you had opened the door of a blast furnace : parching, burning, stifling. Could we stand it without sunstroke, heatstroke, and collapse ? It did not seem probable. The only hope was : others had. But there was an hour's riding still before us, straight ahead across the desert, and after reaching the pyramids all this suffocating waste would be between us and the Nile again ! For a person who is imaginative and sensitive to the heat, even to one who has grown up in the record-breaking summers of Philadelphia, it was a nerve-testing ordeal. It did not do to think much about it.

Happy thought : there are oranges in my pocket ! Ravenously one is peeled. It is orange compote, served hot ! The slight moisture of the juice, what little is not yet dried out, is the only relief; there is no coolness in the fruit. I would have shared them with Mrs. Trumbull, but she was lost to sight. I hardly expected to see her again. I could not think that she would live through this, even if I did. My frequent dismounts for photographing had delayed my progress, and finally my donkey-driver told me that his own lame feet would not let him make the journey with me to Saqqâra, and I must go on alone. It is slow work going alone, when you have a strange Egyptian donkey to drive.

For the donkeys are hopelessly independent. When mine went fast, as he sometimes did, the joy at knowing that a little time was being saved in this inferno almost brought tears. When he relapsed into a walk, it was like hopeless suffocation. One of the women of our party, an ardent S. P. C. A. enthusiast at home, one of the most tender-hearted women and one of the most devoted to animals I have ever known, was so far from reason and sanity that day of her ride to Saqqâra that she used the head of her hatpin to prod her donkey ; when that broke off she kept on prodding, until finally she noticed drops of blood trickling down the little fellow's shoulder. Then she stopped. She can hardly speak of the affair now without tears coming into her eyes for her cruelty; but it made very little difference to her at the time.

A native woman coming toward me was eating raw cucumbers, and a donkey-driver secured some from her. He handed me two or three. For an instant I hesitated. There had been reports of the plague in Egypt, and a raw cucumber from the hands of a native of one of the Nile villages might seem indiscreet. But the cucumbers were cool, and they were moist, even juicy. I hesitated no longer, but devoured them ravenously.

At the tombs of Saqqâra I debated whether to go in, for they were cool and inviting. If I could have lived there for the rest of my life I would have gladly done so; but I had the return ride of an hour and a half over the desert, and I quailed at the thought of increasing its terrors by the brief respite in the tomb. Yet I went, and breathed a few cool breaths, and was grateful.

We all lived through it, of course. You are sure you are not going to, but you do. Every one does. That is the beauty of this dry heat of Egypt. But the sight of the Mayflower in the distance, resting placidly on the waters of the Nile, was like a benediction. And the number of scores of bottles of iced lemon soda that were sold on board the little boat that afternoon was out of all proportion to the number of passengers she carried.

The slender needle-minarets of the citadel, pink and hazy in the twilight, the pyramids softly silhouetted to the left, the sun's rays "drawing water"

over all, made a picture of fairyland that it was hard to believe was real as we came slowly down the river to Cairo. Stretching far away, flat and brown and bare, touched out here and there by green or by a mud village, the flatness accentuated by the sentinel, feathery-topped palms, lies Egypt. If you could have been carried asleep from your home in America that afternoon and set in a camp chair in the bow of the Mayflower, and then told to open your eyes and say where you were, you would have made no mistake. There is only one Egypt.

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The sphinx and the great pyramid, Cheops, are at the end of a beautiful seven-mile drive or trolley run from Cairo along a superb road-bed and under an archway of trees. Water mills and well-sweeps by the score dotted the land on both sides of the driveway. A blindfolded cow was running one of these, driven endlessly round by an Egyptian girl in a blue frock. Bronze Apollos were bathing in streams of their own color. Sheep and goats, grazing, were tended by an ebony shepherd. European green or blue shutters looked oddly out of place on the mud houses clustered together.

Cheops is the ideal pyramid, for it is the one you oftenest see photographed. Your first view, caught in the distance through the avenue of trees, is all-satisfying. We leave the hard road-bed of the avenue and drive through the sandy waste close to the pyramid and its fellows, and then prepare for what we really came to Egypt for—to ride a camel.

The beasts are squatting affably, awaiting our pleasure. Having heard of the agonizing uncertitude of the first few moments, I straddled the saddle, set my teeth, and waited for the worst. It was an agreeable surprise. There was a big wooden post at both front and back of the saddle, corresponding to pommel and cantle, and a comfortable carpet seat between, and even stirrups, which I had not expected. To be sure, there was some pitching and tilting, but of a pleasurably mild sort after our mountain riding from Damascus. And the walking gait of my camel, which was all I had a chance to try on the short trip to the sphinx, was ease itself. I presume an all-day trot over the desert would be more racking

Dismounting is a little worse. Your driver begins to beat your camel's forelegs with his stick and argues with him. The camel bends—and you are shot suddenly forward. There my camel stopped. It was a comfortable, restful position for him; why move? But the driver beat him vigorously, and argued loudly, until he succeeded in calling the rear part of the camel's body into action. My back dropped out from under me, and kept dropping. The situation was serious. Just before it was too late, things began to level themselves. Then a most comfortable lowering process commenced, and the camel settled into himself, down, down, and it was really gratifying to see the earth come slowly up to meet one. I stepped off, and left my mount regretfully,—he undoubtedly wondering, in turn, what manner of man he had been carrying, who made him get down and up, down and up, so often. My camera had been to blame.

The great stepped stones of the massive pyramid

and its mates are blended and lost in the perfect symmetry of these giant tombs when one first sees them in the distance. At close range the pyramids are even more impressive as marvels of engineering skill. And so with the sphinx ; one has to come close to it to realize its size and wonder. As we first saw it in the distance, I confess I was just the least bit disappointed. It seemed small But I had not reckoned for the distances of desert sands. Like the plains of the American West, intervening distances are thoroughly misleading here, and what looks small because seemingly close at hand looms big as you draw near. Get your camel-driver to stand at the base of the sphinx, then step off a few hundred yards and take a look at the contrast. The photograph accompanying this chapter, in which my dragoman revealed the sphinx to my camera and myself, gives a hint of this impressiveness.

There is the customary horde of native bakhsheesh-askers even on the sands of the desert. Each American was preyed upon by one or two natives in addition to the camel-drivers. Coats and wraps and cameras were seized and carried, for such service would give good grounds for pay. To my own camel-driver, who did double duty because of my photographing, I gave more than the customary bakhsheesh, as also to Mrs. Trumbull's man, who had served her well, and who had told her with great interest the plans for his marriage soon to take place. In addition to these, a little brown-skinned fellow, not over twelve or fourteen years old, had taken my Baedeker from my hands and carried it, almost unnoticed by any of us, the half a mile to and from the sphinx. As we were listening to claims after our return, and settling up with the different drivers, I heard a high-pitched, insistent voice crying in my ear:

"I am the man who carried the book—I am the man who carried the book."

It was my small Baedeker-boy. I gave him a coin; tearfully he pleaded for more. I doubled the amount; but he was far from satisfied, insisting that he should receive more nearly what the camel-drivers had. This was a little too much, and I had to decline, whereat, as we drove away, the "man who carried the book" hurled a perfect torrent of Egyptian invective and malediction upon my head. I felt sorry for the boy's disappointment, but for the sake of future travelers to the sphinx it was well to harden my heart.

XXXVIII

HUNDRED-GATED THEBES

BY THE REV. JUNIUS W. MILLARD[1]

THE Kurfürst cruise reached Egypt just at the close of the regular season, which lasts from January through the month of March. April is dry and dusty, and the weather becomes excessively warm. On this account, those who were contemplating a trip to Upper Egypt were strongly advised to be satisfied with Cairo and not attempt the long trip of four hundred and fifty miles into the interior of the country. But there were some who had heard so much of the glories of Karnak that they felt that a trip to Egypt without seeing those wonderful temples and the tombs of the kings was to miss that which most appeals to the imagination and to the instinct of the traveler.

So some twenty-one hardy souls gathered at the Cairo station one evening about seven o clock to start upon the long journey to Luxor. The *train de luxe* of the Egyptian State Railway was placed at their disposal, and to many this experience alone was worth the price of the trip, for they reveled in luxurious sleepers and dining-cars even in Egypt.

The surprise we felt at the luxury of the train was surpassed by our further surprise at the comfort of our hotel, which was the equal of any we had seen since leaving New York. In fact, this trip was made with the greatest ease, and with more opportunity for real rest than if we had remained in Cairo. For several hours in the heat of the day the time was spent in the cool rooms of our excellent hotel, the early morning and late afternoon being given to seeing the greatest of sights in this land of constant wonders.

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[1] This chapter was written by Mr. Millard at the author's request, to cover a portion of the pilgrimage which the author did not make.

Thebes is a general name to cover all that group of places which composed the capital of Egypt in the heroic days of the New Empire. Splendid, indeed, must that great city have been which, after the lapse of centuries, shows ruins that are the wonder of the world, stretching for miles on both sides of the lordly Nile. During our hurried trip we visited six temples, any one of which would be world-famous by itself, besides two colossi, and the tombs where Egypt's greatest kings were buried.

Our first visit was to the ruins of the temple of Luxor, a short distance from our hotel. This temple is surpassed by Karnak in extent of ruins, by the Ramesseum in wealth of inscriptions, and by Dêr el-bahri in glory of coloring, but to me it will always have a special interest of its own because it was our first introduction to the splendid ruins of this ancient land. Unless a man has seen them, he cannot for a moment conceive of one's feelings as he stands before great walls and columns covered with hieroglyphics and mysterious figures, and knows that these were carved by the hands of men thousands of years ago. Perhaps there is no more thrillingly exasperating experience than to feel that you are gradually becoming acquainted with certain figures, and in some slight way are entering into the spirit of these inscriptions, and then realize that your time is limited and in a few hours you must leave them with their secrets unraveled, their messages unread. How one wishes he were an archeologist, and had made a specialty of hieroglyphics !

Luxor is of special interest also because here is to be found the most perfect statue of Ramses the Great in all Egypt. It stands in the Court of Ramses II, which is entirely surrounded by a double row of immense columns. Originally there was a standing colossal portrait statue of the king placed alternately between the columns in the front row; besides two, perhaps four, seated statues, still larger, near the doors. This would make more than seventy in all—and this is but one room in one temple in a location remarkable for temples, statues, and inscriptions. Only some dozen of these statues remain now, and they seem to represent the king at different ages. Two of them are of the king alone, while the others have his wife standing dutifully behind her lord, so diminutive that her outstretched hand touches the calf of his majestic leg. One of these is the statue referred to, the first one which has the wife associated with the king, and if it be true that these show the king at successive ages, then perhaps this represents him as a blushing, happy bridegroom.

After Luxor came luncheon, and after a rest of several hours we started for Karnak, two miles away. This trip is memorable for our experience with the donkey-boys. These importunate folk had followed us from the train to the hotel earlier in the day, expatiating upon the several merits of their donkeys. When the time came for the afternoon ride, it seemed that there had been a new inundation of the Nile, that the river had brought down donkeys and Arabs only, and had deposited all the scum at the gate of the Luxor hotel. To continue the figure, the noise at the gate was as the sound of many waters. Our two dragomans were armed with whips, and laid about them right lustily, but the donkey-drivers would receive the resounding thwacks as if they had been pattering rain-drops. I noticed one young fellow who was dodging through the crowd trying to reach my companion as a possible customer for his donkey, and he received two full blows of the whip, one on his cheek, the other upon his shoulders. He only winced under the former, and, shooting through the crowd, seized my friend by the hand and bore him triumphantly away.

Thinking to escape such treatment, I waited for the head dragoman to show me what to do. He called to a donkey-boy and pointed to me. Without a word, the unknown seized me by the hand and started on a run through the crowd, pulling me on behind him. I pulled and tugged, but to no purpose. Finally he fetched up before a gray donkey, and hoisted me into the saddle. Then for the first time could I see the author of this Egyptian *coup de passenger* and realized that I had been most foully duped. He was no donkey-boy at all, but a man forty years of age!

We found that Karnak was a real wonder of the world. The income of an empire would hardly be more than adequate for the building of such a stupendous pile, built by many of Egypt's greatest kings, forming an endless repetition of halls and columns and statues. Here are the great hypostyle hall, two obelisks standing, and one fallen, temples from the earliest times to the days of Alexander and the Ptolemies, together with three or four avenues of sphinxes, one of which was at least two miles long. But to many the greatest interest of all centers in some monuments and hieroglyphics on the outside of the great temple, one commemorating the victory won by Shishak over Rehoboam, and the other the wars of Seti I and Ramses II with the inhabitants of Palestine, with the treaty made by the latter king with the Hittites.

The next morning, by the time of the rising of the sun, our party was crossing the Nile by a ferry boat for our trip to the ruins on the west of the river. First we came to the two colossi in the plain, one of which was famous, centuries ago, as the vocal statue of Memnon. It no longer sings with the rising of the sun, but with its companion it sits upon the plain, mute witness of the changing destinies of men for thousands of years.

From the colossi we rode to the temple of Medînet Habu, at once a palace and a temple, mainly built by Ramses III; to the Ramesseum, built by Ramses II, with its fallen statue of the king, the largest in all Egypt; and to Dêr el-bahri, built by Queen Katasu. This last, whose Arab name signifies "Most Splendid of All," is an exquisite gem, entirely different from anything else to be seen in all Egypt, being built against the mountain in three separate terraces. It has a most interesting history. The queen who built it was something of a masculine character, and had her monuments placed upon the walls with a false beard, and all references to herself were to herself as a king. Her successor on the throne, Thothmes III, caused all these monuments to be carefully removed, as well as all her proud references to her heroic deeds. But the outlines were clearly to be seen, thus erased, even after these many centuries. Many gems are to be seen unharmed, and the ancient colors remain almost as fresh as when first put on by the artists of the queen.

From here we passed to the valley of the tombs of the kings. Surely, never was such an appropriate spot chosen as the abode of death. Without a suggestion of vegetation, the bare, gray mountains rise hundreds of feet in precipitous heights above the plain of the desert, while down between them is a narrow valley. Here, chamber after chamber cut into the solid rock of those ghastly mountains, are more than a score of tombs of the kings of the great dynasties of the glorious days of Egypt, their walls covered with the most perfect hieroglyphics, each separate letter and figure exquisitely colored, until the whole is a perfect blaze of glory. We entered the tombs of Ramses VI, Seti I, and Amenophis II. That of Seti was first discovered and is the most wonderful of them all, while that of Amenophis is interesting from the fact that the royal body remains where it was placed shortly after his death, while in an adjoining room three other mummies keep tryst beside the body of their lord.

It was a grim commentary upon that pride of building and wealth of carving upon which we had been looking with wonder for two days, to see the authors of it all come to such a place as this. It set us musing upon its meaning, and trying to interpret as best we could the Pharaonic philosophy of things. We had seen many temples; we could remember a few royal hunting scenes blazoned on the walls, a few banquets and many religious processions and festivals; but everywhere there were the same sickening details of war and tragedy, of the king dominating everything, smiting his enemies and offering to the gods great rows of captives with ropes about their necks. There was no pity in kingly hearts. Might made right. Crass selfishness and brutality, vanity and self-glorification: this was the basis of life in Egypt in the long ago, and the greatness of the kings rested upon the degradation of the people. The very walls of these temples we had seen were cemented by the blood and sweat of anguished slaves. Resting upon such a foundation, their pride had had its fall, and all had come to dust at last. Materialism and selfishness are at the bottom of the failure of every nation, and Egypt is but one with Babylon and with Tyre.

And yet there was one relieving feature, for with it all there was a belief in a future life with its certain retribution. Blazoned on the walls of the tombs were entire passages from the Book of the Dead, with pictures of the last judgment, souls standing before Osiris, the judge in the under-world, the actions of this life weighed in the unfaltering balances of the justice of the gods. A strange mixture, this, of cruelty, vanity, and religious trust, but it was the best they knew, and it became for them their inspiration for art and literature, as well as for architecture and worship. I wonder if our own generation, with its divine revelation, and its enthusiasm for God and humanity, will do as noble and enduring work as the men of ancient Egypt?

As we rode away from these tombs we passed a Moslem cemetery where, with monotonous lamentations, they were filling a new-made grave. The fortunes of the world may vary, and Pharaoh give way to the Khedive, but Death reigns from age to age, and exacts his black tribute from every son of man, and brings sorrow into every home.

With the glory and the shame, the light and the shadows, of Egypt's splendid past mingling in our minds with the sorrows of her degraded present, we rode out of the valley of the tombs into the world again.

XXXIX

RELIGION AND THE PHARAOHS

ON one of the massive pillars at the entrance of Shepheard's was a printed notice announcing that the Rev. E. W. Moore would give an address at the Bible Class of the Y. W. C. A., Shavr Kasi el Nil (opposite the Anglo-Egyptian Bank), on Sunday, April 24, at 4.30 P. M., and the notice added that any one was welcome to come to tea at 4 o'clock. Another card requested Masonic brethren who desired to visit Helwân, near Cairo, and attend a meeting of the Masonic Lodge there, to meet at the Grand Continental Hotel not later than 2.30 P. M. Masons were invited, after the Lodge meeting, to take tea at the residence of Brother Shaheen Makarius Bey, at Helwân. Religion and free masonry were not lacking in the Dark Continent.

The roomy auditorium of the American Mission was filled to overflowing on Sunday morning,—bright and balmy as a June day at home. We passed through the thronged streets of the city, to the music of the melodious clinking of the brass cups of lemonade men, the crowds of fezzed Egyptians courteously making a way for the American and English visitors. Dr. Watkinson of London, whose magnetic, heart-warming smile I had first been the better for as we met for an instant at the Jews' Wailing Place, and who had spoken the memorable consecration message in the convention tent at the closing service in Jerusalem, now preached to us in Egypt a sermon on self-sacrifice as the principle of all life,—a sermon that sent men and women back to their hotels tingling with shame and stirred with a purpose to be worthier of the appeal so masterfully made.

This preacher from London was an event of the pilgrimage to more than one of us. Lanky of limb and long of neck, in flapping frock coat, with delicately-veined, thin, sinewy hands, a silvery, short fringe of hair around the chin and under the shaven lip, his was a face and figure anything but commonplace. In action—while delivering a message that stirred his hearers because it gripped him—the idiosyncrasies of face and figure and dress were electrified into winsome power. That thin, delicate lip would smile with a rare sweetness, or curve with a quizzical, lurking humor that was irresistible. The pale blue, deep-set eyes looked into you, and through you, and far beyond down the ages and into eternity. The high, broad forehead, deeply lined up and down and across, seemed the fitting temple of the thoughts that poured out upon you in richness. Up goes the right hand at the end of a great sweep of the long arm, the body bends well down from the waist in a lithe, supple, graceful movement, as a sentence of challenge or affirmation is flung out from the sensitive lips.

"I tell you, I'm downright sorry for the selfish man. He's come too late," says the preacher pityingly, and his audience hurriedly determine never to get caught being "too late" again.

"Some seem to have the notion that it's the destruction of the inferior for the benefit of the superior. It isn't so. Over and over again the superior suffers for the benefit of the inferior. Look at the physician. He often lays down his life for a person of no significance. The higher civilizations are continually bleeding in the interests of the lower." And another smug sophistry of selfishness is demolished.

"If you want to be like your Master—*stoop!* And mind, when you stoop, it isn't such a big stoop as you think!" The quizzical glance out of the blue eyes takes away any tang of sarcasm, but leaves the shaft none the less pointed.

The Rev. John Giffen, of the American Mission, which is under the control of the United Presbyterian Church of America, welcomed the pilgrim visitors in this jubilee year of the Mission's work, the fiftieth. He told of the one hundred and fifty Sunday-schools in Egypt which gather over ten thousand pupils every Sunday for the study of the International Lessons. A little band of workers was worshiping that morning six hundred miles above Khartum; the Soudan, key to the Dark Continent, has already been entered for Christ. The Muhammadans are becoming accessible to the Gospel; on Monday evenings a meeting for Muhammadans, led by a man trained for nine years in a Muhammadan university, is devoted to studying the Way of salvation.

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A typical illustration of the way in which Chairman Warren coped with a difficult situation and brought out the real spirit of the cruise members was given one evening on the way from Alexandria to Naples.

It had been announced that a meeting would be held for the purpose of taking a collection for missionary work in Egypt, and also for considering the formation of a permanent organization of the cruise party. The hour for the meeting came, with an attendance of perhaps a hundred persons in the great forward dining-saloon, so often crowded with three or four hundred. The chairman's first word was characteristic.

"I am very glad to see so many here," he cheerily remarked. "Every one present was warned beforehand that an offering was the object, and has evidently come because he is really interested."

Then Mr. Warren told a little story out of his own experience. He and his family had been taking a boat trip up the Nile a few years before. Sunday came, and they tied up for the day. There was a piano on the open deck, and Mrs. Warren played some of the homeland hymns, while the family and friends gathered round and sang.

That was too much for Egyptian curiosity, and it was not long before a few natives from the brown mud houses along the river came close to the boat to listen. Others joined them, and others, until a good-sized crowd had assembled to listen to American hymns sung on a Sunday morning by a Michigan family from a boat on the banks of the Nile.

Mr. Warren longed to talk to them about the Saviour, but he could not speak their language. The picture and the opportunity could not be forgotten, and he moved on the next day realizing what a missionary power a Gospel *dahabiyeh* could be on that river, manned by a Christian missionary who could speak to the needy dwellers on the banks, and who should ply up and down the five hundred miles of Egypt's great river between Cairo and the First Cataract. The river that is Egypt's source of physical life might become a stream of Living Water.

The American Mission at Luxor owns a *dahabiyeh;* there was but one thing needed now, Mr. Warren told the little band of tested pilgrims at the Kurfürst meeting,—money to send the *dahabiyeh* and its missionary crew on a life-saving trip.

As he was telling the story others kept dropping in to the meeting, and when he asked for a vote on the subject they were thoroughly ready.

"If you don't believe in this thing, vote against it," said the chairman. "But if you do believe in it, let's do it right. It will take five hundred dollars to keep the Gospel *dahabiyeh* going for one year."

The vote was all one way ; so was the collection. Over six hundred dollars was the first result, and when they saw how easy it was, the meeting appointed a committee to see to securing a thousand dollars, so that the work should be assured for two years at the start.

When it is remembered that this was a handful of interdenominational workers, tired out from the high pressure of a long and enthusiastic Sunday-school pilgrimage, giving generously and heartily to the support of the mission work of a single denomination in Egypt, one gets some conception of the spirit of unselfishness and Christian unity that characterized the entire Jerusalem Cruise. Denominations before now have supported interdenominational work. But when an interdenominational gathering unhesitatingly gives a thousand dollars for the work of a single denomination, because it sees that that work is God's work in a needy field, we may rejoice at the signs of the coming of the Kingdom. That sort of thing was the keynote of this pilgrimage.

* * * * *

The Gizeh Museum at Cairo is one of the world's wonder houses of archeology. What is perhaps the oldest wooden statue in the world is here; a placid-featured, soft brown figure from Saqqâra, with jeweled eyes, looking, with its bald pate, very much like Bob Ingersoll, but dating farther back; of the Fourth Dynasty—say six thousand years ago.

A prince and his wife, carved in stone, Rahotep (or Râhotpû) and Nefert (or Nofrît), present a very different appearance in the marvelously preserved coloring that has remained through the millenniums. The prince's figure is of an Egyptian skin-brown, his moustache outlined in color. The princess is in white, save for her delicate flesh tints. Her eyebrows are daintily penciled, a fillet is bound about her great locks of black hair, and a necklace encircles her throat. There are other colorings on the figures—terra cotta, and pale green, and drab. The fresh tints of the colors are as though they were laid on yesterday. Maspero, in "The Dawn of Civilization," writes enthusiastically of the princess: "the eyes are living, the nostrils breathe, the mouth smiles and is about to speak. The art of Egypt has been at times as fully inspired; it has never been more so than on the day in which it produced the statue of Nofrît."

Scores of other potentates and deities of the past look out upon us from the corridors and halls of the museum. It is a striking fact that each statue has its own individual expression. On the great granite stele of Meneptah is the earliest and only mention yet found in Egypt of the Israelites. The reverse side of the stele contains a record of Amenophis III.

A necklace from before the time of Abraham is made of inlaid stones, looking like enamel,—work that cannot be duplicated to-day. The war chariot of Thothmes IV, of the Eighteenth Dynasty, is a silent witness to something that "civilization" has not yet outgrown.

But the interest of these relics paled before what we were to see on one of the upper floors of the museum, in the mummy chamber. We had been looking at statues of kings; here were the kings themselves. Can you think of what it is to lean over a glass casket and look down into the face of the Pharaoh who said, "Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we: come, let us deal wisely with them . . . Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens"? There is reason to believe that the mummy of Ramses II is the body of that Pharaoh. Seti I is there, and Ramses III. Off to the right is a mummy not yet loosed from its fragile linen bandages; the Pharaoh known as Meneptah, found not with the other kings, but in a different place. And some believe that this is the Pharaoh of the Exodus, whose heart was so many times hardened, and whose hosts pursued after the Israelites until that tragic moment when "the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, even all the host of Pharaoh that went in after them into the sea."

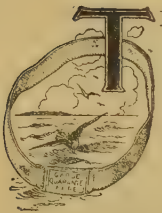
But the face of Ramses II, which has been made familiar by photographs and flashed on enormous canvases by lecturers throughout the world, is the face that holds one. That thin, drawn throat must have swallowed hard, those merciless lips must have come close together, when he sent out to the women of Egypt the message of death to all new-born Hebrews: "if it be a son, then ye shall kill him."

* * * * *

At twilight we steamed away from Egypt, the land of dreams and fascination. As we sailed west to clear the breakwater, the coast line on our port side was a strip of gleaming, pale-buff sand setting off the deep azure of the water; overhead was the soft gray of the sky, while above the clustering houses of the city hung the smoke of civilization, and astern of us in the water lay a long black line of coal barges. Lighthouses flashed their jeweled points of fire, topaz and ruby. Then we cleared the breakwater, and turned our bow northwest, into an opal sky. We were heading for the blue Bay of Naples.

XL

INTERNATIONAL QUARANTINE



THE individual member of such a party of eight hundred as the Clarks conducted on this seventy-one days' pilgrimage has little idea of the mass of bewildering and important details that require ceaseless attention. It is no small feat, for example, to disembark in small boats eight hundred passengers, land them on such a foreign shore as Algiers or Valetta, and inside of an hour have that eight hundred comfortably seated in carriages and spinning on their way for a three-hour pleasure drive. The most experienced of tour conductors cannot know what an hour may bring forth. He is ceaselessly on the alert to cope with the unexpected, and to conquer it,—and our director, Mr. Herbert Clark, did that so constantly and so quietly that the most of his big family knew nothing of his work save the well-ordered results. The managing of the always difficult quarantine situation, when, for the only time on the Kurfürst cruise, we had it to face between Alexandria and Naples, was an illustration of our director's skill in meeting an emergency.

While still in Jerusalem, Mr. Clark, knowing of the existence of some slight plague in Egypt, had been reassured by the receipt of a cablegram from the Naples agent of the North German Lloyd Line, reading :

Arrivals from Alexandria only short medical examination.
ASELMEYER.

The encouragement was short-lived, however, for, like a wet blanket came a later cablegram from Naples, announcing :

Arrivals from Alexandria now strict medical inspection and disinfection.

This was ominous. Nothing could be done until reaching Egypt, but once having brought his eight hundred safely into Cairo, Mr. Clark set aggressively to work. His first move was to send a telegram to Schoeller, the Lloyd agent at Alexandria. This read :

Arranged special trains leave Cairo 12.10 and 1 o'clock, arrive Alexandria four and four fifty-five Tuesday twenty-sixth. Arrange with Dr. Rueffer for two doctors to examine passengers in trains en route from Cairo. Traffic manager arranging stops facilitating same. Details by letter. CLARK.

In answer came the telegram :

Schoeller [the Alexandria agent] interviewed quarantine central office. No medical visit necessary, passengers only to be counted going on board, no passenger allowed going about Alexandria, all must come by special train and come direct on board from customs quay.

Only those who have experienced the interminable waiting, the abiding odors of fumigation, and the other general discomforts and protracted delays of a full-fledged quarantining of one's steamer, can appreciate, as Mr. Clark did, what this answer signified. To secure it had involved, among other things, interviewing the President of the International Quarantine Board, Dr. Rueffer. The Sanitary authorities were to count the Kurfürst's passengers as they embarked at Alexandria, and would declare in the Bill of Health that the passengers went directly to Cairo from the steamer by special train and returned the same way, and that they had therefore had no communication with Alexandria nor with any of the infected localities of Egypt. It was the opinion of the President of the International Quarantine Board that in this way trouble and difficulty would be avoided in Italy as well as in Egypt.

There was now need for the strictest care on the part of Mr. Clark and his party, and the following circular was placed at the dining-room plate of every passenger in every hotel in Cairo:

CLARK'S KURFURST CRUISE

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Owing to the strict sanitary regulations and inspection at Naples according to latest advices, the Kurfürst is appointed to leave Alexandria, Tuesday the 26th inst., 6 P.M., arriving Naples, 29th inst., 4 P.M., instead 30th inst., 9 A.M.; we thus avoid losing one entire day in Rome as would have surely happened had the change not been made.

The Sanitary authorities at Alexandria desire to have our passengers down early enough for their formal inspection on going aboard, and desire our declaration that no passenger has had any communication with Alexandria.

The Kurfürst must get out of the harbor before dark, so we have arranged that special trains will leave here at 12 and 1 P.M. on Tuesday.

All passengers must go to Alexandria on our special trains to permit of our giving the Sanitary authorities the necessary declaration in respect to "no communication with Alexandria" as guaranteed.

No person must leave the trains at Alexandria except to EMBARK IMMEDIATELY; that is, under no consideration is any one to try to visit the city, for guarantees have been given that this will not be done.

The drive at Alexandria must necessarily be omitted.

H. E. CLARK.

At the same time Mr. Clark sent the following despatch under the Mediterranean to his Naples correspondents:

> Arranging Kurfürst leave Alexandria Tuesday evening after medical inspection, arriving Naples Friday four afternoon. Can you arrange sanitary authorities clear ship same evening before midnight? Must have drive and arrive Rome thirtieth.
>
> CLARK.

Back flashed the answer:

> Kurfürst arriving Friday four P.M. Expect ship clear same evening about midnight. ASELMEYER.

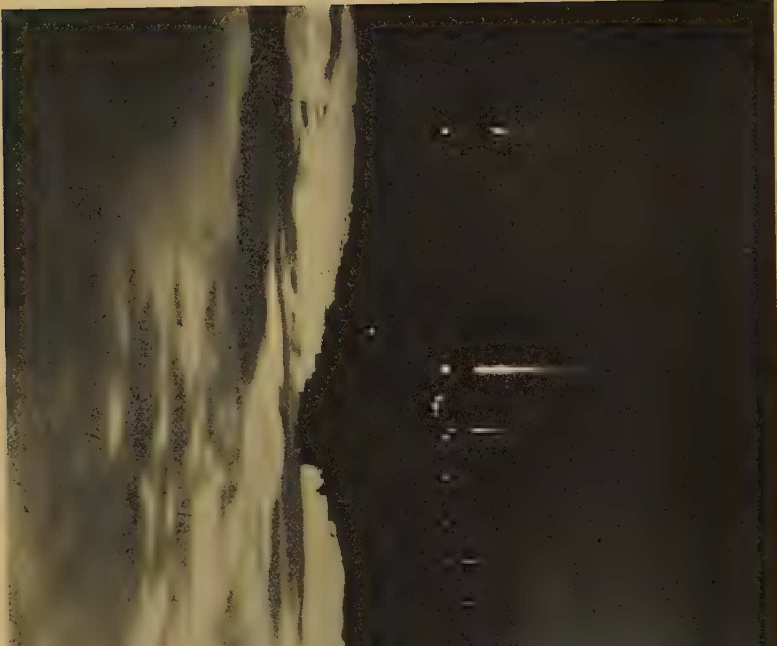
As we climbed the steps up the side of the Kurfürst at Alexandria we saw within the deck rail men in fezzes and natty blue blouses, with shining brass belt buckles, reading "Garde Quarantenaire." By the side of one of the ship's officers at the head of the stairway stood a uniformed official, his arm decorated with a chevron of three gold stripes, who looked keenly at each person as he snapped the sharply clicking hand register that kept tally of all who embarked.

Three days later, as we lay at anchor in the Bay of Naples, a pungent odor was noticeable in certain parts of the ship. Stewards were gathering in large groups on the starboard side of the forward deck. White-coated cooks were crowded together on the port side, and grimy, smiling stokers in a third group near them. The ship's officers moved about among the men. With the Captain was a very ordinary looking individual in civilian's dress. It was he who was in control just then; the health officer, for that port, of the International Quarantine Board, assisted by the ship's physician, Dr. Weber.

And then came the passengers' turn. One by one we moved over to the after deck, between a ship's officer and a quarantine officer, who called out a number as each one passed. The last passenger to be counted had been there for perhaps three minutes when the Captain called out: "You may go to your staterooms." A great sigh of relief went up, for there had been rumors of long and weary waiting. Above the laughing exclamations could be heard the notes of the bugle-call to luncheon. Quarantine was over.

A letter which reached Mr. Clark in Alexandria from Aselmeyer, after all had been so ably executed, told what might have happened. It stated that owing to the various cases of plague occurring in Egypt, the Italian authorities had ordered strict medical inspection of passengers arriving from either Port Said or Alexandria, and disinfection of the soiled linen; that with eight hundred passengers on board the Grosser Kurfürst, they were afraid it would take many hours to go through these operations, leaving scarcely any time in Naples for the Rome section. The letter also stated that railway travel would be very heavy on Saturday, the 30th, as the King and President Loubet were visiting Naples and would remain until the 29th. It closed with the hope that the special train could, however, start for Rome at 4.30 P. M. of the 30th.

But as a result of the persistent and far-seeing provisions of our director, aided by the hearty co-operation of Captain Reimkasten, the crew, and the passengers, the medical inspection and counting of passengers at Naples was accomplished in the simple way described, the passengers' linen was undisturbed, that being arranged by the ship's company (so evidently free from infection were the ship and her occupants), and the Kurfürst was cleared by five o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, April 29th. And yet I heard a passenger complaining because he was not allowed to explore Alexandria!



XLI

ROME AND THE BAY OF NAPLES

IT was a misty morning; we had passed the Strait of Messina the night before, and the sky overhead made the waters of the Bay of Naples gray instead of blue. Yet it was a picture to remember. Vesuvius' top was hidden by the clouds, but its great body loomed high on our right, rising like a giant protection and menace over the city nestled at its base. The right-hand side of the mountain, on the southeast, descended in a long gentle slope into the sea. On the left-hand side of the curving shore of the bay the castle of St. Elmo was silhouetted on its hilltop back of the city. A score of battleships lay at anchor, and torpedo boats scudded like gray swordfish close to the surface of the water.

There was one boat, on our starboard, at sight of which there went up a mighty chorus of shouts and high-pitched Comanche yells from the decks of the Kurfürst, cheer after cheer; then some one started "Home, Sweet Home," and then "America." She was a gleaming white battleship; her name was "Kentucky"; and "fighting Bob Evans" stood on her bridge. A rainbow of flags spanned the ship from stem to stern. On one mast the French flag honored President Loubet, then visiting Italy; from another floated the Italian flag for his host, King Victor Emanuel III. A tiny white launch lay at her side, and ships' boats plied to and fro. Jackies crowded her decks. Shining guns poked their noses meaningly from turrets and fighting tops. America, America's government, a bit of home, was anchored alongside of us. Other nations of the world were forgotten.

A few hours later the clouds had lifted from Vesuvius' crown,—all but a small bit of white cloud that led by a narrow ribbon of mist directly to the peak of the mountain. I had not realized that the volcano's danger signal was always set. But there was the telltale column of steam, and it never ceased, I think, while the mountain was within our sight. It was the same monster furnace that caught a pleasure-seeking city eighteen centuries ago, and burned into immortality the record of a Roman soldier who would not leave his post.

As the sun dropped below the hills on the west that afternoon, there came a flash, then a sharp, earth-jarring detonation, repeated again and again as the vessels in the bay fired their sunset salutes. The evening brought an electric illumination of the vessels in the bay that turned it into a fairyland. Spars and rigging and masts and cabins were picked out in glistening points of fire, in honor of the visiting ruler of France. On the east the moonlight was streaming in silver over Vesuvius.

Inside the forward cabin of the Grosser Kurfürst the pilgrims crowded for a farewell meeting, before the chairman and his family should leave the ship at Naples, and the "cross-Europe" parties should begin. Five hundred would stay by the ship until she reached New York, but three hundred were leaving, and it was a time for regretful farewells.

To Captain Reimkasten and Mr. Herbert Clark the members of the cruise presented gold watches, as mementoes of their gratitude for the exceptional contribution that these two men had made to the success of the cruise. The three members of the Central Committee, Mr. Warren, Mr. Hartshorn and Mr. McCrillis, were taken by surprise when they were given handsome albums bound in olive-wood from the Holy Land, and containing the autographs of the members of the cruise.[1]

"It is evident," said Mr. Warren, "that this program is not quite so informal as I had supposed."

An expression of hearty gratitude was made also to Mr. F. H. Jacobs, the Director of Music from North America, and to Mr. E. C. Carter, the English Director of Music. It was a time of speech-making, congratulation, and good-fellowship, mingled with a touch of sadness that the end of the cruise was so near.

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The pictures we had from the car windows, on the railroad trip from Naples to Rome, were pictures of Italy and Italy's children. Bright eyes, dark brown hair, red cheeks, and gaily colored dresses; blue skies, orchards upon orchards, groves upon groves of trees with vines festooned from branch to branch and trunk to trunk, or clinging about the trunks in green profusion,—never had we seen such pictures before. On the ground were vegetables growing in orderly rows in rich brown soil. And high above his fellow trees towered the pine,—the southern pine, with tall, boughless trunk crowned by a growth of rich green, like an eagle's nest on a flagstaff. It is the tree that stands out so picturesquely in the foreground of the familiar picture of Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples.

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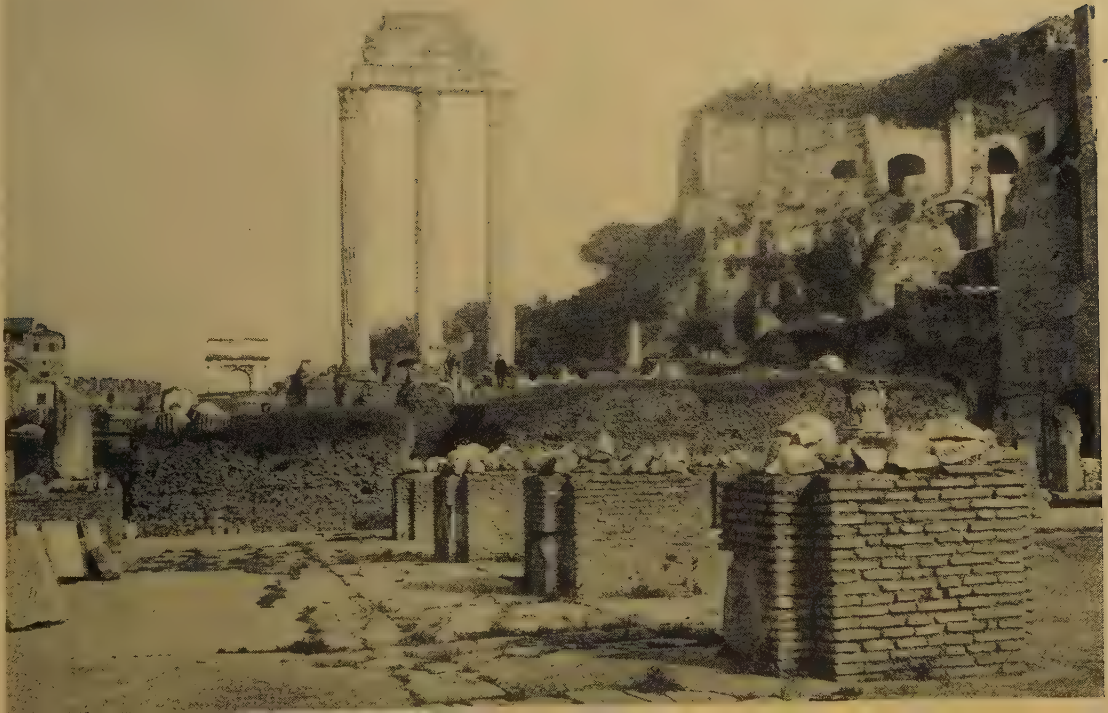
[1] The resolutions presented to the Central Committee at this meeting will be found in the Appendix.

Rome was decorated in honor of Loubet. Across the streets hung massive wreaths of real leaves, the tri-color flag stretched in their center. The shop windows were full of post-cards and posters picturing the event. One particularly effective bit of caricature showed the king and the president speeding along in a red automobile, on a vivid green background. It seemed odd to read, in a lurid red and green poster announcement, of a "Grand Illumination of the Coliseum, by Bengal Lights, at 9½ P. M., Saturday."

On Sunday morning a young Italian showed a small party of us on our way to a Baptist Sunday-school in "Piazza S. Lorenzo in Lucina, 35." Four large letters prominently appearing at the top of a building that we passed,—A. C. D. G.,—were translated for us by our guide into the familiar Y. M. C. A.

As at Athens, so here in Rome, the Sunday-school might have been an orderly, well-conducted school in any American town. One hundred or so were assembled in a well-lighted, airy room; classical bas-relief pillars relieved the tastefully tinted walls; the classes were busily engaged in their study. The chairs and wooden benches of the congregation were used, the same hall serving for both church and Sunday-school. An intensely earnest, white-haired old Italian gentleman was hard at work with a class of boys; two or three were all smiles and eager atten-



tion ; a boy on the end of the bench had turned and was watching every class but his own. Some class problems are the same in Italy and America.

Next to the old gentleman a young girl was teaching a group of little girls of seven or eight. Off by themselves in a transept was the Italian mothers' class, taught by a motherly-looking lady in black. Bronzed and wrinkled yet kindly old faces, looking out from under red and black and white kerchiefs, others bareheaded, still others in hats and bonnets, there were a dozen in all. Some of them were the faces you see in old Italian canvases in the art galleries. The women sat about a large table ; their lips were moving in interested response to the teacher's words ; there were smiles of appreciation, and all were leaning forward in intent eagerness.

At ten o'clock the class study ceased, and the superintendent read aloud, slowly and clearly, in Italian of course, the verse of a hymn. With splendid volume the school sang, led by the organ. Nowhere else in the world have I heard better singing, nor, I believe, as good, in volume and in time, by a Sunday-school of a hundred or less, as in that little Baptist school in Rome. The florid-faced, white-haired old gentleman threw himself into it with gusto, beating time vigorously with his eye-glasses, and carrying his boys enthusiastically with him.

This Sunday-school, of which the pastor is the Rev. Baratti Giuseppe, has three branch schools extending its influence. While our party had been visiting here, other parties of Sunday-school workers from North America had dropped in on all the Protestant schools and churches throughout the city, gaining and giving inspiration in the common work of the Kingdom.

The First Congress of the Evangelical Sunday-schools of Italy was arranged to occur while the Jerusalem Sunday-school pilgrims were at Rome. From the thirtieth of April until the fourth of May its sessions continued, in the Methodist Episcopal, the Wesleyan Methodist, and the Waldensian churches, marking an epoch in the Bible-studying life of the city and nation. For months the General Secretary of the Sunday-schools of Italy, Mr. Ernesto Filippini, had been in correspondence with Dr. George W. Bailey, of Philadelphia, whose visit to Rome the year before had been productive of aroused interest in Italy's Sunday-school work, which had been for years past, however, fostered and financially aided by the London Sunday School Union, and by Drs. Duncan and Boynton of the Congregational Board in America. The Congress gave the evangelical workers a glimpse of some of North America's Sunday-school methods and activities, and of their own nation's possibilities in the Sunday-school field.

On Sunday afternoon the auditorium of one of the largest churches was so over-crowded that Mr. Hartshorn saw the opportunity for an overflow meeting. It was held, and before it had adjourned the American Sunday-school workers had given over five hundred dollars to circulate copies of an edition, recently authorized by the Vatican, of the Four Gospels and the Acts. More than a thousand dollars. all told, was given by the American delegates for furthering Sunday-school work in Italy.

Mr. Filippini reported 340 Evangelical Sunday-schools in Italy, 1,500 teachers, and 15,900 pupils. His comment on a request for certain information which he had been asked to secure was naive and suggestive :

"I have been asked by a kind friend of Sunday-schools to send him the statistics of the Union, divided according to denominations. I have evaded the request, and affectionately, but of set purpose, have left it without reply. The Union of the Evangelical Sunday-schools of Italy is, and ought to remain, interdenominational. This is a field in which we do not desire to know names and diversities of sentiment and of work."

One of the Sunday-school periodicals treating the International Lessons and publishing Sunday-school news in Italy is known as the "Scuola Domenicale," and circulates about a thousand copies to teachers. Another is the "L'Italia Evangelica," circulating about 1,500 copies, and a third publication is the "Illustrative Vignettes," a small sheet to accompany the International Lessons, having a circulation of some 5,500 copies among the schools, and bringing the Gospel every week into thousands of homes.

The American ambassador, Mr. Meyer, and the consul-general, Mr. de Castro, addressed two of the meetings of the Congress ; upon this fact one of the leading Italian workers commented wonderingly, "We never witnessed anything of this kind before in Italy."

The entire kingdom of Italy, except Venice, was represented at the Sunday-school Congress. Ten new Sunday-schools were started as one of the immediate results, and a marked revival followed. It was fitting, as the American ambassador said when addressing one of the meetings of the Congress, that this assembly should be held "in the city where St. Paul, in the face of insurmountable obstacles, gave the beginning to the spread of Christianity throughout the world."

* * * * *

There was time before noon, after leaving the little Baptist Sunday-school, for a visit to St. Peter's. We came up a hill, past the beautiful unfinished Palace of Justice, and looked down over granite walls into muddy and placid Father Tiber, of schoolboy translations and declamations. On the other side of the narrow stream rose the familiar round fortress of the Castle of St. Angelo, bearing aloft its bronze winged figure. In the distance, to our left, towered the gray dome of St. Peter's.

A girl on donkey-back, walking slowly across the *piazza* of St. Peter's, reminded one of Syria and Egypt. The great semicircle of columns made an imposing approach to the cathedral. Pedlers were selling little camp-stools for use in the fatiguing visit within its walls. The obelisk rose just in front, and the splendid dome sank lower and lower as we approached. Now we saw that the seeming semicircle of columns flanking the *piazza* was more nearly a complete circle in its sweep.

As you walk slowly across the marble floor of the cathedral, you come to a brass plate set under foot, stating that a certain famous cathedral would extend only to here, if placed within St. Peter's. Then you come to another brass plate, showing the size of another famous cathedral; then another, and another. And when you have walked seemingly about half-way across the expanse, a tablet startles you with the information that this point sets the limit of the Mosk of St. Sophia! You begin to realize what St. Peter's at Rome stands for, as you crawl like a tiny fly about its floor. Indeed, the only way to get a conception of its dimensions is to stand off and compare the size of the people who are there by the thousands with the size of anything near them. Literally like flies they stand or crawl about.

The seated bronze figure of St. Peter himself is a center of interest and adoration. His right hand and index and middle fingers are upraised, a golden aureole is above him, his left hand holds the key. The famous toe of the projecting right foot is brightly polished by millions of kisses, the wear of which has necessitated its replacing. As I stood watching the figure, a uniformed soldier kissed the toe and crossed himself; then the father of a family lifted one after another of his little children up to kiss it; a ragged old man wiped the toe with his hand, and kissed it; another kissed three times, bowing between each kiss; and still another worshiper daintily used a handkerchief on the shining member before and after the kiss. Two great candles burned before the saint, on brass candlesticks seven feet high. At the back of his marble throne is a mosaic in gold and wine color; a golden canopy hangs overhead. The figure itself is a trifle larger than life-size, elevated so that the toe is about five feet above the ground. There is no inscription here; none is needed.

The expression and action portrayed in some of the faces and figures of the giant marble carvings bespoke master sculptors. Over one papal tomb a skeleton in gilded marble was flying in gruesome vividness, made the more real by the carved red marble drapery that clung to him.

In a transept was a series of dark polished wood confessional boxes, labeled in gold lettering for different nationalities: Pro Italica Lingua, Hungarica, Polonica, Anglica, Lusitanica, Hispanica, and still others.

A bell clanged, and crowds of people moved toward an altar, in which the back of a scarlet and gold coat appeared, a small surpliced boy at its right, both kneeling. On the marble floor of the cathedral knelt soldiers and peasants. A friar, shaven of head, his soft brown robe caught at the waist by a white cord, knelt with the rest; another's brown robe was embroidered in pale green, with red cuffs at the sleeve. And, rubbing elbows with the peasants and common people, knelt rich folks in silks and satins. There are no high-priced rented pews in St. Peter's.

XLII

HOMEWARD

AN unexpected test of the real spirit of the Kurfürst family presented itself just before leaving Italy. By an inadvertence, a phrase from the ordinary tourist circulars concerning Monte Carlo had slipped in to the official prospectus of the cruise, and Monte Carlo itself had been included in the itinerary. The tiny principality is one of the garden spots of all the fascinating Riviera, and the drive in coaches over the Upper Corniche road is historic in its beauty. Yet in view of the fact that the very name of the resort is a synonym for gambling at its worst, the Central Committee recognized the unwisdom of letting the fair name of the pilgrimage become associated in even the remotest way with a place that stood for its moral antipodes. The matter was frankly laid before the passengers, with the recommendation that a drive up the mountains and an evening at Nice be substituted for the original plan. It must be remembered that many of the passengers were not Sunday-school delegates, but had taken the cruise simply for its opportunities of travel. Yet the vote was almost unanimously in favor of the Committee's recommendation, only a score or so availing themselves of their right to carry out the complete itinerary.

We were heading toward Gibraltar again, where, two months before, we had left the Ohio boy, Warren

Burns, stricken down with appendicitis. The letter received at Jerusalem from the secretary of the Colonial Hospital had brought a ray of hope. At Villefranche a telegram had reached Dr. Clark from Mr. Nathan, the Tangier missionary friend of the sick boy. It read:

> Burns relapse re-entered hospital five days after discharge recovering parents leaving New York seventh.

Gibraltar is equipped with a Marconi Station. As the Kurfürst swung past the fortress, Dr. Clark determined to try to get word to and from the patient. In the little instrument room on our after deck, crackling sparks soon told of a message speeding on its way. It was received at the station on the rock, a long distance from the Colonial Hospital; and the Kurfürst was steaming westward under the swirling force of her twin propellers.

But the Gibraltar operator sensed the situation. He telephoned to the telegraph station down in the town at the base of the rock. From there a messenger was evidently sent on the run to the hospital. What a tonic that greeting must have been to the sick boy when it reached him!

In just forty-seven minutes after the wireless message had left the Kurfürst the ship's operator saw by the faint clicking of his receiver that an answer was coming. This is what he read:

> He is better and is going to embark in our next boat for New York.

Forty-five miles of ocean separated us from Gibraltar when that glad news came, and a wireless message of praise and gratitude leaped from anxious hearts on the Kurfürst to the heart of the loving Father.

The days on shipboard were busy ones, even in the homeward voyage. A series of "Short Talks" was given in the forenoons, reviewing the experiences and striking scenes of the entire pilgrimage. An "Optional Side-trip" to "Nonsense Land," conducted by dragomans in native costume enlivened an evening. At other meetings the world-wide sweep and achievements of International Sunday-school work were brought prominently before the voyagers. At a meeting of this sort held in the Mediterranean between Alexandria and Naples it was found that there were present two persons who had attended the historic National Sunday-school Convention of 1872 at Indianapolis, at which the Uniform Lesson System was given birth. A Bible reading at this shipboard meeting was given by the oldest of the Jerusalem pilgrims, nearly eighty years of age, who had also attended the World's First Sunday-School Convention in London in 1889.

One of the two remaining Sundays was the day set for the regular temperance lesson. It seemed a little unnecessary to hold a temperance session on board the Sunday-school ship. But it was decided to do so, and thus to keep close to the other millions of Sunday-school workers throughout the world who were studying the same lesson on that day. How little did those who planned the exercises know what would come of it! It "happened" that one of the men of the ship's laundry strolled up to the door of the dining-saloon where the temperance lesson was being taught to the entire school as one class. This man had embarked from New York on the Grosser Kurfürst in order to break away from associations there that were ruining him. Drink was his curse. But he found drink as plenty at the ship's bars as it had been on land; and on foreign shores England and America greeted him in a welcome from the "Anglo-American Bar." He had drunk harder away from home than ever he had at home. For days he had been blind from his excesses, and the ship's physician had almost despaired of his recovering his sight.

Ten days from America, seeing and in his right mind for the time being, and thinking, perhaps, of the twenty-one-year-old wife who was at home praying and hoping for blessed things for her husband from this voyage, he wandered up on deck and found himself at Sunday-school! He listened to a life-story of five young fellows of education and refinement and promise, all personal friends of the one who was teaching the lesson, and he heard that four of that five were either dead or seemingly worse than dead from the habit that was killing him; that one of the five, and only one, was making a fight for life and manhood, and that it looked as though that one might win.

When pledges were shown at the close of the Sunday-school the man from down in the hold asked for one, and went off with it to think. He signed it, and he persuaded some of his shipmates to sign it. He gave the teacher of that temperance lesson a little pink card which had been issued by the steamship company, good for one hundred free drinks. There had been fourteen holes punched in the card; there might have been eighty-six more, but there was written in ink across the card : "This represents 86 victories won by grace."

The rest of the voyage was an awful struggle for the man in the laundry. But he won. The little wife welcomed home a *man* for a husband, after all.

Six months later, just before this volume went to press, a letter came to the teacher of the mid-ocean temperance lesson from the man who had been saved. It told of the Home-going of that girl-wife because of the coming of a new life, a baby boy, into the earthly home. The young mother had been asked what name she wanted her boy to bear, and she gave the name of the teacher, "for he was the means of making my Asa a good man."

* * * * *

It was two days before May 18, the date that stood for America. For each of sixty-nine days there had been a moment when the great whistle of the Kurfürst shattered the still air, and watches were pulled from pockets and hastily the two hands were set as one. We had known that signal only as the announcer of high noon. Laughing congratulation or joking banter had accompanied its sounding day by day, as watches were found to be running closely or wide of the mark.

On the afternoon of the sixty-ninth day a little group of us had been speaking of the wonderful freedom from storm or fog that had marked our entire course. We separated, and went to our cabins to dress for dinner. Suddenly the air throbbed : the vessel was speaking. This was no time to set our watches for noon. All knew what it meant. In a moment that tearing, throbbing roar sounded again. A silence followed. Then again it spoke. We were in the fog.

From that time until, three days later, our gangplank touched American soil, the giant-voiced guardian of our path flung its grim challenge out into the gray world we lived in. Not all the time; for there were hours when the sun could be seen struggling for the mastery, and when the curtain that blocked our way seemed finally lifted. Then the great signal would sound again, and our thirteen thousand tons would creep through the water, while an officer astern would scan the sounding lead that had shot out on its whirling, thread-like wire into the deep, telling of a rocky floor beneath us, or coming up packed with sand.

The eighteenth of May came, but New York was not in sight, nor could it be that day. We gathered after breakfast for the morning devotional service. Every sixty seconds the roar of the fog signal rose above the sound of prayer and hymn. "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me," was never sung with deeper meaning nor greater dependence than when it mingled with our ship's cry of warning and helplessness.

Night came, and it was time for what would probably be our last service together. The forward dining-saloon was filled; Dr. Potts led in the service of grateful testimony to the blessings of the cruise and convention. Voice after voice told of the new meaning that life had taken on; while every minute, with unfailing certainty, the words of prayer and testimony were drowned by the ship's cry, and the vessel crept slowly onward. And then there was a new sensation. All felt it; some knew what it meant. The man in front of me started and turned square around. "We've stopped," he said.

Those who have lived for days and nights in the vibration of the twin screws that drive an ocean steamer on her way know what it means when the steel shafts stop turning and the giant blades stop churning the water. Life has gone out of the great breathing, throbbing creature that is our home. The heart, the lungs, are still. It is like death.

A steward stepped quickly down an aisle with a message for the leader of the meeting. Dr. Potts said quietly: "The captain, who has the safety and welfare of all of us on his heart, has sent word to ask that there be no more singing, in order that those on watch may fail not to hear the sound of any vessels near. But we can make melody in our hearts," the Doctor added.

I stepped out on deck and looked into the blackness of the night. Far off to starboard a ghostlike light fluttered, and went out, and fluttered again. Our whistle shattered the air over my head. Faintly there came an answer. Under the bridge an officer in low tones stopped all talking of the passengers who had gathered there. Not an answering cry in the darkness must be missed by our captain overhead. Once, when a signal out of the night spoke near our starboard bow, a quick message was heard from the bridge, a rattling of wheel chains, and off hard aport the Kurfürst swung through the darkness.

So, creeping forward a foot at a time, or resting motionless but for the tossing of the waves, while no moon, nor sun, nor stars showed our course, we sounded our cry and waited until the Father should point the way. I had known something before of the blackness of times when a child of God can see nothing, hear nothing, do nothing, but wait and trust. Never had the lesson been so real to me as that night when our captain ordered the machinery of the Kurfürst to stop. . It is life's most needed lesson, and life's hardest.

Through a port in the forward saloon the next morning, while we sat at breakfast, some one caught sight of—America ! It was just a strip of land,—Sandy Hook, that was all ; but what a land ! The Girl Opposite sprang up, threw her napkin down, and made for the deck. Her tears were coming fast now. There was no need of keeping up any longer.

Busy at the last few minutes of packing in my stateroom, I heard my name called loudly and insistently by Dr. Clark's strong voice.

"Here I am," I cried out.

"It's Phil !" came the answer ; and I sprang down the narrow passage to grip the hand of the brother whose face had been the last that I could see on the crowded dock as we left America seventy-two days before. We had not yet landed ; we were still eight miles down the bay. But a United States revenue cutter had come alongside to put the Customs officers aboard, and Mr. Howard, of course, had been on that cutter, and was the first private citizen in America to board the Grosser Kurfürst and give America's welcome to the Jerusalem Sunday-school pilgrims. It is not customary, nor is it an easy matter to arrange: meeting one's friends on an ocean steamer miles out from the dock. He had been assured quite positively that it was impossible. But he preferred to come that way.

Some of us learned, by experience, of a very easy way to avoid much of the dreaded annoyance incident to passing through the Customs examination, so often bitterly complained of by incoming Americans. It is so easy, when one "knows the ropes," that every traveler ought to bear it in mind. The plan is this: tell the truth. Include the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and you will be surprised at the smoothness with which things will run. A "Circular to Passengers," from the Secretary of the Treasury, mailed to all upon embarking, contains one statement that is clear and explicit:

> All articles obtained abroad, whether exempt from duty or otherwise, should be declared, and an allowance of one hundred dollars for articles obtained abroad will be made by the deputy collector upon the pier.

The American who follows that literally, in spite of the advice of knowing friends who insist that it doesn't mean what it says, and that the officials would rather *not* have you declare everything, will fare well.

It was a cloudy morning, and New York loomed big and gray as we drew near. There on the dock were the dear familiar faces, the same laughing and crying and crowding; but it was all different now: there was to be no more separation. Yet there was to be separation, after all; separation from our fellow pilgrims, and that thought brought sadness. No more jolly strolls about the decks, no more stealing snapshots of each other, no more late talks over lemonade and sandwiches about life and its problems, no more, —but, pshaw! man, you're home now! It couldn't go on forever. Thank God for every minute of its blessed privileges; its friendships, its lessons, its joys and sorrows; and take up the old new round of life, the better and stronger for all you've seen and felt and learned.

Appendix

APPENDIX

WORLD'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTIONS PREVIOUSLY HELD

1. London, England, July 1–4, 1889; F. F. Belsey, President.
2. St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A., September 3–5, 1893; B. F. Jacobs, President.
3. London, England, July 11–15, 1898; Edward Towers, President.

OFFICIAL CALL TO THE WORLD'S FOURTH SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION AT JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM has through the ages stood as the center of religious life and history. To it, adherents to various faiths and creeds have turned in thought for precedent and inspiration. Many of differing nationalities have journeyed there, singly, in groups, and in vast numbers, to re-establish the ideals of their race, and to crystallize their own religious convictions. Pilgrimages have been both successful and unsuccessful; but to the follower of the precepts of Jesus Christ a reverent journey over the country in which he made his home, a tracing of the paths he trod, a view of the scenes familiar to him, can but hallow his memory, vivify his sufferings, and enlarge the conception of salvation through his atonement.

With this thought in mind, the suggestion was made that the World's Fourth Sunday-School Convention, the largest expression of the world's organized Sunday-school forces, numbering above twenty-five million souls, be held in Jerusalem. The practicability of the plan was canvassed, and the project laid before the International Sunday-School Association at its Tenth Annual Convention at Denver, June, 1902, at which Convention representatives of "The British Sunday-School Union" were present.

After a careful presentation the Convention endorsed the plan, and referred it for definite action and execution to the Central Executive Committee. That body in session at Philadelphia, September, 1902, reviewed the ground, elected one of the members of the World's Committee, Mr. Edward K. Warren, of Three Oaks, as chairman of that Committee, to succeed the late Mr. B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago, and authorized said Committee to hold the World's Fourth Convention in Jerusalem, April 18 to 20, 1904. In this action "The Sunday-School Union" and other foreign organizations concurred.

The Committee entered upon its work, finding the only practical solution of the transportation problem in the chartering of a steamer, its choice being a North German Lloyd vessel, the Grosser Kurfürst. The English contingent followed the example by engaging a Hamburg-American Line vessel, the Fürst Bismarck.[1]

Since chartered steamers were inevitable, it was deemed best to provide the delegates with a cruise of the Mediterranean for recreation and education, in connection with the Jerusalem Convention for inspiration. The Grosser Kurfürst sails from New York March 8, 1904, returning May 18, 1904. The Fürst Bismarck[1] sails from Marseilles April 2, 1904, returning April 30, 1904.

All preliminaries having been accomplished, we, the members of the Executive Committee for the World's Fourth Sunday-School Convention, do officially and cordially invite representatives of every form of organized Sunday-school activity, and others interested in this world-wide work, to attend the said Convention in the city of Jerusalem, Palestine, April 18, 19, 20, 1904.

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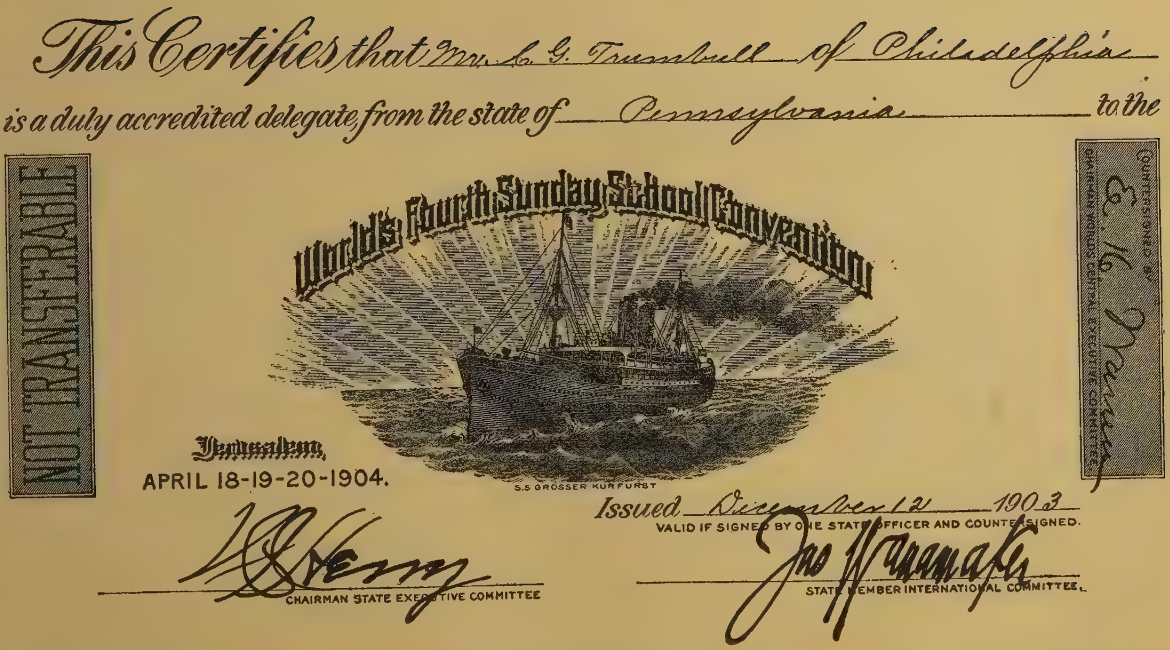
[1] The vessel which was finally used by the British delegates was the Auguste Victoria.

EDWARD K. WARREN, *Chairman.*
W. N. HARTSHORN, U. S. A.
A. B. MCCRILLIS, U. S. A.
JOHN WANAMAKER, U. S. A.
ARCHIBALD JACKSON, Australia.
PROFESSOR FETZER, Germany.
AUGUST PALM, Sweden.
T. C. IKEHARA, Japan.
REV. MCGREIG, France.
REV. DR. BURT, Italy.
S. P. LEET, Canada.
EDWARD TOWERS, England.
CHARLES WATERS, England.
ROBERT CULLEY, England.
DANZY SHEEN, England.
F. F. BELSEY, England.



This Certifies that Mr. C. G. Trumbull of Philadelphia

is a duly accredited delegate, from the state of Pennsylvania to the

NOT TRANSFERABLE

World's Fourth Sunday School Convention

S.S GROSSER KURFURST

Jerusalem,
APRIL 18-19-20-1904.

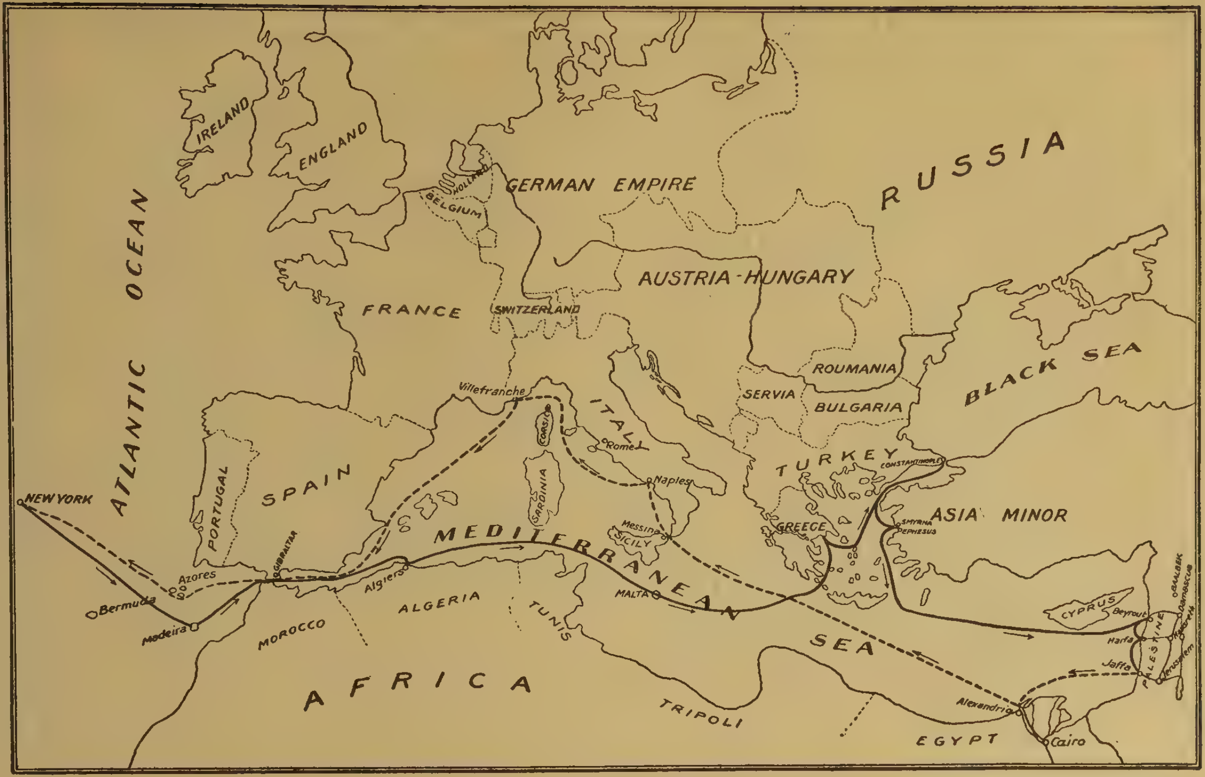
Issued December 12 1903
VALID IF SIGNED BY ONE STATE OFFICER AND COUNTERSIGNED.

H J Heinz
CHAIRMAN STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Jno Wanamaker
STATE MEMBER INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE.

COUNTERSIGNED BY
E. K. Warren
CHAIRMAN WORLDS CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

CERTIFICATE OF A DELEGATE


IRELAND
ENGLAND
HOLLAND
BELGIUM
GERMAN EMPIRE
RUSSIA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
FRANCE
SWITZERLAND
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
ROUMANIA
SERVIA
BULGARIA
BLACK SEA
Villefranche
ITALY
Rome
Naples
CORSICA
SARDINIA
TURKEY
CONSTANTINOPLE
GREECE
SMYRNA
EPHESUS
ASIA MINOR
NEW YORK
PORTUGAL
SPAIN
GIBRALTAR
Azores
Bermuda
Madeira
MOROCCO
Algiers
ALGERIA
TUNIS
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Messina
SICILY
MALTA
CYPRUS
Beyrout
BAALBEK
Damascus
Nazareth
Haifa
PALESTINE
Jaffa
Jerusalem
Alexandria
Cairo
EGYPT
TRIPOLI
AFRICA

MAP OF THE CRUISE

ITINERARY OF THE CRUISE

FROM NEW YORK, TUES., MARCH 8, 1904, 3 P. M.	MILES	ARRIVE ABOUT	LEAVE ABOUT	STAY ABOUT	
				days	hours
New York	...	...	Tues., Mar. 8, 3 p. m.		
Funchal, Madeira	2,750	Wed., Mar. 16, 12 noon	Thurs., Mar. 17, 3 p. m.	1	3
Gibraltar	610	Sat., Mar. 19, 9 a. m.	Sat., Mar. 19, 6 p. m.	...	9
Algiers	410	Mon., Mar. 21, 6 a. m.	Mon., Mar. 21, 5 p. m.	...	11
Valetta, Malta, including trip to Citta Vecchia and back, R. R.	603	Wed., Mar. 23, 6 a. m.	Wed., Mar. 23, 5 p. m.	...	11
Piræus, including rail to Athens and back (twice)	490	Fri., Mar. 25, 6 a. m.	Sun., Mar. 27, 3 p. m.	2	9
Constantinople Dock, passing Dardanelles and steam up Bosporus to Black Sea and back upon departure	380	Mon., Mar. 28, 5 p. m.	Thurs., Mar. 31, 7 a. m.	2	14
Smyrna (side trip to Ephesus). Pass Rhodes	295	Fri., April 1, 7 a. m.	Fri., April 1, 8 p. m.	..	13
Beyrout, passing Rhodes and Cyprus (side trip to Baalbec, Damascus and horseback side trip from Damascus to Jerusalem)	640	Mon., April 4, 6 a. m.	Mon., April 4, 11 p. m.	...	..
Haifa (side trips for Galilee and Samaria)	72	Tues., April 5, 6 a. m.	Tues., April 5, 8 a. m.	...	..
Joppa, with trip to Jerusalem, Bethlehem and environs	158	Tues., April 5, 12 noon	Tues., April 5, 5 p. m.	...	..
		(Option of 16 or 7 days at	Jerusalem, the 7-day stop		
		not including	Convention.)		
Beyrout (embark Damascus section)	124	Wed., April 6, 6 a. m.	Fri., April 8, 11 p. m.	...	..
Haifa (embark Galilee section and land Damascus people booked for Galilee or Samaria side trips	72	Sat., April 9, 6 a. m.	Mon., April 11, 8 p. m.	...	..
Joppa (land Damascus and Galilee section of side trip for regular included trip to Jerusalem)	54	Tues., April 12, 6 a. m.	Tues., April 12, 1 p. m.	...	..
Alexandria (land those spending 14 days in Egypt)	267	Wed., April 13, 7 a. m.	Wed., April 13, 3 p. m.	...	..
Haifa (embark Damascus section which also took Galilee side trip)	310	Thurs., April 14, 1 p. m.	Fri., April 15, 8 p. m.	...	..
JERUSALEM, CONVENTION	....	**April 18, 19, 20**	...	...	..
Joppa	54	Sat., April 16, 6 a. m.	Wed., April 20, 8 p. m.	16	13
Alexandria (land those spending 5¼ days in Egypt)	267	Thurs., April 21, 2 p. m.	Wed., April 27, 1 p. m.	5	23
Cairo and back R. R. (side trips to Saqqâra, Luxor, Thebes, Karnak and First Cataract)	280	(Option of 14 or 5 days in	Cairo in regular itinerary.)	..	..
Naples	1,040	Sat., April 30, 9 a. m.	Fri., May 6, 12 noon	6	3
" to Rome and back	490	(Four days in Rome	and two in Naples.)	..	..
" to Pompeii and back, R. R.	30	...	...	...	..
Villefranche, including coaching	385	Sat., May 7, 12 noon	Sat., May 7, 12 p. m.	...	12
Pass Azores Islands	3,800	Thurs., May 12	...	...	..
New York	....	Wed., May 18, 3 p. m.	...	...	..
Total	13,581 miles (12,602 miles steaming and 979 miles by rail).				

PROGRAM OF THE CONVENTION

SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1904

FIRST SESSION

10.30 A. M.—CONVENTION SERMON. The Venerable Archdeacon of London, Rev. William Sinclair.

SECOND SESSION

F. F. Belsey, Esq., London, will preside.

7.30 P. M.—ADDRESS OF WELCOME. The Right Rev. G. F. Blyth, D.D., Bishop of the Church of England in Jerusalem and the East.

Hon. Selah Merrill, American Consul, Jerusalem.

John Dickson, Esq., His British Majesty's Consul.

RESPONSES

America. Rev. John Potts, D.D., Toronto, Canada.
England. Dr. Monro Gibson, London.
Canada. Rev. William Frizzell, Toronto, Canada.
United States. Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
India. Rev. Richard Burges, Calcutta.
Turkey. Rev. James P. McNaughton, Smyrna.
Egypt. Rev. Chauncey Murch, Luxor.
Bulgaria. Rev. J. F. Clarke, Samokov.
Trinidad. Rev. W. Scott Whittier, D.D., Port of Spain.
Mexico. Rev. J. G. Dale, Rio Verde.
Japan. Miss Frances Phelps, Sendai.
China. Miss Lizzie Sloan, Foochow.
Persia. Mrs. Margaret W. Dean, Urumiah.
Nova Scotia. Rev. Jacob Layton, Truro.
World Tour. Dr. John B. Devins, New York, U. S. A.
Colored Work. Dr. W. S. Brooks, D.D., Chicago, Ill.
Indian Work. Rev. A. L. Riggs, Santee, Neb.

EVERYBODY IN JERUSALEM INVITED. No tickets needed for admission. Please circulate this information.

THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

MONDAY, APRIL 18

Studies of the Land

9.00 A. M.—DEVOTIONAL AND MUSICAL.

9.30 A. M.—ORGANIZATION and other business.

10.00 A. M.—THE GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL BASIS OF DIVINE REVELATION. Dr. Monro Gibson, London.

10.30 A. M.—JERUSALEM IN OLD TESTAMENT TIMES. Prof. L. B. Paton, Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

11.00 A. M.—CUSTOMS OF SYRIA AS ILLUSTRATING THE BIBLE. Rev. George W. Mackie, D.D., Beyrout.

11.30 A. M.—ORIENTAL CONFERENCE, conducted by Dr. Ghosn-el-Howie, Mt. Lebanon.

MONDAY EVENING

The Organized Sunday-School Work

8.00 P. M.—DEVOTIONAL AND MUSICAL.

8.15 P. M.—THE WORK IN GREAT BRITAIN. Rev. Frank Johnson.

8.30 P. M.—THE WORK IN AMERICA. Mrs. Mary Foster Bryner.

8.45 P. M.—THE WORK IN INDIA. Rev. Richard Burges.

9.00 P. M.—THE WORK IN TURKEY. Rev. J. P. McNaughton.

9.15 P. M.—Address: CHILDHOOD, THE HOPE OF THE WORLD. Marion Lawrance, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

TUESDAY, APRIL 19

Fulfilling the Great Commission

9.00 A. M.—DEVOTIONAL AND MUSICAL.

9.30 A. M.—MISSIONARY WORK IN AND ABOUT JERUSALEM. Rev. J. Carnegie Brown, Jerusalem.

10.00 A. M.—POWER OF GOD'S WORD. Rev. J. E. Hanauer, Jerusalem.

10.30 A. M.—THE PROMISE FULFILLED "Lo, I am with you alway." Conference conducted by Rev. Chauncey Murch, Luxor, Egypt. Verified by missionaries present.

11.00 A. M.—THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL'S PLACE IN THE KINGDOM. Conference led by Mr. W. B. Jacobs, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Rev. Charles Brown, London.

TUESDAY EVENING

8.00 P. M.—DEVOTIONAL AND MUSICAL.

8.15 P. M.—THE PERMANENCE OF THE KINGDOM. Rev. W. L. Watkinson, London.

8.35 P. M.—THE OUTLOOK.

CONSECRATION MEETING:
Rev. Dr. Richard Glover, London.
Dr. John Potts, Toronto, Canada.
Rev. S. A. Frazer, San Fernando, Trinidad.
Mr. A. B. McCrillis, Providence, R. I., U. S. A.
Mr. C. G. Trumbull, Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES OF THE CONVENTION AND CRUISE

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE WORLD'S FOURTH SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION

EDWARD K. WARREN, *Chairman.*
W. N. HARTSHORN, U. S. A.
A. B. MCCRILLIS, U. S. A.

(OVER)

John Wanamaker, U. S. A.
Archibald Jackson, Australia.
Professor Fetzer, Germany.
August Palm, Sweden.
T. C. Ikehara, Japan.
Rev. McGreig, France.
Rev. Dr. Burt, Italy.
S. P. Leet, Canada.
Edward Towers, England.
Charles Waters, England.
Robert Culley, England.
Danzy Sheen, England.
F. F. Belsey, England.

WORLD'S CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

In Charge of Preparations for the Convention and the Cruise from North America

E. K. Warren, Three Oaks, Michigan, *Chairman.*
W. N. Hartshorn, Boston, Massachusetts.
A. B. McCrillis, Providence, Rhode Island.

OFFICERS OF THE CONVENTION

The Committee on Nominations at the Convention was organized with Dr. Alexander Henry of Philadelphia as chairman, and the Rev. Frank Johnson of London as secretary. The elections follow:

President: E. K. Warren, Three Oaks, Michigan.

Past Presidents: F. F. Belsey, London; Edward Towers, London.

Vice-Presidents: J. W. Flavelle, Canada; Mrs. Winston, Rev. H. H. Bell, J. D. Haskell, Judge J. W. Martin, Hon. John Wanamaker, United States; Dr. Monro Gibson, W. H. Groser, Archdeacon

WILLIAM MACDONALD SINCLAIR, CHARLES WATERS, Great Britain; COUNT BERNSTORFF, Germany; PRINCE BERNADOTTE, Sweden; WILLIAM BURT, D.D., Italy; J. W. BUTLER, D.D., Mexico; with the retiring presidents, *ex officio*, and members of the Executive Committee of the Convention.

Executive Committee: United States—GEORGE W. BAILEY, Chairman; H. J. HEINZ, F. A. WELLS, W. N. HARTSHORN, A. B. McCRILLIS; Canada—S. P. LEET, H. L. LOVERING; Great Britain—J. E. BALMER, F. CLEMENTS, W. INGRAM, G. SHIPWAY, DEPUTY CUTHBERTSON.

Joint Secretaries: W. N. HARTSHORN, 120 Boylston Street, Boston; the REV. FRANK JOHNSON, Editor of The Sunday-School Chronicle, London.

Enrolment Secretary: W. J. SEMELROTH, St. Louis, Missouri.

PERMANENT CRUISE ORGANIZATION

During the homeward cruise of the Grosser Kurfürst, the North American delegates formed a permanent organization to be known as

"THE JERUSALEM SUNDAY-SCHOOL PILGRIMS,"

and elected the following officers:

President: CHARLES GALLAUDET TRUMBULL, Philadelphia.

Secretary: FREDERIC W. CHAMBERLAIN, Three Oaks, Michigan (now of Philadelphia).

Treasurer: J. D. HASKELL, Wakefield, Nebraska.

Executive Committee: The above-named officers, and WILLIAM JOHNSON, Ontario; W. H. BROCK, Massachusetts; W. J. SEMELROTH, Missouri; REV. H. H. BELL, California; REV. J. W. MILLARD, Maryland; REV. J. F. FOSTER, Louisiana; F. H. JACOBS, New York.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CONVENTION

I. The World's Fourth Sunday-School Convention, meeting in Jerusalem, would reaffirm its faith in the Bible as the inspired word of God, made clearer and dearer to us by the knowledge we have gained of the land in which its light first shined; and we would urge our teachers everywhere to teach it with increased faith and prayer, assured that it is God's Word of salvation to every one that believeth.

II. Having witnessed during the sessions of this Convention such marked evidences of Christian unity and brotherly love in the cordial meeting of citizens of so many lands and members of so many churches, — RESOLVED, That we rejoice in this evidence of the growth of unity and brotherly love, and we beseech all who love our Lord Jesus Christ to strive to cultivate and manifest this spirit of love to their brethren of all lands and creeds.

III. WHEREAS, The delegates to this Convention have had special opportunities of becoming acquainted with many earnest and devoted missionaries, and of seeing for ourselves their work:

RESOLVED, That our appreciation of this work has been enlarged, and our interest in these faithful workers has been deepened; and it is our desire that the work of missions should be made more and more prominent in our Sunday-schools, and that Christians everywhere should give diligent heed to our Lord's command, "that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem."

IV. WHEREAS, The action of the International Sunday-School Convention in regard to the teaching of temperance in our Sunday-schools, has proved satisfactory and helpful, and whereas, we hope for a great advance in habits of sobriety and consequent morality, from wise teaching on this vital theme:

THEREFORE, RESOLVED, That we earnestly exhort our Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, not only to see that the temperance lessons are faithfully taught, but that every suitable opportunity is embraced of impressing upon our scholars the importance of temperance and sobriety from the many lessons upon these subjects found in the Word of God.

V. RESOLVED, That appreciating the blessings which have followed the gathering of Sunday-school workers from all parts of the world in the furtherance of international good-will and fellowship, this Convention would urge all teachers of God's Word to impress upon those under their care the duty of promoting peace among all nations, and the substitution of arbitration for the unchristian methods of war; and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the governments of the principal countries of the world.

VI. While reaffirming that the first essential work of the Sunday-school teacher is to bring the pupil to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ and to strengthen his life in Him, this Convention declares the conviction that one of the greatest needs of the Sunday-school is a higher efficiency on the part of our teachers, and it greatly desires to see approved plans of teacher-training more widely extended. We heartily commend the plan of the International Executive Committee in appointing a special Educational Committee to promote this work.

VII. Feeling the immense importance of encouraging the daily study of God's Word by our Sunday-school scholars, this Convention would affirm its warm approval of the work and methods of the International Bible Reading Association, and would urge all Sunday-school workers to avail themselves of the advantages it offers.

VIII. The thanks of this Convention are hereby extended to

(1.) His Excellency, the Governor of Jerusalem, for permission to encamp upon this sacred spot, and for many other courtesies.

(2.) The Chief of Police and his force, for constant attention and civilities.

(3.) The Consuls of Great Britain and the United States for their courteous reception.

(4.) The Bishop of Jerusalem for his presence and kindly Christian co-operation.

(5.) The Missionaries and others who, by their counsels and self-sacrificing efforts, have done so much to add to the sum of our comforts and knowledge.

(6.) The Central Executive Committee of the United States, and the Committee and General Secretary of the London Sunday-School Union, for indefatigable effort and wise plans, bringing to such a gracious conclusion this unique cruise and convention.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED ON SHIPBOARD IN THE BAY OF NAPLES BY THE CRUISE MEMBERS

WHEREAS, We are now about to separate to our various pathways across the continent, and to our distant homes, after enjoying this glorious cruise to Oriental lands, and the greatest Sunday-school Convention of all the ages:

RESOLVED, That rendering most reverent thanks to Almighty God for his protecting care over us and his merciful providence in giving us calm seas, and days of sunshine and brightness, we unite with one accord in putting upon record this expression of our profound appreciation of the obligation we owe to our Central

Committee, that trio of noble Christian men, Messrs. E. K. Warren, W. N. Hartshorn, and A. B. McCrillis, who by their sanctified zeal, their devotion to the Sunday-school work, and their splendid business ability, have made this cruise and this Convention even a possibility.

The conception of such a scheme was superb, the execution has been a marvel of unbounded success. We return to our homes with our hearts full of love for these big-souled men, and we trust, with a new interest and zeal for the great work they represent. May the richest blessing of our God rest upon them and their labors.

JOHN POTTS,
JOSEPH W. MARTIN.

STATISTICS OF THE CONVENTION

Enrolment of those Attending:

United States	701
Jerusalem	377
England	206
Palestine	72
Canada	63
Scotland	31
Turkey in Asia	19
Ireland	11
Japan	6
Wales	5
India	5
Mexico	5
Bulgaria	3
Egypt	3
Russia	1
Switzerland	3
Denmark	2

Turkey in Europe	3
Australia	2
West Indies	2
Austria	1
Germany	1
Madeira	1
South Africa	1
New Zealand	1
Newfoundland	1
Total	1,526

Twenty-six countries represented.

Number of people from North America on Grosser Kurfürst	817
Number of people from Great Britain on Auguste Victoria	485
Total number from North America and Great Britain	1,302

Classification of the Enrolment:

Pastors	157
Superintendents	179
Teachers	379
Missionaries	31
Not specified	780
Total	1,526

Miles Traveled to Attend the Convention:

		Total
United States, 701 persons, average	16,000	11,216,000
England, 206 persons, average	6,000	1,236,000
Others, 157 " "	11,000	1,727,000
Total		14,179,000

Denominations Represented:

Church of England	231
Presbyterian	199
Other Presbyterian bodies	22
Baptists	188
Congregational	177
Methodists	230
Greek Orthodox	43
Lutheran	32
Friends	28
Thirty-four other bodies	175
Not mentioned	201
Total	1,526

In addition to the denominations named in the above list, there were represented, at the Jerusalem Convention, the following religious bodies: Armenian, Brethren in Christ, Bible Christian, Calvinistic Methodist, Coptic Church of Ireland, Church of Scotland, Christian Union, Christian Catholic, Evangelical Association, Free Methodist, Free Baptist, German Methodist Episcopal, Jews, Maronite, Moslems, Mennonite, New Church, Open Brethren, Primitive Methodist, Roman Catholic, Reformed Jews, Syrian, Salvationist, United Free Church, Universalist, Welsh Calvinistic Methodist, and Welsh Presbyterian.

Suggested Place for the World's Fifth Convention.

814 votes for 77 places in 26 countries:

Toronto	133
Chicago	84
Rome	77
Washington, D. C.	74
London	52
San Francisco	49
New York City	36

Melbourne	23
Japan	22
Los Angeles	20
Boston	19
Edinburgh	16
Vancouver	15
Sixty-four other places	194

Among the suggested places not named in the above list were Adelaide (South Australia), Aberdeen, Berlin, Bombay, Copenhagen, Cape Town, Heidelberg, Hong Kong, The Hague, Mexico City, Manila, New Zealand, Oklahoma, Paris, Samoa and Trinidad.

STATISTICS OF THE CRUISE

CONTRIBUTIONS MADE:

Missionary work in Madeira	$129 00
International College at Smyrna	629 10
American Press at Beyrout	289 35
Gospel Boat on the Nile	635 39
Palestine Sunday-School Association	105 00
Distribution of Four Gospels and Book of Acts in Italy, contributed in an overflow meeting in Rome	502 00
For Sunday-School work in Italy	509 00
Contributions in five sessions of Sunday-School on shipboard, to International Sunday-School Work	286 84
Total	$3,085 68
Sale of various articles on shipboard at Constantinople made by families of native Christians	820 00
Total	$3,905 68

ENROLMENT ON GROSSER KURFÜRST:

Denomination:

Presbyterian	175
Methodist Episcopal	151
Baptist	120
Congregational	97
Methodist Episcopal, South	19
Lutheran	15
United Brethren	15
Episcopalian	25
Reformed	13
Friends	13
Christian	8
Disciples	8
United Presbyterian	8
Free Baptist	7
United Evangelical	4
Evangelical Association	3
Christian Union	2
Cumberland Presbyterian	2
Methodist Protestant	2
Universalist	2
Unitarian	1
Mennonite	1
Southern Presbyterian	1
Christian and Mission Alliance	1
Seventh Day Baptist	3
Not specified	15
Total	711

Office in Church:

Pastors	161
Trustees	39
Elders	32
Deacons	27
Stewards	26

Missionary	14
Thirteen others given	53

Office in Sunday-School:

Teachers	238
Superintendents	103
Eight others	54

Occupations:

Merchants	63
Farmers	23
Manufacturers	17
Bankers	12
Real Estate	9
Insurance	7
Publishers	6
Editors	4
Y. M. C. A. Secretaries	4
Ten others given	15

Delegates formally appointed:

636 from 43 States; 60 from 7 Provinces; 15 from 9 other countries.

WORLD'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL STATISTICS

Compiled for the World's Fourth Sunday-School Convention at Jerusalem, by W. J. SEMELROTH, St. Louis, Mo., Chief Secretary of the World's Third Sunday-School Convention at London, 1898.

COUNTRY	Sunday-Schools	Teachers	Scholars	Total Membership
EUROPE				
England and Wales	43,632	613,036	6,843,072	7,456,108
Scotland	6,338	63,939	713,360	777,299
Ireland	3,620	27,980	319,316	347,296
Austro-Hungary	239	643	10,572	11,215
Belgium	83	403	4,616	5,019
Bulgaria	35	140	1,576	1,716
Denmark	990	4,610	72,800	77,410
Finland	7,611	12,928	165,140	178,068
France	1,475	3,876	61,200	65,076
Germany	7,742	39,872	826,341	866,213
Greece	4	7	180	187
Holland	2,020	5,092	206,000	211,092
Italy	261	823	12,160	12,983
Norway	1,000	3,600	75,000	78,600
Portugal	18	70	1,419	1,489
Russia	83	785	15,679	16,464
Spain	90	181	5,419	5,600
Sweden	6,000	20,300	300,000	320,300
Switzerland	1,762	7,490	122,567	130,057
Turkey in Europe	30	170	1,420	1,590
ASIA				
India (and Ceylon)	8,719	14,952	333,776	348,728
Persia	107	440	4,876	5,316
Siam	16	64	809	873
China	105	1,053	5,264	6,317
Japan	150	390	7,019	7,409
Turkey in Asia	516	4,250	25,833	30,083
AFRICA	4,246	8,455	161,394	169,849
N. AMERICA				
United States	139,817	1,419,807	11,493,591	13,092,703
Canada	10,220	82,156	685,870	786,654
New Foundland and Labrador	353	2,374	22,766	25,140
West Indies	2,306	10,769	111,835	122,104
Central America	231	577	5,741	6,318
Mexico	364	942	13,107	14,049
S. AMERICA	350	3,000	150,000	153,000
OCEANICA				
Australasia	7,458	54,670	595,031	649,701
Fiji Islands	1,474	2,700	42,909	45,609
Hawaiian Islands	230	1,413	15,840	17,253
Other Islands	210	800	10,000	10,800
Total, World	260,905	2,414,757	23,442,998	26,055,688

American reports include Sunday-Schools of the colored people.

The Home Department membership is included where "Total" exceeds sum of teachers and scholars.

PROGRAM OF THE FIRST SUNDAY-SCHOOL SERVICE HELD ON BOARD

THE GROSSER KURFÜRST SUNDAY-SCHOOL

SUNDAY, MARCH 13, 1904

Held in Mid-Ocean on the Steamship Grosser Kurfürst, by eight hundred delegates, en route to Jerusalem to attend the World's Fourth Sunday-School Convention

Pastor—REV. ERNEST BOURNER ALLEN.

Superintendent—MR. MARION LAWRANCE.

(Being the Pastor and Superintendent of the Washington Street Congregational Church and Sunday-School, Toledo, Ohio.)

Chorister—MR. F. H. JACOBS, New York.

ORDER OF SERVICE

NOTE.—The Superintendent rising in his place is the signal for beginning the following Opening Exercise:

Superintendent or Chorister. The Lord is in his holy temple.

Sunday-School. Let all the earth keep silence before him. Amen. (*Chanted.*)

Silent Prayer.

Pastor. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Supt. This is the day which the Lord hath made.

School. Let us be glad and rejoice in it.

Pastor. Let our prayer be set forth in thy sight as the incense.

Men. And let the lifting up of our hands be a morning sacrifice.

Pastor. Glory be to thee, O Lord! who on this day didst arise from the dead.

Women. That we might rise at the last day, and live forever.

Pastor. O Lord, open thou our lips.

School. And our mouths shall show forth thy praise.

Pastor. O Lord! make speed to save us.

School. O Lord! make haste to help us.

Supt. About whom do we study in the Sunday-School?

School. Jesus Christ, our Saviour, the Son of God.

Supt. What did God say of him?

School. "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

Supt. What did strangers say of him?

School. "Never man spake like this man."

Supt. What did he say of himself?

School.
"I am the light of the world."
"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."
"I am the Good Shepherd."
"I am the bread of Life."
"I am the true vine."
"I am the resurrection and the life."
"I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved."

Supt. What does Jesus say to us to-day?

School. "Come unto me."

Supt. What assurance have we that he will receive us?

School. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Supt. What does the inspired Psalmist call our Lord?

School. "The King of Glory."

Pastor. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors.

(*All rise.*)

School. And the King of Glory shall come in, and the King of Glory shall come in. (*Chanted.*)

Pastor. Who is the King of Glory?

School. The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. (*Chanted.*)

Pastor. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors.

School. And the King of Glory shall come in, and the King of Glory shall come in. (*Chanted.*)

Pastor. Who is the King of Glory?

School. The Lord of Hosts, He is the King, He is the King of Glory. (*Chanted.*)

Prayer by Pastor. (Followed by the Lord's Prayer—sung to "Home, Sweet Home.")

Our Father in heaven, we hallow Thy name;
May Thy heav'nly kingdom on earth be the same;
O give to us daily our portion of bread,
It is from Thy bounty we all must be fed.
  Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
  Prepare us, dear Saviour, for heaven our home.
Forgive our transgressions and teach us to know
The heav'nly compassion that pardons each foe;
O keep us when tempted and save us from sin;
And thine be the glory, forever, Amen.
  Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
  Prepare us, dear Saviour, for heaven our home.

Supt. What is our Aim as a Sunday-School?

School. "Every member present every Sunday, on time, with his own Bible, a liberal offering, a studied lesson and a mind to learn."

Supt. What is our Motto for 1904?

School. "Remember Jesus Christ; Make Him King."

Supt. What is our daily prayer?

School. "Dear Lord of Thee, three things I pray,
  To know Thee more clearly,
  To love Thee more dearly,
  To walk more nearly every day."

Supt. What is our Watchword?
School. "What Would Jesus Do?"

In our Sunday-School to-day,
We have met to sing and pray,
And to learn how we may live,
So a good account to give.
Father, come and meet us here,
Fill our hearts with love and cheer,
May we live this whole week through,
Asking, "What would Jesus do?"

Memory Verses

Psa. 37 : 5—Commit thy way—
Psa. 42 : 1—As the hart—
Psa. 51 : 10—Create in me—
Prov. 4 : 23—Keep thy heart—
Prov. 22 : 1—A good name—
Isa. 53 : 6—All we like—
Dan. 12 : 3—And they that be—
Matt. 11 : 28—Come unto me—
John 3 : 16—For God—
Rom. 6 : 23—For the wages—
Gal. 6 : 7—Be not deceived—
Eph. 6 : 11—Put on the—
Phil. 4 : 19—But my God—
Rev. 22 : 17—And the Spirit—
Twenty-third Psalm.

Hymn.
Announcements.
Show of Bibles.

The Lesson

Title—Death of John the Baptist. Matt. 14 : 1-12.
Golden Text—Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2 : 10.
Concert Reading of the Lesson.

LESSON HYMN

Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves beside the sea.
Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word!

Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace, my All in All!

Offering—For International Sunday-School Work.

Lesson Study.

Five-Minute Signal.

School Reassemble.

Hymn.

Secretary's Report—F. A. WELLS, Chicago.

Treasurer's Report—DR. GEORGE W. BAILEY, Philadelphia.

Prayer for the Sick.

Review of the Lesson.

Prayer.

CLOSING EXERCISE

Supt. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

Pastor. Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

Supt. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

Pastor. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

HYMN

Heav'nly Father, we beseech Thee,
Grant Thy blessing ere we part.
Take us in Thy care and keeping,
Guard from evil ev'ry heart. Amen.

Benediction—By the Pastor.
A Moment of Silent Prayer.
Disperse Quietly without Signal.

Personal Notes:

1. Our purpose has been to conduct the school to-day following as nearly as possible the program of our school in Toledo, Ohio, as the circumstances would permit.

2. This particular Opening Exercise is known with us as our "No. 12," and has been in use for about twelve years. It is to be used in our home school to-day.

MARION LAWRANCE

HYMNS OF THE JERUSALEM MANUAL OF WORSHIP

We Join with All, in Every Place.
A Mighty Fortress is Our God.
Jerusalem the Golden.
O Word of God Incarnate.
In Heavenly Love Abiding.
Love Divine, All Love Excelling.
He Leadeth Me!
Hark, Hark, My Soul!
Come, Thou Almighty King.
Saved by Grace.
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!
The Homeland! O the Homeland!
When Morning Gilds the Skies.
The Son of God Goes Forth to War.
O Little Town of Bethlehem.
Blue Galilee.
Jerusalem, My Happy Home.
O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.
No Night There.
My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.
True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted, Faithful and Loyal.
Sun of My Soul!
My Faith Looks Up to Thee.
We Would See Jesus.
Art Thou Weary? Art Thou Languid?
Under His Wings I Am Safely Abiding.
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.
My Jesus, I Love Thee.
Holy, Holy, Holy.
Jesus! Lover of My Soul.
Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing.
Like a River, Glorious is God's Perfect Peace.
Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning.
Hiding in Thee.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.
Lead, Kindly Light.
The Church's One Foundation.
There is a Green Hill Far Away.
Upward Where the Stars are Burning.
When the Weary Seeking Rest.
Joy to the World.
O God, Our Help in Ages Past.
When Winds are Raging.
Onward, Christian Soldiers !
The Cross is Not Greater.
Eternal Father, Strong to Save.
O Paradise, O Paradise.
Abide With Me.
Jesus, These Eyes Have Never Seen.
Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.
I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.
Now the Day is Over.
Rock of Ages.
O Day of Rest and Gladness.
Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.
We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.
O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.
O Where Are Kings and Empires Now ?
I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story of Old.
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.
There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.
Nearer, My God, to Thee.
Speed Away, Speed Away.
Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?
Blest Be the Tie That Binds.
How Firm a Foundation.
Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.
O Come, All Ye Faithful.
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night.
The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

Peace! Perfect Peace!
New Every Morning is the Love.
Ride On! Ride On in Majesty.
Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow.
O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee.
'Tis Midnight; and on Olive's Brow.
Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-day.
In the Cross of Christ I Glory.
Angels, Ever Bright and Fair.
Just as I Am, Without One Plea.
For All Thy Saints, Who from Their Labors Rest.
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.
Go to Dark Gethsemane.
Fierce Was the Wild Billow.
My Country, 'tis of Thee.
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

In Memoriam

"Or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's."

ANNA MARIA NEGLY BROWN, wife of John G. Brown, of Marshalltown, Iowa, died of heart failure on board the Grosser Kurfürst in the port of Haifa, Syria, April 10, 1904. The interment and burial service took place at Marshalltown, Iowa, May 22, 1904.

MISS SABRA SARGENT, of Lake Forest, Illinois, died of typhoid fever at the International Hospital in Naples, Italy, May 23, 1904. The interment and burial service took place at Jasper, Steuben County, New York, June 11, 1904.

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